The Saturday Evening
POST
November 16, 1957 – 15¢

NOV 12 '57

Daredevils of the Golden Gate

STOP US BEFORE WE KILL AGAIN

BY A RACING DRIVER

FASHIONS BY SYBIL CONNOLLY

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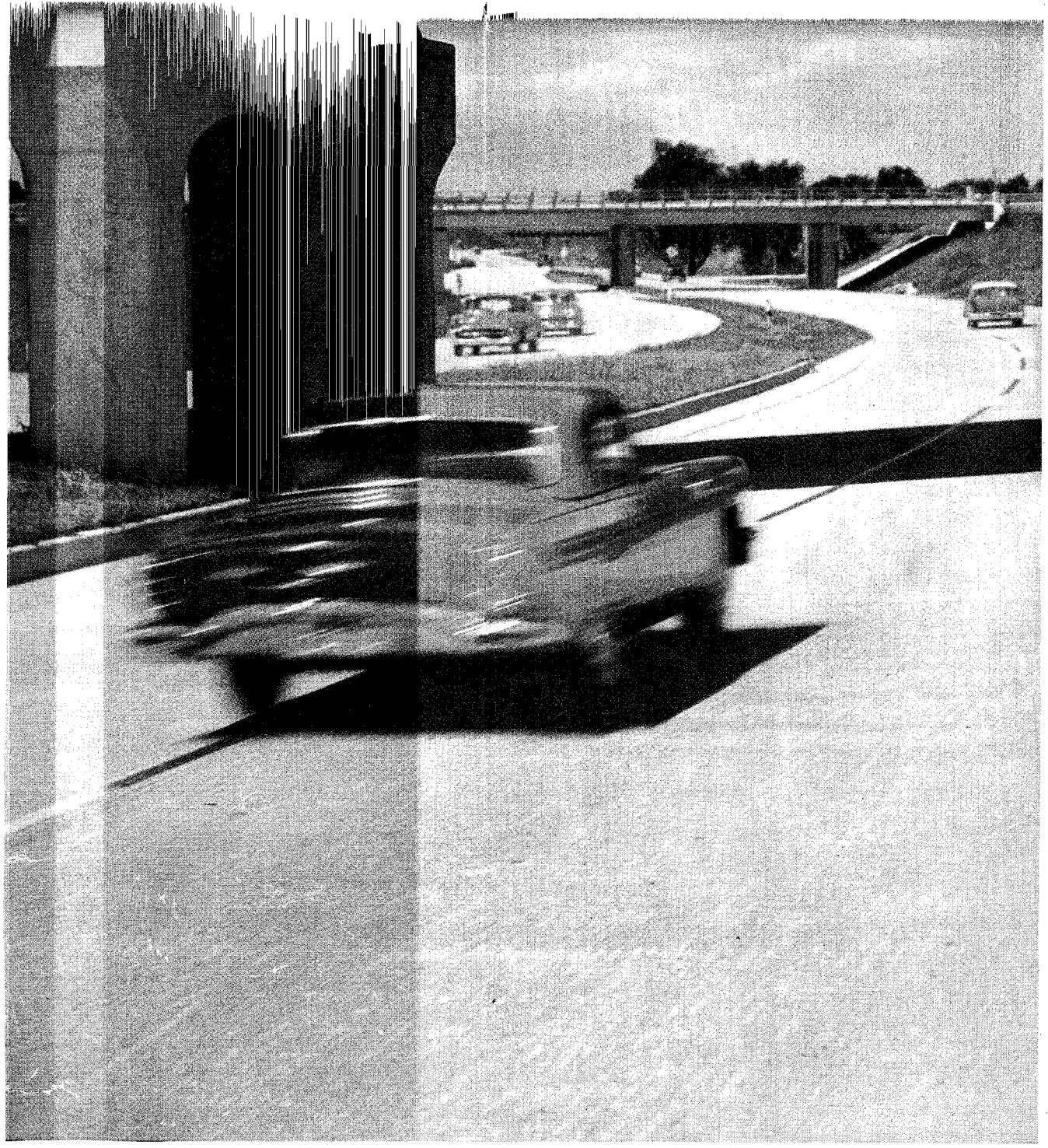

Happy riding in Wisconsin . . . typical highway of new-type, sound-conditioned concrete.

"Drive the new-type, sound-conditioned concrete like I did—and see how much fun it is!"

Says **DON McNEILL,** radio and TV personality, MC of the "Breakfast Club" on American Broadcasting Network

Sign of the future! Sample design for official new marker soon to appear on routes of the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways. Adopted by the American Association of State Highway Officials and the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads.

"Not a thump in a thousand miles of this continuous-laid concrete highway. It gives you the smooth ride of 1975. That's why they're using it today for the new Interstate System."

All is smoothness and quiet on new-type concrete. It's actually *sound-conditioned*. There isn't a joint you can *hear* or *feel* . . . only sawed-in cushion spaces so tiny they can hardly be seen.

This new-type concrete is "air entrained"—built with billions of minute air bubbles in it. This prevents roughening due to freezing and de-icers. And to keep the pavement firm and level, a special granular base is used.

The high-safety surface is grainy—resists skidding even when wet. There's no rutting (laid flat, concrete *stays* flat!) no "fighting the wheel." At night, its light color lets you see up to 4 times better than on asphalt.

Highway engineers who helped develop new-type concrete now have a pavement expected to last *50 years* and more. First cost is modest. Maintenance? Up to 60% less than for asphalt.

Concrete is the only pavement that can be precisely engineered to match traffic loads. That's why over 90% of America's most heavily traveled roads have been built of concrete. It's the preferred pavement for the new Interstate System which will connect 209 major cities in 48 states.

NEW-TYPE
Concrete

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

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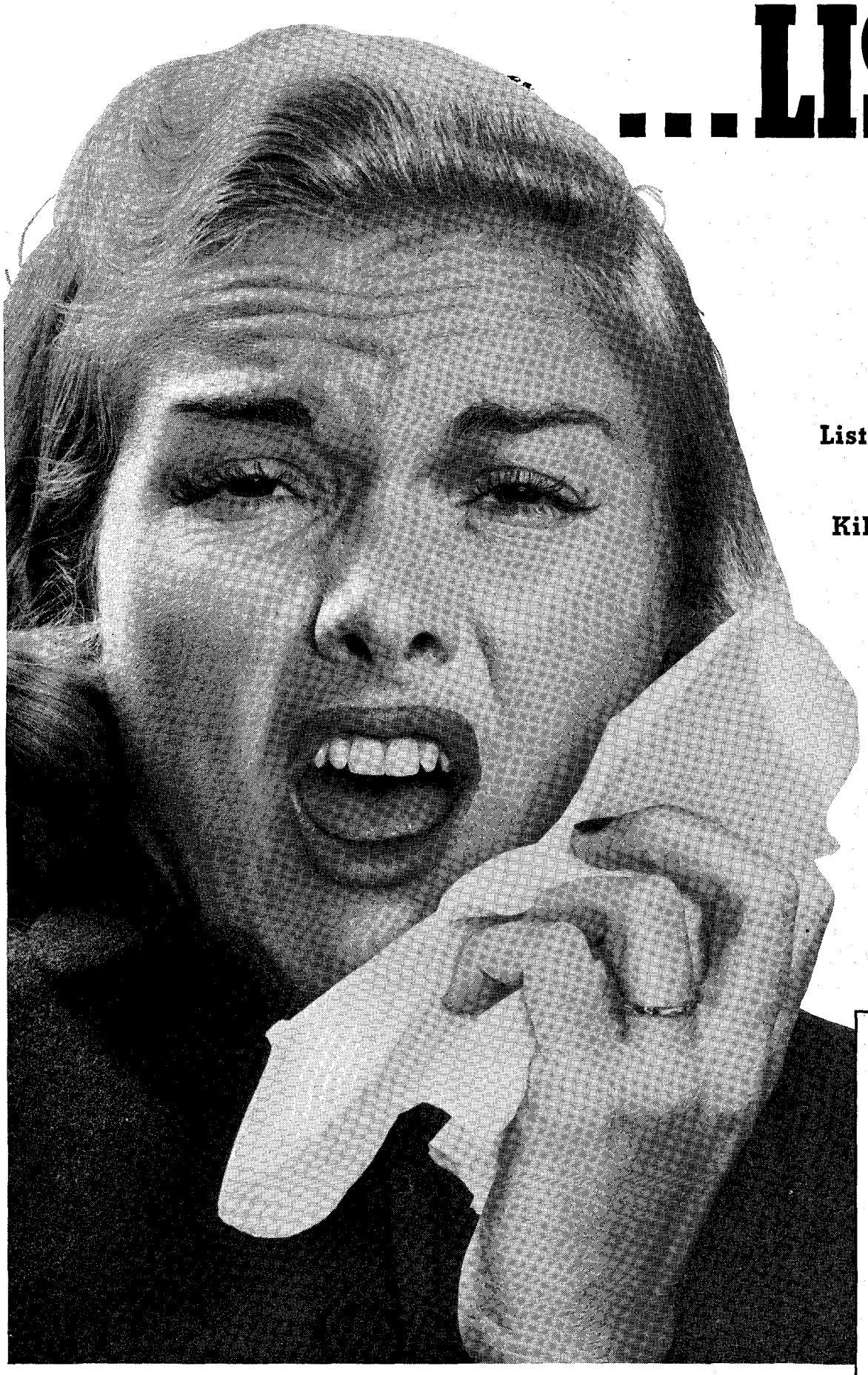
No matter what else you do for a cold

...LISTERINE Quick!



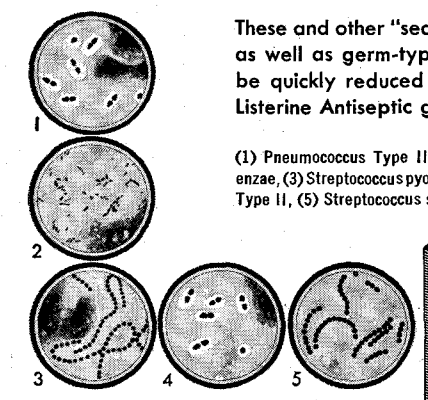
Listerine Does What Non-Antiseptic "Cold Remedies" Can't Do— Kills Germs Instantly—By Millions

When you feel a cold coming on, go right after the germs that can cause so much of the misery . . . with Listerine Antiseptic! Non-antiseptic "cold remedies," nose drops, and aspirin often do relieve many of the symptoms, *but they don't kill germs* the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine gets way back on throat surfaces and kills those germs, instantly, by *millions!*

So, remember, no matter what else you do when you fight a cold, you need an *antiseptic* to kill germs.

Why take unnecessary chances with a cold? Closely supervised tests over a 12-year period showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats than those who did not. The minute you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often.

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC
to kill germs like these!



These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC-Quick!

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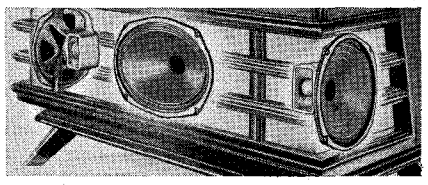
Greatest reception in television history!

PHILCO

Hyper-power television

...with new three-speaker

Wrap-Around Sound!



People everywhere are discovering Philco Hyper-power television. They're discovering that Philco HTV has added power that makes the picture brighter—clearer. Power that gives impressive, natural sound. Power that knocks out interference . . . brings in distant channels. Turn on a Philco HTV set. You'll see a clearer, more powerful picture. And you'll thrill to exciting new Wrap-Around Sound! Three separate harmonically balanced speakers, one in front and one on each side, create a feeling of *presence* — add a new dimension to TV enjoyment!

See and hear Philco HTV with Wrap-Around Sound! Available in your choice of fine wood cabinets. You can own Philco HTV for as little as **$179.95.***

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE SOUTH AND WEST. UHF SLIGHTLY HIGHER.

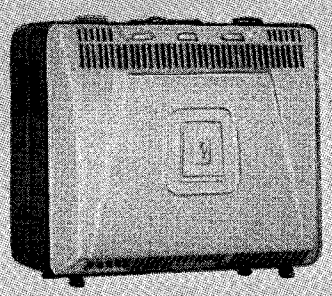
MODEL 6624

Philco Miss America HTV. Most beautiful set of all. Mahogany, blond and walnut woods. 24-inch overall diagonal picture. Touch-panel tuning. Phono-jack.

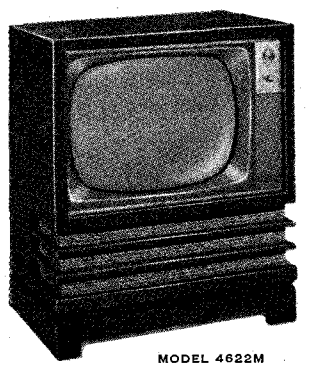
PHILCO Slender Seventeener

PORTABLES AND TABLE SETS

Slender Seventeeners are fashion-styled to look stunning from any angle. They're the most compact, powerful, big-screen table sets and portables ever! They're the sets that go anywhere . . . beautifully! Available in your choice of color combinations, including the luxury look of alligator leather. Slender Seventeeners are priced from **$159.95.***

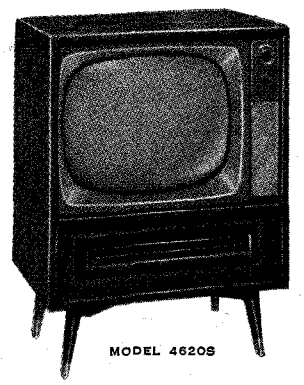


BIG, BEAUTIFUL PICTURE...
MOST SLENDER OF ALL...
EVEN THE BACK IS BEAUTIFUL!
17-INCH OVERALL DIAGONAL, 155-SQ.-IN. PICTURE



MODEL 4622M

MAGNIFICENT CONSOLE. Wrap-Around Sound system. Phono-jack. Simplified tuning. Hyper-power chassis. Big 262-sq.-in. picture. Swivel casters. Mahogany or blond finish wood cabinet.



MODEL 4620S

FULL-SIZE SWIVEL CONSOLE. Hyper-power chassis. Big, bright 262-sq.-in. picture. Spectacular Acoustic Lens speaker for full fidelity sound. Mahogany or blond finish wood cabinet.

21-INCH OVERALL DIAGONAL PICTURE

LOOK AHEAD . . . and you'll choose **PHILCO®**

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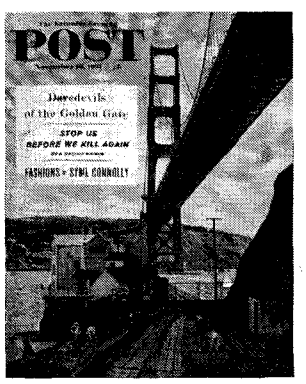

THE COVER

That nimble blue water is the Golden Gate—so, one guess at the name of the bridge. Fishes wishing to leave San Francisco Bay to take a spin in the Pacific swim past from left to right, and they'd better keep swimming or they'll wind up in a tin pail. To the left across the water: San Francisco, plus the New York Giants. The house is a lighthouse and the cables keep it from taking off for a sail someday; for the wind she blow like the dickens around here, singing forever through the great steel harp strings of the bridge. John Falter, who says he is something less than a superb sailor, has helped crew sailboats out through the Gate a few times, and usually has been delighted to regain dry land. The tides and billows outside the Gate are terrible cutups now and then.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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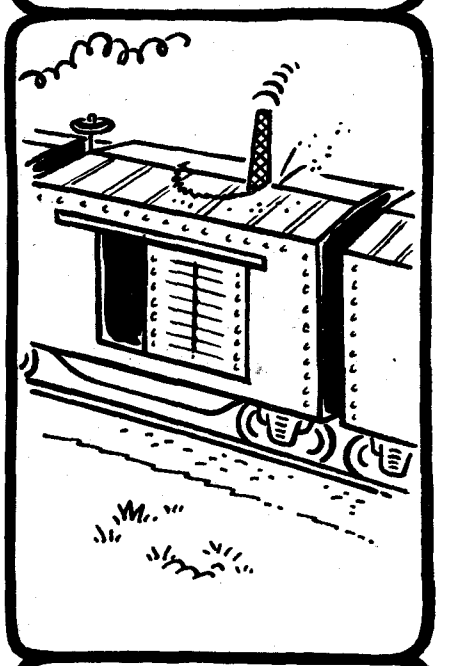

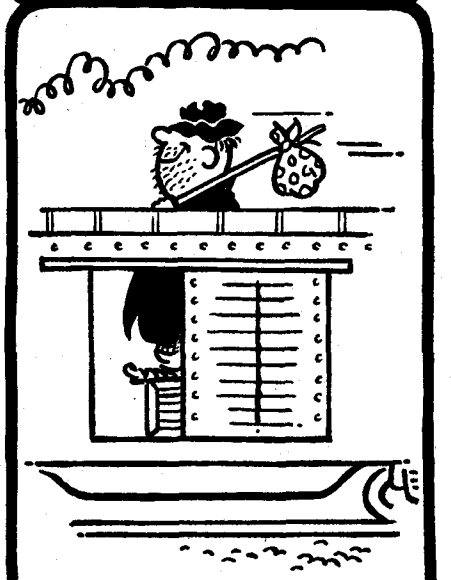

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Choice of the experienced mechanic; pride of the home craftsman. Made by the world's foremost file manufacturer.

*Thousands of kinds, cuts and sizes

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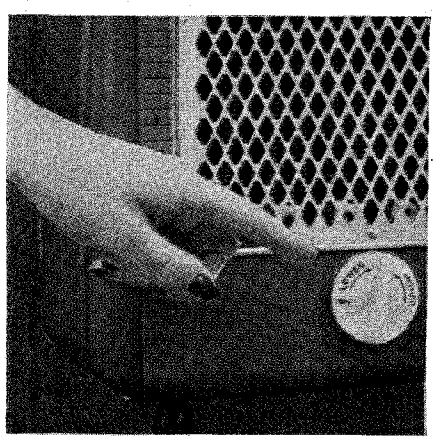
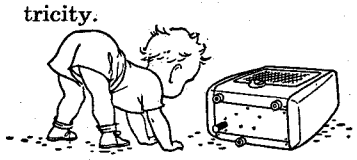
EXTRA HEAT WHEREVER YOU NEED IT

and this Arvin heater turns off and on automatically



You set it and forget it!

Thermostat turns heat off and on automatically to maintain the temperature you want. Never wastes electricity.

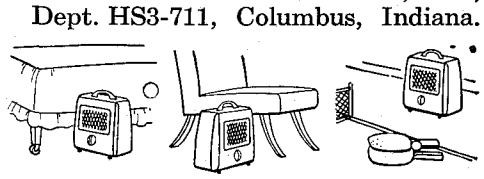


Safeguard Safety Switch automatically cuts off current if heater is upset.

LET an Arvin Automatic Electric Heater provide extra heat for baby's bath—or for any hard-to-heat room, any chill-sensitive person.

Plug it in anywhere, set the thermostat, and its clean, odorless, fan-circulated heat warms a big room in minutes. Yet it can't overheat a small room, because when the room warms up, presto, your Arvin turns off—then turns on automatically when heat is needed again. Model shown, $17.95.

Arvin, No. 1 name in portable electric heaters, offers the widest choice of types, sizes and colors, from $12.95 to $54.95. Write for folder showing all models. Arvin Industries, Inc., Dept. HS3-711, Columbus, Indiana.



Bedroom Living Room Game Room

Arvin

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC HEATERS

Arvin also makes Home Radios, Fans, Car Heaters, Ironing Tables, Leisure Furniture, "Charky" Grills.

Letters

Unfair to the Queen?

Dear Sirs:

How wretchedly rude, unkind and, yes, un-Christian is your permitting such an insulting lead article, DOES ENGLAND REALLY NEED A QUEEN?, by Malcolm Muggeridge, Oct. 19.

LT. GEN. JOHN C. H. LEE, USA (RET.)
York, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

How many Americans would enjoy having our President visit England and be met with headlines "Does America Need a President?"

ELENA E. WILLIAMS
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

The Post joins the ranks of a "cheap smear paper" in publishing the article by Malcolm Muggeridge.

A. RAY CRUMB
St. Catharines, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

I deplore your execrable bad taste in publishing an article about the Queen of England when she is our guest in this country.

MRS. EARL HARKNESS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The whole question, "Does England Really Need a Queen?", is beside the point and none of our business. We Americans have no say about the established institutions and internal affairs of other countries. We don't foot the bill of royalty in England. If Muggeridge is a disaffected British taxpayer, doesn't like the institution of royalty, and wants things changed, why didn't he try to peddle his article to some British publication? You know why: he'd have gotten his nose punched, or worse. Not even the Daily Worker would have printed it.

FRANCIS H. SCOTT
Minister, First Presbyterian Church
Lancaster, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

How long must the Royal Lion abide the disloyal jackal, Muggeridge? I can't speak for England, but were I umpire in matters of taste (*arbiter elegantiarum*), I would say for Canada, "We Need our Queen, but no mocking Muggeridge!"

HAROLD V. CRANFIELD M.D.
Oakville, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

I will never again purchase a copy of your magazine and I know a lot of people feel as I do—unless you retract your article and print an apology saying the people of our country do not share the viewpoint of the frustrated Englishman who wrote the article.

PAT WAYNE
Topeka, Kan.

Dear Sirs:

Twenty one guns and a Cheerio for Malcolm Muggeridge and his penetrating piece on modern monarchy. Kindly but firmly he clears away the mysticism surrounding royalty, leaving a clear picture of the function of today's monarchies. . . .

He does a marvelous job of relegating royalty to a minor role in the play of politics; at the same time he gives some powerful reasons for retaining a figurehead.

FRANK N. GORDON
Grass Valley, Cal.

What's a College For?

Dear Sirs:

I have read your article on THE WOES OF WEST COAST FOOTBALL [by Melvin Durslag, Oct. 12]. I think that your strictly reportorial attitude is admirable.

But has it occurred to you, your reporter or the college presidents involved, that the real trouble is that colleges should not be in the entertainment business?

SHELDON S. VOORHIS
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

"Football alumni," less-than-honest coaches, and players who want to be paid while amateurs have always been with us. But writers such as Mr. Durslag are equally to blame. There is not a word in his article to suggest that colleges and universities are not football clubs, but institutions whose aim—and entire reason for existence—is to educate young people, not in sports but in knowledge, ideals and straight thinking. The antics Mr. Durslag discusses bear little relationship to this aim.

DR. GEORGE S. MYERS
San Jose, Cal.

Segregation Up North

Dear Sirs:

At last! An almost completely unbiased article—THE NEGRO IN THE NORTH, by Carl T. Rowan, Oct. 12–19.

Mr. Rowan has done a splendid job in writing about a situation which most northerners were aware of, but which no one seemed to have the courage to write about.

JOHN C. DONLEY
Clyde, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The article by Mr. Rowan is the best you have published on the race problem. Mr. Rowan has been able to rise remarkably above the prejudices that blind his fellow Americans on both sides of the line. . . .

I'll tell you the bed rock of all this segregation trouble in the schools. It is that wherever the proportion of Negroes in any community is sufficiently large to affect the pattern of behavior in the schools, the white man cannot afford to mix and mixing should not be attempted. As Mr. Rowan indicated, crime and illegitimacy and venereal disease are several times more prevalent among Negroes. This should not be held against them because they just have not had time to acquire self-restraint and there were too many of them for the poverty-stricken South to teach. The white man, North and South, is the same.

R. BEVERLEY HERBERT
Columbia, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

If Southerners want segregated schools, that is their perfect right, not only for a few years, but forever, provided they do it as Northerners do, in private schools, at their own and not at taxpayers' expense.

S. D. ABRAMOFF
Rotterdam, Holland

Dear Sirs:

Such a housing development as the recently created Concord Park Homes [outside Philadelphia] is a shining example of happy progress in co-ordinating the human race, regardless of skin pigment. No

(Continued on Page 6)

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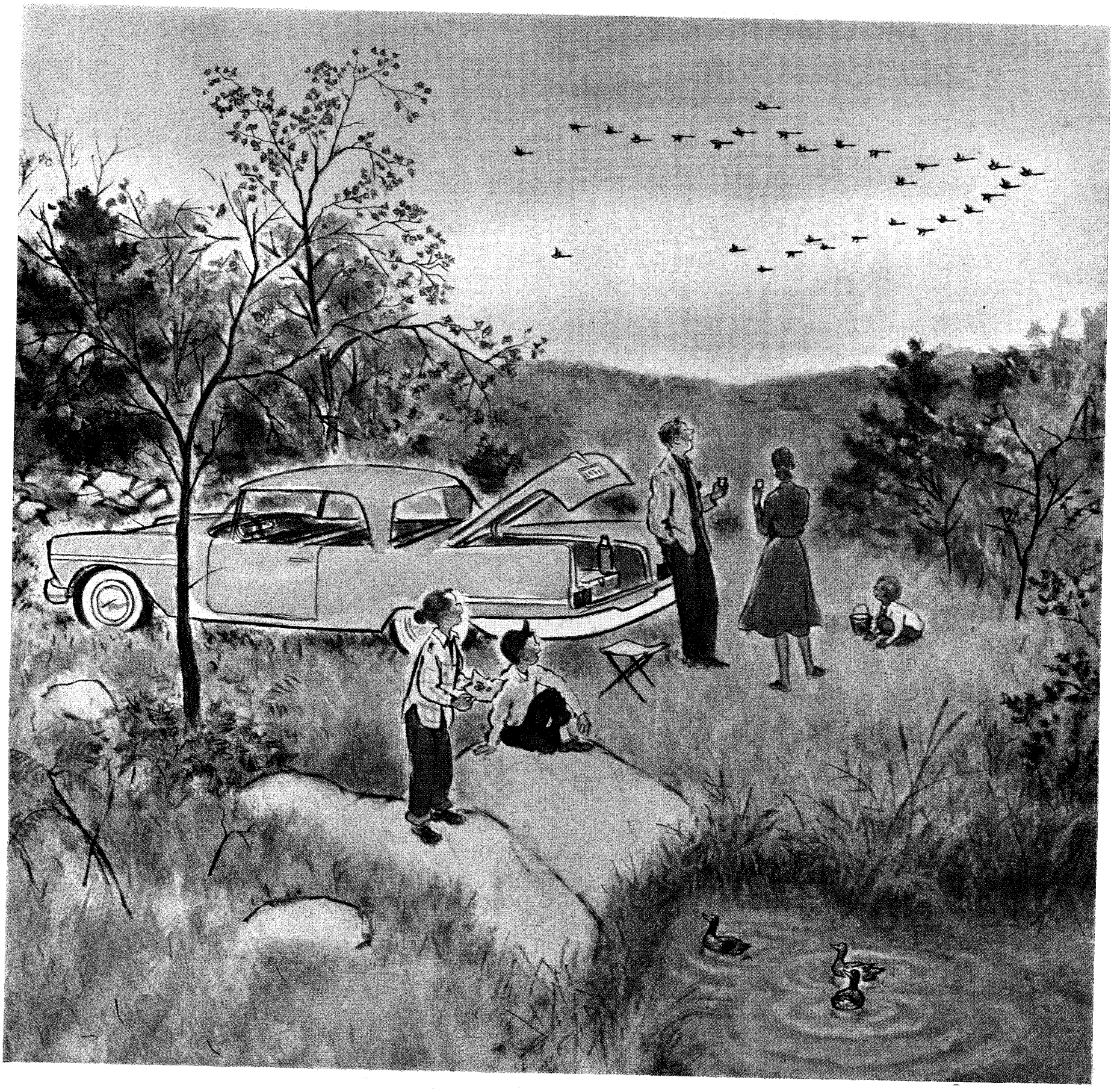

Your car can open a wonderful world . . .

Your car is for more than just daily routine duties. It's a real routine *breaker*.

It can take you to the crisp, quiet beauty of the Fall farmlands, or the fast, loud fury of a football game . . . to active places, or passive places . . . to places that can match whatever mood you happen to be in.

It can open up a world of good rich earth, and blue sky, and fresh air. It can get you away from the same thing to something different.

That's worth thinking about.

It's worth doing something about. Get behind the wheel and do it soon.

• • •

There are over 200,000 service station men ready to help you wherever you drive. Knowing that trained, experienced help is as near as the next service station makes motoring a carefree pleasure.

DRIVE MORE — IT'S FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

ETHYL
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION
New York 17, New York

Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound —used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines

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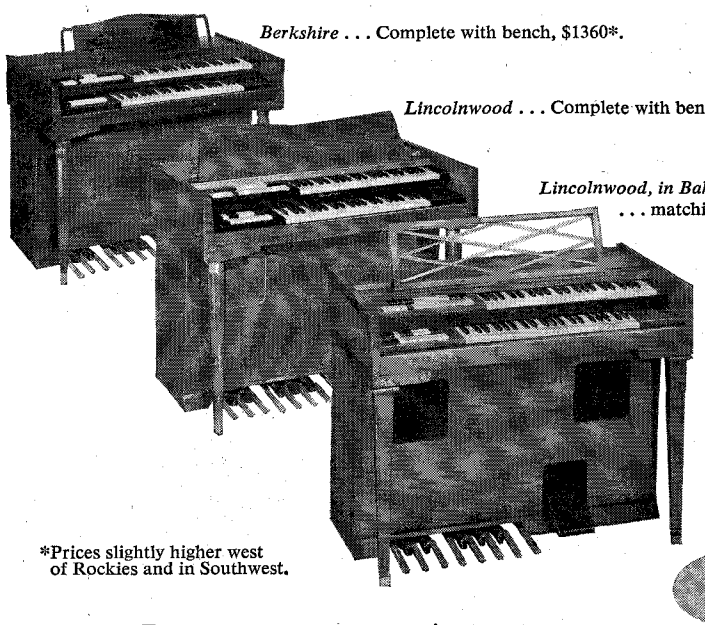
Holiday . . . world's first spinet with big organ features, complete with bench . . . priced at $995*.

...there's a beautiful Lowrey for every home ...and everyone can play it!

No matter which Lowrey you select . . . you'll thrill to its vast variety of voicings if you are accomplished, to its easy mastery if you are just beginning. And there's a Lowrey organ for every taste, every budget. Lowrey exclusives include: a wide range of percussion voicings, pedal and keyboard sustain, easy to play touch-tabs for instant voice changes, "Glide" for slide trombone and other realistic effects, and many more individual features.

Give a LOWREY . . . the gift of a lifetime of beautiful music . . . for all the family to enjoy . . . to play.



Berkshire . . . Complete with bench, $1360*.

Lincolnwood . . . Complete with bench, $1695*.

Lincolnwood, in Baker Cabinet, $1895* . . . matching bench available.

*Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Southwest.

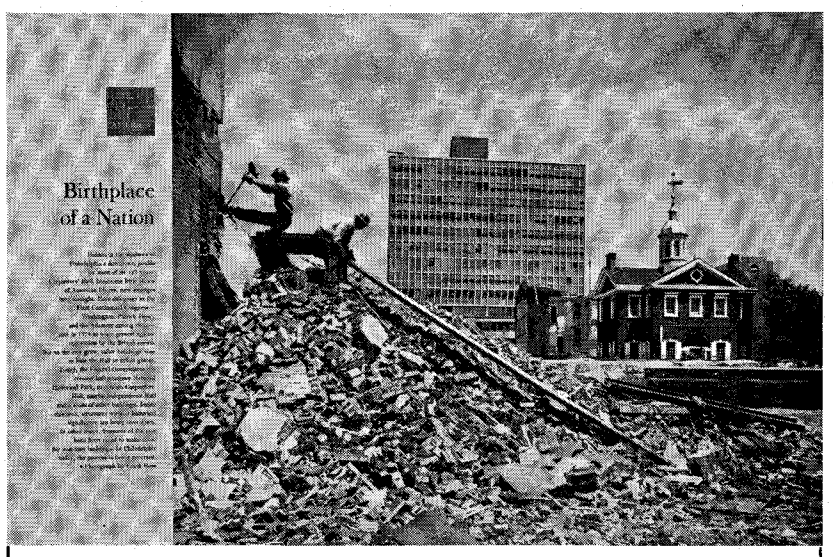
LOWREY organs

The Lowrey Organ Company

7373 N. Cicero Ave., Lincolnwood, Chicago 30, Illinois

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)



CONFLICT?

Dear Sirs:

I was much disappointed that when you published the beautiful picture of Carpenters' Hall entitled BIRTHPLACE OF A NATION [photographed by Frank Ross, Oct. 5] you failed to comment on the glass-and-steel building that has been put up opposite Carpenters' Hall, which is more unsuitable than anything they have torn down.

MRS. CHARLES A. FIFE
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

● *Reader Fife refers to The Mall Building, designed by architect Charles Colbert. Do other readers feel that the modern skyscraper is "unsuitable"?—ED.*

doubt, it would be an excellent idea for a government-sponsored or -aided project, similar in organization to the FHA, to construct numbers of Concord Park type neighborhoods in every state of the Union. Also to meet the stubborn problem of backward prejudice against our dark-complexioned fellowman we should enact legislation to bring the nation's schools under more Federal control in order to insure our future of better citizenship on the average among Americans of both North and South.

We are in dire need of a stepped-up program to rescue our country from the evil bog of irresponsible prejudice which prevents our obtaining an over-all national prosperity and, also, international success and security.

D. F. GRANGER
Northboro, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The article bears out what the South has maintained all the time, that the Southern Negro is not welcome in the North by either the white or black race. They both refuse to accept the Southern Negro because of low morals and general bad conduct. Yet they insist that the South must integrate their schools, etc., with this type Negro when the Northern Negro repudiates his own race. How inconsistent can one be?

C. A. KENNEDY, JR., D.D.S.
Taylorsville, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

Stop the presses! Horrors!

Do you realize that Carl T. Rowan's figures show that the immigrant Negroes from the South have more education than the Chicago Negroes?

This is untrue, impossible and un-American! Every informed Northerner knows from first-hand, spoon-fed propaganda that the Negro in the South is denied everything, and especially education. Whereas the Negro in the North, thanks to "equal" laws and "integrated" schools, is in hog-heaven.

THURMAN T. SCOTT
Thomasville, Ga.

Champion Lap Dog

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading the article PRINCE TOM AND ME, Oct. 5. . . .

As to Prince Tom, I chuckled; I laughed aloud and I cried. What a story. What a guy! What a dog!

MRS. RUTH L. BUSHMAN
Orrtanna, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

If all parents would train their children with such love and devotion [as Prince Tom received] there would be no such thing as juvenile delinquency.

GWEN GRANT
Ste. Genevieve, Quebec

Post Picture Credits

Reading across the pages, then down:

6–Frank Ross. • 23–Ollie Atkins, U. S. Navy. • 24–Jacob Lofman. • 25–International, Wide World, two by Jacob Lofman. • 26–Mac Conner. • 28, 29–Eugene Kammerman. 30–Lynn Buckham. • 31–United Nations. • 32–Intercontinental-Gamma, Daniel R. Rubin (Reportage). • 33–Coccia & Sgattoni, United Press, Wide World, two by Daniel R. Rubin (Reportage); Publifoto. • 34, 35–Lawrence Schiller. • 36–Sid Avery. • 37–Morgan Kane. • 38, 39–Mason Weymouth. • 40, 41–Peter Stevens. • 42, 43–Jacob Lofman. 44, 45–Bernard D'Andrea. • 49–Larry Keighley. • 51–Mac Conner. • 52–Eugene Kammerman. • 152–Larry Keighley, Curtis Photo, Weymouth-Biondi, Larry Fried.

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Announcing the great new **58 FORD**

PROVED AND APPROVED AROUND THE WORLD

A new car rolled out of Detroit one day last July, bound for the greatest adventure in motor car history. The car: the 58 Ford. The assignment: to test the performance and dependability of this new car around the world . . . if possible.

The route was the most rugged that could be laid out. After London and Paris came the Alps; after Rome came Yugoslavia's rockbound seacoast; after Istanbul came the camel-tracks of Iran and Afghanistan; then the Khyber Pass through the Himalayas, the bullock-trails of India, the jungle roads east to Vietnam. Weather: worse than you'll ever encounter—122° heat, sandstorms, and 24-hour-a-day rains.

The 58 Ford rolled beautifully, easily through the severest road test ever given a car *before* its American announcement. The Ford *endured*—and came through still glittering and fresh.

Acclaimed from Buckingham Palace to the Taj Mahal, it showed camels how to cross deserts and elephants how to move through jungles. It was *proved* and *approved* by everyone from natives who had never seen an American car before to famous stylists and nabobs who have seen every car built.

Never before has such a trip been made. This round-the-world performance test became a victory parade, from London to Saigon and back to Detroit. Again, in the Ford tradition, the 58 Ford has broken a trail far out beyond competition.

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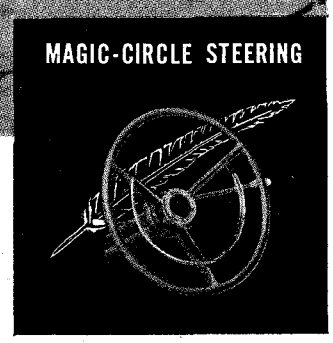
Unique in the Round-The-World Car! Only Ford has such dramatic new styling, approved on three continents around the world. From new Power-Flow Hood and Slipstream Roof to glittering new Honeycombed Front Grille and Sculptured Rear Deck, this is high style.

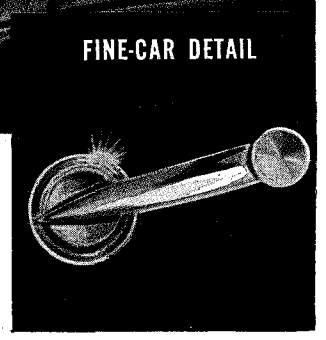
Up to 300 h.p. with new Precision Fuel Induction. Greatest V-8 advance in 25 years! New carburetion, more even distribution of fuel-air mixture, new machined combustion chambers mean greater power from *less* gas. Choose from three new Interceptor V-8's—240 to 300 h.p.!

There's nothing newer in the

New "Inner Ford" hidden values! This all-new recirculating-ball Magic-Circle Steering took the new Ford through the Khyber Pass as if it were a turnpike. It's the nearest thing to power steering, yet it's only *one* of the quality advances in the heart of the car that make up the new "Inner Ford."



The last word in luxury! Every detail says there's nothing newer in the world! New patterns! New softer, subdued tones! Fabrics have a new "deep-dimension." The control panel is even more distinctive. Colors blend with exciting new exterior colors in Ford's long-lasting body enamels.



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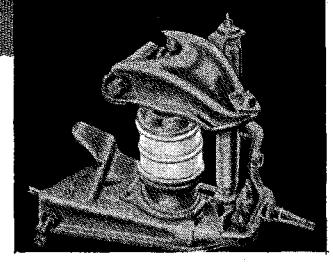
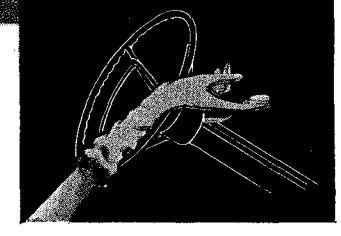
's here! Ford-Aire Suspension! It's like ling on clouds with a "pillow" of air at each wheel. oad shocks are absorbed before they reach you. *'hatever* the load, the car automatically returns pre-load level. The *standard suspension* has been eatly improved, too, for a smoother, easier ride.

A TRUE AIR RIDE

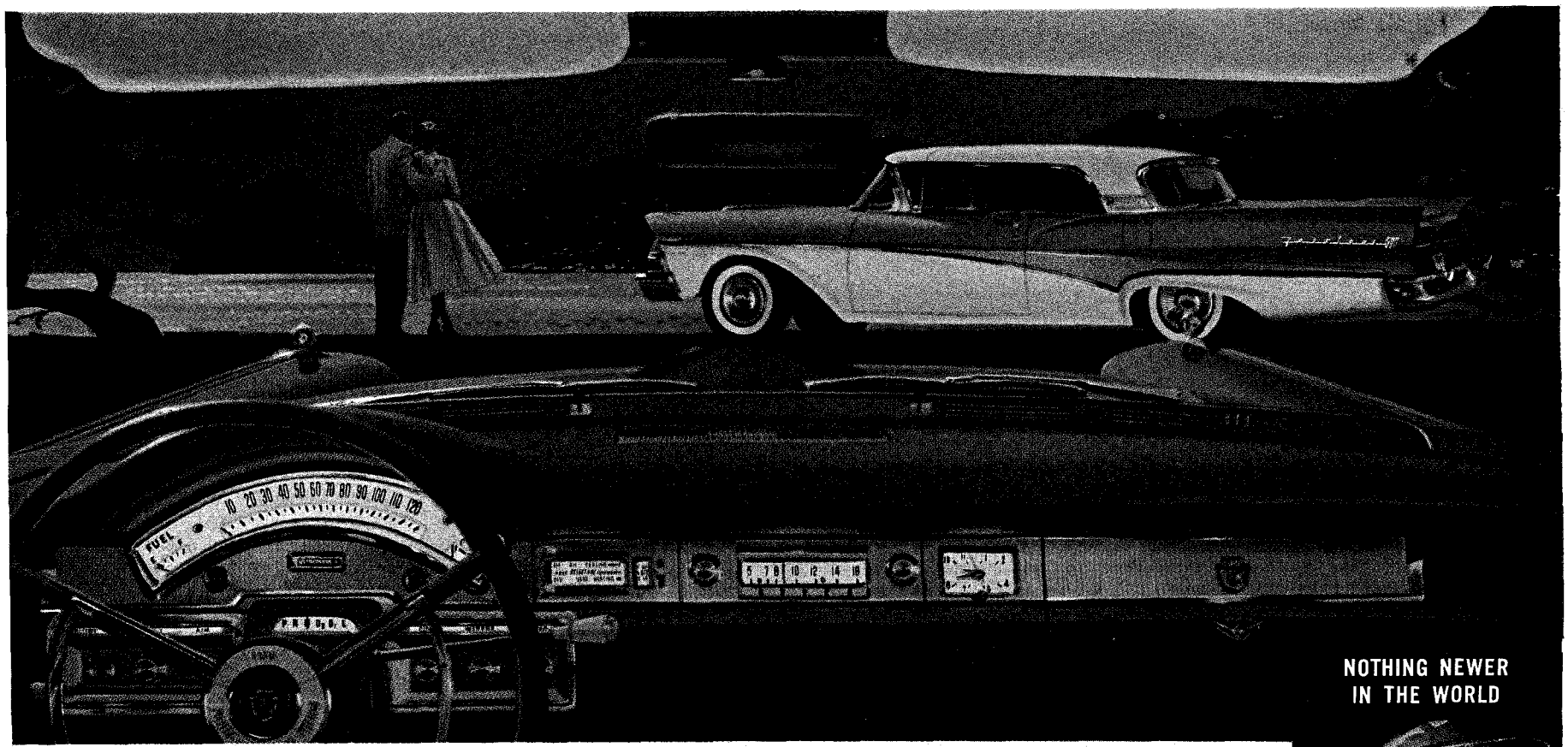


Versatile Cruise-O-Matic Drive! Set selector in D_1 position for brisk, solid-feeling take-off. Select D_2 for gentle, sure-footed starts. What's more, when new Cruise-O-Matic Drive is teamed with a new Interceptor V-8 engine it can give you up to 15 per cent more gasoline mileage.

NEW DRIVE CONTROL

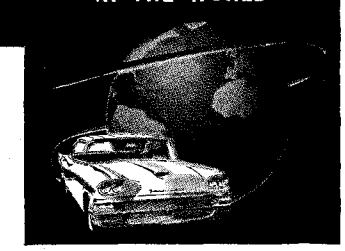


world than FORD for 58!



ake the wheel and get that fine-car feeling! Then u'll know that Ford really *rated* the rave notices it received in triumphal, round-the-world trip. For, more than just a thrilling ars-ahead new look in cars, you get a new standard of how a car ould *behave*. Your toe gets response more quickly and smoothly n ever. Automatic driving reaches a new plateau in ease and control. New Magic-Circle Steering makes parking a pleasure—turns traffic into child's play. And bumps? They seem to disappear . . . whether with new *Ford-Aire Suspension* or with greatly improved standard suspension. See your dealer for the whole story of a car that's excitingly different. You'll see 22 new models—a new world of style at the famous low Ford prices.

NOTHING NEWER IN THE WORLD



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Editorials

Coolidge Was Death on Tax-Happy Bureaucrats

The late Calvin Coolidge, as President, had a penchant for uttering brief statements which sounded like the most obvious commonplaces, largely because that is just what they were. Asked how to cut the budget, he might have reflected in solitude for a day, and come up with something like: "The way to economize is to effect economies."

Had this been the wise apothegm of a venerable Chinese sage named Koo-Li-Tze, it might have been embroidered in gold on a scroll of imperial silk. Since it was Mr. Coolidge speaking, it was usually dismissed as the corniest of Down-East banalities.

Yet his fondness for reducing things to their simplest terms was a trait he shared with many great men, Marshal Foch included. That brilliant general, faced with a strategic decision, always began by recalling essentials. "What is the problem?" he would write at the top of a sheet of paper. And then, answering himself, "To beat the Germans." Thus he kept things in proportion and excluded distracting side issues.

Some of Mr. Coolidge's spirit and methods might have been useful in the budget discussions during the last session of Congress. Thirty years ago, Coolidge expressed what he thought was the most important policy issue then facing the nation. "I am for economy first," he said, "and, after that, more economy."

Every six months he held a budget conference. This was no small, top-level, closed huddle. The President and the Budget Director addressed 2000 Government officials, from members of the Cabinet down to bureau chiefs, gathered in Washington's Memorial Continental Hall.

Mr. Coolidge set the mood with remarks like this: "A government which lays taxes on the people not required by urgent public necessity and sound public policy is not a protector of liberty, but an instrument of tyranny. . . . One of the first signs of the breaking down of free government is a disregard by the taxing power of the right of the people to their own property."

He pleaded with his bureaucrats to remember that they were trustees of the taxpayers' money. He said he realized that some sacrifice was involved in paring expenses and renouncing the dreams of glory that accompany vast new projects and expanded departments. But it was a renunciation, he said, that would strengthen their characters, if they only remembered they were doing it for the good of their country.

Having said this, Mr. Coolidge would say it again. And again. And again. Six months later, at another budget conference, held in public, he would repeat the message. The record shows that he succeeded in reducing the budget by a massive amount, enough to make hefty tax reductions without noticeable impairment of what were then considered necessary Government functions. For better or worse, we have enlarged the concept of thirty years ago, but, proportionately, the way to promote economy is to practice and preach it, day in and day out, after the simple manner of Mr. Coolidge.

The British Farmer Seems in Need of a New Magna Charta

By RAYMOND E. RICE

Twenty miles beyond London the Thames has narrowed to a slender stream, bordered by the broad meadow of Runnymede. Here, on a June day in 1215, King John gave his final grudging assent to the grant of rights and liberties known to us as Magna Charta.

The permanent contribution of Magna Charta lay in rejecting the theory that the King was above the law and in recognizing the existence of individual rights which not even the state could take away. These guaranties are a part of our own legal heritage and have been woven into our Federal and State Constitutions and Bills of Rights. It was therefore fitting that during the recent session of the American Bar Association in London its members should dedicate a lasting memorial to Magna Charta at Runnymede.

Strangely enough, only two days after the Runnymede ceremony the final chapter was written in an English *cause célèbre* involving a landowner dispossessed under bureaucratic powers almost as arbitrary and oppressive as any ever claimed by King John. The evicted owner was Lady Marjorie Garbett, the wife of a government official in foreign service, who had returned to her homeland in 1949 and bought a 200-acre Sussex farmstead. After fifteen months the Ministry of Agriculture concluded that its prescribed rules of good husbandry were being violated and, under authority of the Agriculture Act of 1947, issued a supervision order—in effect a directive on the use of Lady Garbett's land.

The final drastic action authorized by the law was taken in 1956, when, on the ground that the land was foul and understocked, Lady Garbett was actually ejected from her own home, and the operation of the farm taken over by the ministry. On July thirtieth of this year the property went under the auctioneer's hammer in mortgage-foreclosure proceedings. No part of the proceeds of the sale, which was less than half of the price paid for the farm, went to Lady Garbett.

Apologists for the act assert that the eviction of Lady Garbett was the last of a steadily decreasing number of dispossessions. The fact remains, however, that since 1947 there have been no fewer than 376 evictions for "bad husbandry" and more than 4000 farmers have been placed under supervision. This law, be it noted, was not a wartime emergency measure, but postwar legislation, sponsored by the socialistic Labor government. The present Conservative government has left the act very much in its original form.

But it is not for us to cast stones. Our own agricultural policies have occasionally produced examples of bureaucratic excess not so very much less oppressive than the eviction of Lady Garbett.

Re-Examination of Drivers Might Weed Out Incompetents

No matter what our nation's traffic authorities try, the accident and death tolls seem to mount year after year.

In off-the-record conversation, many harried traffic officials agree that a major advance would be some form of compulsory, systematic driver re-examination in every state. A few states have put variations of this program into practice. There are obvious benefits to be gained: such a program would spot drivers with failing eyesight, those whose reflexes have slowed due to age or infirmity, and those with physical disabilities that interfere with good driving practice. The reason driver re-examination has not made more headway, it seems, is that it is a political hot potato. Opponents would complain about the time they would lose when reporting for re-examination as well as about the expense of administration.

Some states have gone ahead despite the objections. Although teenage speeders and drunks and reckless drivers still cause most of the trouble, the results of the driver re-examination programs have been startling. Starting in 1941, New Jersey re-examined drivers over sixty-five who had been involved in accidents (the program has been expanded since then). In the first eight years, more than 5000 such drivers were tested. Nearly 1500 had their licenses revoked and over 2000 more had conditions—such as required use of eyeglasses—added to their licenses. The major cause of trouble: deterioration of vision.

North Carolina's driver re-examination is not limited to those over sixty-five. Since 1947, every driver has been re-examined every four years. The examination consists of a vision test, a knowledge of traffic regulations, recognition and understanding of traffic signs and, at the option of the examiner, an actual driving test. Around 500,000 drivers are retested every year.

Every state has strict regulations about the licensing and periodic re-examinations of chauffeurs, taxi drivers, bus drivers and operators of other public conveyances. It seems to us that similar regulations should apply to all drivers.

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"But, Doctor . . . he's not himself any more"

"Doctor, I don't know what's come over Tom. He has always been happy . . . considerate of me and everybody else. But for months now, he has been changing. He broods a lot, his temper's quick and he is always complaining about his health. I can not get him to see you or any other doctor. Claims his trouble will eventually wear off."

Doctors hear of many situations like this, and they *know* that medical advice in such cases is often essential. Of course, we all have emotional upsets at times. However, when disturbing feelings *persist* . . . when a person is so worried, anxious or depressed that he does not seem like himself any more . . . the source of the trouble must be sought, and corrective steps taken to restore mental poise and physical well-being.

Doctors have become increasingly aware of the effect of the emotions on physical health. There is no longer any doubt that illness of emotional origin is just as real as appendicitis or pneumonia or any other physical ailment. No matter what the physical symptom is . . . for example—nagging headache, digestive upsets, irregular heart beat or backache . . . something can usually be done about it.

In fact, studies made by the National Association for Mental Health show that almost 50 percent of all people seeking medical attention today suffer from conditions brought about or made worse by emotional factors.

A visit or two with the doctor may reveal the underlying cause of the physical disturbance. This is frequently something that the patient does not even suspect. Once the source of the trouble is found . . . and the patient understands how his emotional reactions are playing havoc with his health . . . a successful recovery can usually be anticipated.

So, if you find yourself . . . or any member of your family . . . becoming persistently overwrought, irritable, exhausted or unduly nervous, seek your doctor's help . . . and the sooner the better. For an emotional disorder, like a physical illness, can be treated with greater hope of success when therapy is started promptly.

A simple discussion of how our emotions frequently cause headaches, digestive upsets, and affect our outlook on life is presented in Metropolitan's new booklet called "Emotions and Physical Health." Use the coupon below to obtain your free copy without any obligation. It will be mailed promptly.

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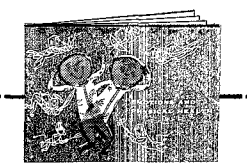

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Please send me a copy of your booklet 11-57-E, "*Emotions and Physical Health.*"

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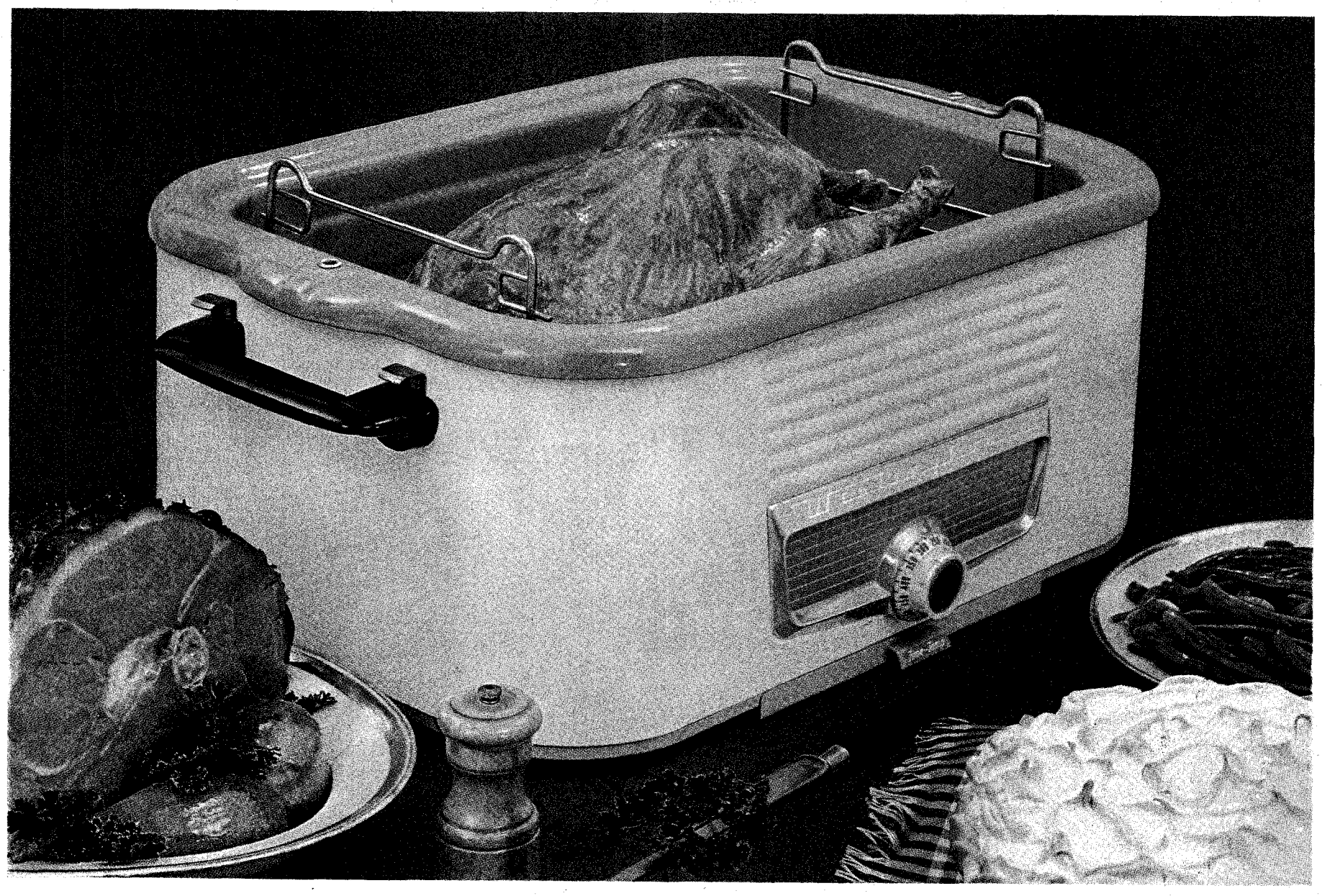
Westinghouse Roaster-Oven cooks everything...plugs in anywhere!



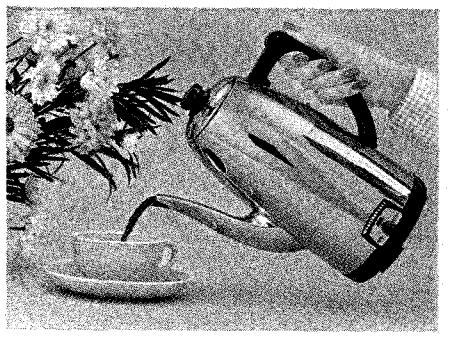
COOKS HOLIDAY-SIZE TURKEY, HAM OR ROAST, FULL FAMILY MEALS, PERFECT PIES!

Yes, this does everything an oven can, with special advantages you can't get any other way. Look-in Lid eliminates basting, turns out juicy roasts. Steam foods in it, cook in quantity, do canning. Uses no more current than a toaster! Here's the economical way to enjoy clean, cool controlled-heat cooking all year round. $44.95 (Broiler-Grid, Timer Clock and Storage Cabinet, optional, slightly extra.)

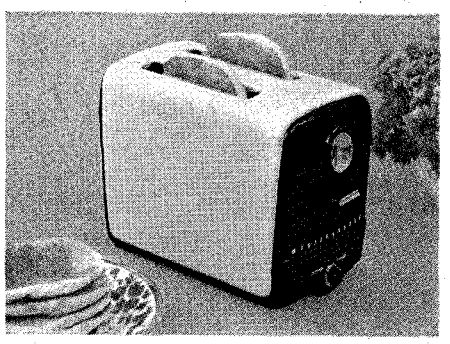
- *Meals for family of five and party recipes for up to fifty.*
- *Makes wonderful large-crowd server that keeps food warm.*
- *Perfect for things that spatter . . . removable inset pan washes in the sink!*
- *Gay colors—pink, aqua, yellow—and white. 5-piece ovenware dish set included.*

Westinghouse...the gift with something extra!

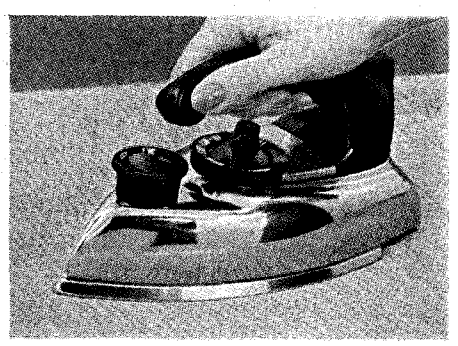
Cooks with Spread-Even Heat. Square pan with square element eliminates hot or cold spots. Accurate thermostat measures heat edge to edge, a Westinghouse exclusive. Metal or glass cover, slightly extra.
Fry Pan, **$22.95**



Makes coffee the fastest way! New "Full Flavor Fountain" sprays water right on the coffee to extract *all* the flavor from *all* the coffee. Coffee stays at serving temperature. Brews 2 to 10 cups.
Coffee Maker, **$29.95**



Color-clad in porcelain! The first toaster in color, and the easiest to clean. Smudges wipe off in a wink. Extra lift up raises small slices of toast an extra inch. Hinged crumb tray. Also Chrome Toaster, $19.95.
Confection Color Toaster, **$21.95**



Cuts ironing time! 15 specially placed vents give more moist, penetrating steam over a wider area. Special open handle ends wrist strain. Uses plain tap water. *Steam-N-Dry Iron:* Coppertone finish, $18.95; Deluxe Chrome, **$16.95**

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

YOU CAN BE **SURE**...IF IT'S **Westinghouse**

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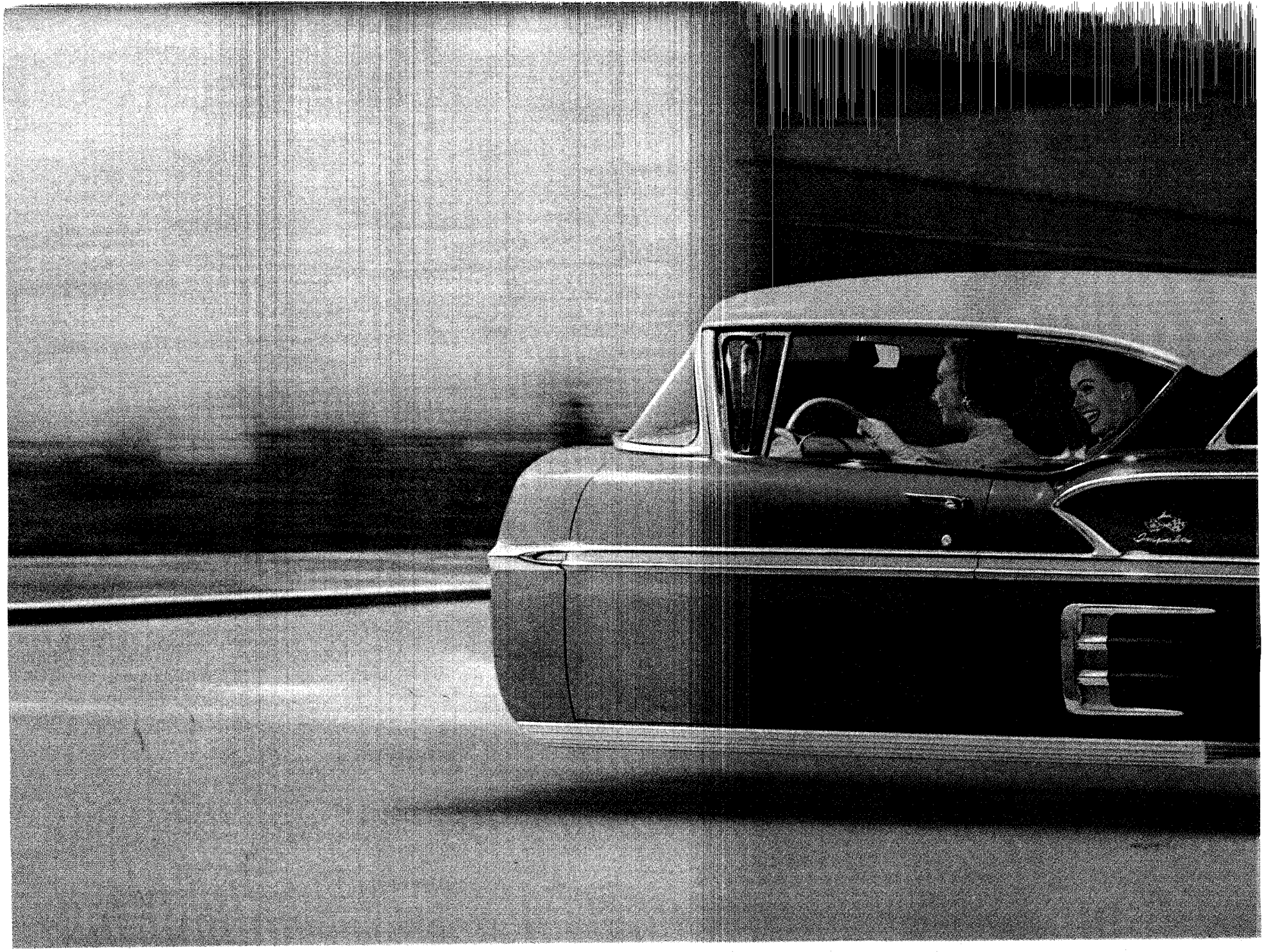

For 1958 - the new "SOUND

Another Fisher Body Exclusive — built Solid against rattles... built Tight against leaks... built Acoustically to give you the world's quietest ride.

Silence speaks volumes about the new "Sound Barrier" Body by Fisher.

Its quietness tells you that a Fisher Body is *really built*—built to shrug off the shakes—built to stand off the years.

The secret: Life-Span Build! A Fisher Body is put together as an *integrally joined unit.*

This rigid, bridge-type construction pays off in greater strength—freedom from rattles—more "living room" inside.

Life-Span Build is just one of the extras you get in *every* Fisher Body. There are others: lacquer instead of paint—Safety Plate glass in every window — "Custom Furnished" interiors.

The new "Sound Barrier" Body is the latest achievement in 50 years of Fisher Body "firsts."

Only the "GM Five" give you the new "Sound Barrier" Body by Fisher. This is one big reason why Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac are your best buys for 1958.

1908 GM 1958

50 YEARS OF BODY BUILDING LEADERSHIP

Only the "GM Five"

CHEVROLE

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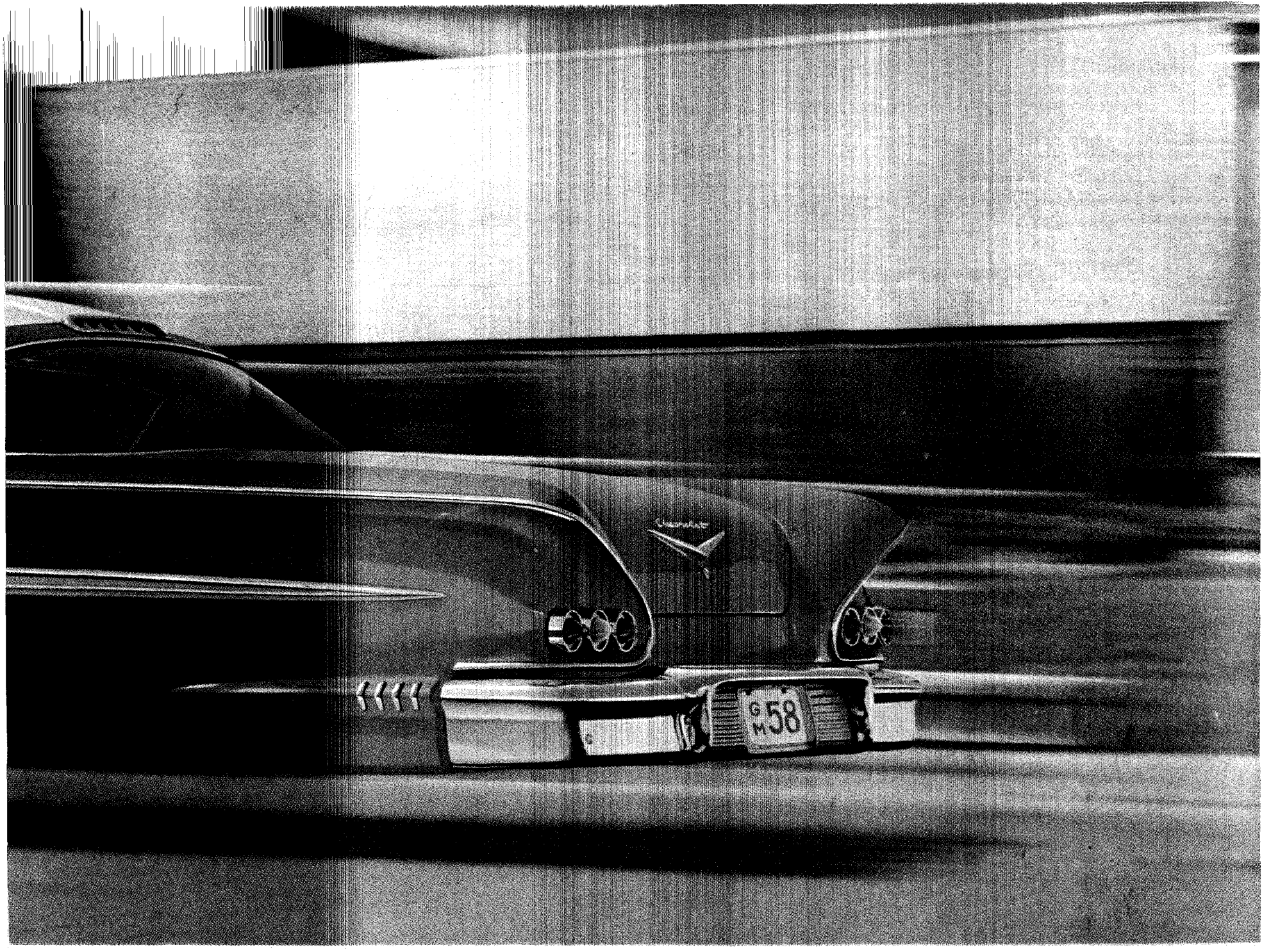
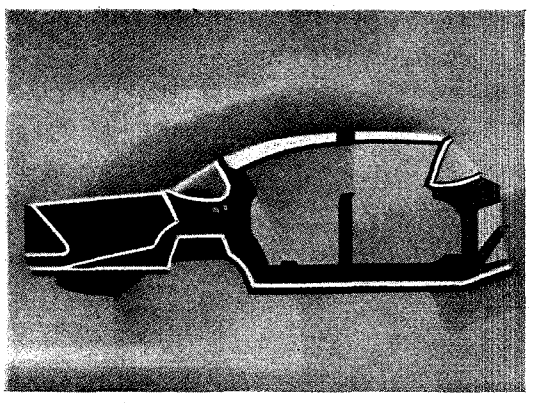
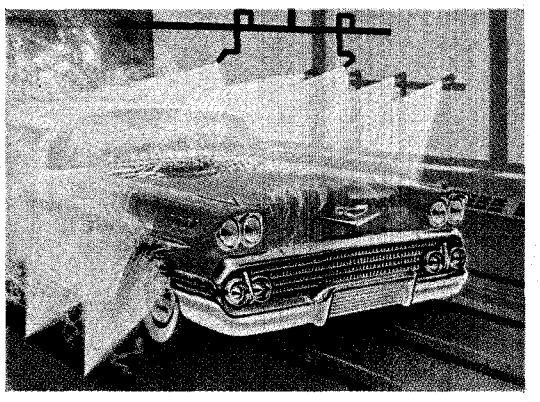


An unusual picture? Yes, it's our way of dramatizing the importance of the Body by Fisher—in the 1958 Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe!

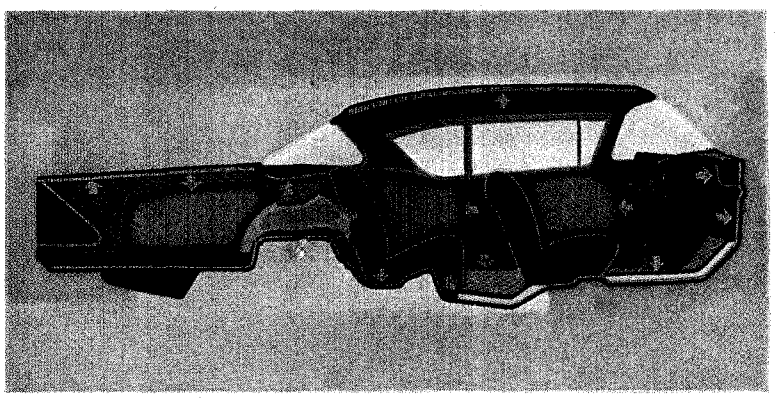
BARRIER" Body by Fisher



BUILT SOLID Only a Fisher Body has new Life-Span Build. Heavy-gauge box-type girders and roof rails are anchored to a solid steel foundation, making one integrally joined assembly.



BUILT TIGHT Every "Sound Barrier" Body must weather this man-made cloudburst—equivalent to a 50-inch downpour. Every Fisher Body must *prove* it has tight seams, snug-fitting joints.



BUILT ACOUSTICALLY Twenty-three different kinds of insulating and sealing materials keep body noise *down*, dirt and dust *out*, comfort level *up*. The latest in high-fidelity, stereophonic equipment checks the on-the-road silence of the new "Sound Barrier" Body.

;ive you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER

PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

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Enchanting Outside–Sensational Inside!

It's the New Sheer Look from Frigidaire!

Certainly, as you see, Frigidaire has gone all out to celebrate the Golden Anniversary Year of General Motors.

But there's far more here than the *new* Sheer Look alone. When you open these doors a whole new world of finer food-keeping is waiting there.

You'll see new sparkling interiors accented with frosty turquoise—in which "Flowing Cold" puts a uniform chill into every inch to cool foods faster, keep them better.

You'll see *instant* ice service—a shower of "frosty-dry" ice cubes, released by a mere finger flip—then automatically stored in a party-size, pull-out bin.

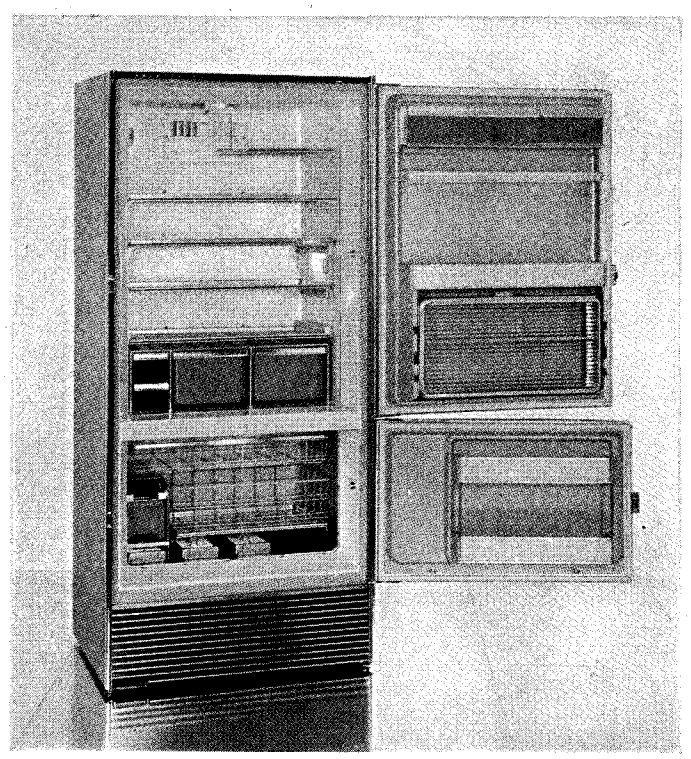
You'll see a new Pantry Door that's virtually a "second" refrigerator, serving you incredible stores of butter, king-size bottles, rows of preserves, condiments—in the handiest way imaginable.

And you'll see the new Picture Window Hydrator in which a vegetable garden glows, kept dewy fresh by a new Moisture Control, adjustable to your climate.

Note, too, the *complete* spaciousness of Frigidaire Roll-to-You shelves—the never-need-touch automatic defrosting of the refrigerator section—the jiffy-quick way everything strips so you can keep your Frigidaire Refrigerator immaculate with new ease.

Everywhere you see new "pluses" from Frigidaire. But most of all, in the name "Frigidaire," you're certain of *supreme quality*—and the greatest value among *all* refrigerators.

Come see these new Golden Anniversary models at Frigidaire Dealers' now.



Only Frigidaire has the new Sheer Look—Plus
Blends in, transforms any kitchen with its "built-in" look (without the built-in cost). Keeps you always in style and in step with the future. Choice of four fashion-new colors, sold by Frigidaire at price of white.

'58 FRIGIDAIRE REFRIGERATORS

See our Golden Anniversary models—
GM GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY
Celebrating 50 years of General Motors Leadership

SEE "THE PATRICE MUNSEL SHOW" ON TV

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Massachusetts Mutual announces

—Premium Rate Reductions
—Lower Rates for Larger Policies
—Additional Savings for Women

Massachusetts Mutual is now offering nearly all of its life insurance policies at lower premium rates.

Also, you save when you buy a larger policy! The rate per $1,000 steps down when you buy a $5,000 policy . . . further down on a $10,000 policy . . . still further down on a $25,000 policy. Why? Because our handling expense per $1,000 is lower on larger policies.

For women, there are important additional savings. Massachusetts Mutual has made women *three years younger* than men—in terms of life insurance premium rates.* Why? Because women live longer than men.

And the Massachusetts Mutual policy contracts continue to be outstanding for their quality, flexibility, and liberality.

Ask your Massachusetts Mutual man to show you what our new premium rates can mean to you in year-after-year savings and in security for your family. Or call our General Agent listed under "Massachusetts Mutual" in your phone book.

*In a few states, because of statutory limitations, women will pay the same premium rates as men, but will receive higher dividends under our 1958 schedule.

Massachusetts Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
The Policyholders' Company

1851

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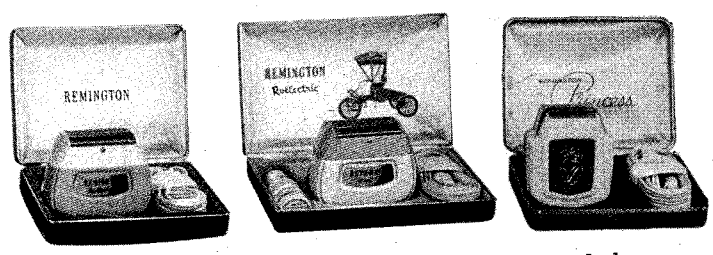
ENTER REMINGTON'S $156,000.00 CONTEST–FIRST PRIZE EQUALS THE VALUE* OF

A SHARE OF EVERY COMMON STOCK ON THE N.Y. EXCHANGE

REMINGTON
THE SHAVE OF AMERICA
PRESENTS THE
SHARE OF AMERICA CONTEST

Just complete this sentence in 25 words or less:
"A Remington Electric Shaver is an ideal gift because . . ."



These facts about Remington Shavers may help you win a big Share of America!

Remington Rollectric† . . . Shaves heavy beard . . . Shaves Hidden Beard—whisker bases below ordinary shaving level • Exclusive Roller Combs • Man-size head has 6 diamond-honed cutters • Gives fastest shave known • Works on 110 volts—AC or DC • America's favorite gift shaver.
†Patent pending

Remington Auto-Home Rollectric . . . Has every feature and advantage of the Remington Rollectric. PLUS the Auto-Home feature. It's the original dual-voltage shaver that works off a car's cigarette lighter as well as any AC-DC home wall socket. Works in plane, boat, trains, etc.

Remington Princess for Ladies . . . Shaves razor-close without razor-scrape • "Beauty Care Action" • Cannot nick or scrape • Has eight shaving edges—not just two • Mistake-proof head—there is no "wrong way." Use it any way you please • The grooming gift more women want.

BIG BONUS AWARD

ALL PRIZES DOUBLE IF YOU PURCHASE A REMINGTON SHAVER DURING CONTEST PERIOD

IMAGINE! You can win stocks of your choice . . . equal in value to a share of every common stock on the N. Y. Stock Exchange. Here's a chance to build real security! A prize of giant cash value plus income! That's not all! You have 504 other chances to win a big prize in stock. And any prize will be doubled if you purchase a Remington Shaver (man's or lady's) during the contest. Don't miss this opportunity! Clip the entry blank below, right now. Have it signed by a clerk in any store selling Remington Shavers. Ask him for extra entry blanks, too.

FIRST PRIZE: Common Stocks of your choice approximately equal in market value to the total value of one share of every issue of common stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Value: $42,000.* Prize is doubled if you purchase a Remington Shaver during contest period.

SECOND PRIZE: $5,000 in your choice of common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Prize is doubled if you purchase a Remington Shaver during contest period.

THIRD PRIZE, FOURTH PRIZE, FIFTH PRIZE: $2,000 in your choice of common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Prize is doubled if you purchase a Remington Shaver during contest period.

500 ADDITIONAL PRIZES: $50 each in common stocks of your choice listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Prize is doubled if you purchase a Remington Shaver during contest period.

Based on closing prices as of May 31, 1957.

PRODUCTS OF
Remington Rand
ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONNECTICUT

OFFICIAL RULES: 1. Complete on an official entry blank the statement "A Remington Electric Shaver is an ideal gift because . . ." in 25 additional words or less. Write about either a man's or a woman's shaver. Enter as often as you like, provided each entry is on a separate, official entry blank, obtainable at any store that sells Remington Shavers. Entry blanks appearing in Remington advertisements, when signed by a salesman of a store that sells Remington Shavers, are valid and official. 2. Contest is open to any resident of the United States who is 16 years old by December 1, 1957, except employees of Sperry Rand Corporation, its subsidiaries and advertising agencies, and their immediate families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations. 3. Mail your completed entry, using adequate postage, to: Remington Share of America Contest, P. O. Box 61-C, Mount Vernon 10, New York.

Entries must be postmarked by Dec. 1st and received by Dec. 9, 1957. Each entry must be your own original work, submitted in your own name. 4. Prizes will be awarded by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, on the basis of originality, sincerity and aptness. Only one prize to a family. Judges' decisions are final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries and ideas therein become the property of Sperry Rand Corporation, and none will be returned. 5. Winners will be notified personally or by mail about six weeks after close of contest. Winners' list will be sent upon request accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. 6. All prizes (stocks) will be chosen by the winners, and delivered to, and in the name of, the winners, by February 15, 1958. Stocks will be purchased for winners by member firms of the New York Stock Exchange, such firms to be chosen by the winners. 7. The winners may not select, as prizes, cash or any share of stock of the Sperry Rand Corp. 8. All brokerage commissions arising out of the initial purchase of winners' stocks will be paid by Sperry Rand Corp. In the event any winner is a minor, all reasonable expenses arising out of the acquisition of prize stocks for such minors, will be paid by Sperry Rand Corp. 9. **Bonus Prizes: Double** the value of the below listed prizes. Bonus Prizes will be awarded to winners who purchase a Remington Electric Shaver between Sept. 30 through Dec. 1st, 1957. 10. To be eligible for the BONUS AWARDS, a contestant must write in the space provided the warranty number of the shaver purchased on at least one entry blank, and must also, upon request, show proof that a bona fide purchase was made.

505 BIG PRIZES: FIRST PRIZE: $42,000 to be invested by the winner in common stocks listed on the N. Y. Stock Exchange. SECOND PRIZE: $5,000 to be invested by the winner in common stocks listed on the N. Y. Stock Exchange. THIRD PRIZE: $2,000 to be invested by the winner in common stocks listed on the N. Y. Stock Exchange. FOURTH PRIZE: $2,000 to be invested by the winner in common stocks listed on the N. Y. Stock Exchange. FIFTH PRIZE: $2,000 to be invested by the winner in common stocks listed on the N. Y. Stock Exchange. 500 ADDITIONAL PRIZES: $50 each to be invested by the winners in common stocks listed on the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

Remington Shavers "Share of America" Contest

Remington "Share of America" Contest
P.O. Box 61-C, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y.

Name_____
(Please print plainly)

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Do you now own an electric shaver? ☐ Yes ☐ No

TO QUALIFY FOR BONUS: If you bought a Remington Shaver between September 30th, and December 1st, write warranty number here.

_____
(Warranty Number)

Complete this statement in 25 additional words or less: A Remington Electric Shaver is an ideal gift because_____

TO ENTER CONTEST, HAVE ENTRY SIGNED HERE!

Dealer Validation _____
(Signature of Clerk in Store Selling Remington Shavers)

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THE BIG M FOR 1958 BRINGS YOU SPORTS-CAR SPIRIT WITH LIMOUSINE RIDE

Mercury for 1958 offers you a choice of 20 models, in 4 great series. An entirely new family of Cool-Power Marauder engines powers The Big M line—312 hp. for the Monter

EVER HELD A CURVE LIKE A SPORTS CAR—

You are looking at The Big M for 1958—the only car you can buy that combines sports-car handling with solid *riding comfort.*

Here is the only car in all the world ever to combine the spirit of a sports car with the ride of a limousine. Mercury's sports-car spirit means far more than power. You enjoy effortless control every moment—precise steering—a wonderful feeling of complete command on even the sharpest curve.

These advances are the result of a whole series of wonderful new driving aids. For example, there's a new Hill-Control range on The Big M's Merc-O-Matic Keyboard. Push-button magic eases you down the steepest hill with greater safety. Steering is up to 35 *per cent* easier for almost effortless parking, incomparable handli ease and control. And new Super-Safe se adjusting brakes automatically compensate f brake-lining wear—reduce the need for servicir help keep your brakes at peak efficiency, f smoother, surer, straight line stops.

Now imagine this driving spirit teamed witl ride that can only be compared with the fin ever achieved by the costliest custom-built li

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) hp. for the Montclair, and 360 hp. for the Park Lane. Shown above, the Montclair Phaeton Sedan; seat from Montclair Turnpike Cruiser.

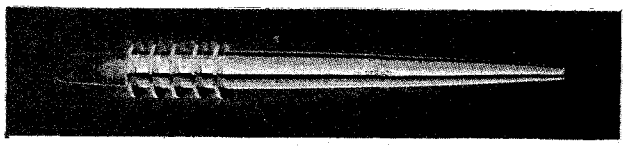
SPORTS DRESS BY GRETA PLATTRY.

VHILE LOUNGING IN LIMOUSINE LUXURY?

ines—a serene, majestic, quiet ride; a solid, idy, road-hugging ride. Every 1958 Mercury onger, wider, heavier. Dimensions in some dels surpass those in many of the most ensive cars.

Most important, Mercury makes this new kind control, handling ease, and comfort available almost anyone who can afford any new car. e beautiful Monterey series offers 5 models well within the reach of buyers of low-priced cars. For only a few dollars more Mercury's six stunning Montclairs (including two fabulous Turnpike Cruisers) give you many additional luxury features. And for magnificence unlimited, there are 3 models in the entirely new top-of-the-line Park Lane series. And even here, prices are surprisingly modest. Stop in. See how much more your money can buy at your Mercury dealer's.

SPORTS-CAR SPIRIT WITH LIMOUSINE RIDE



1958 MERCURY

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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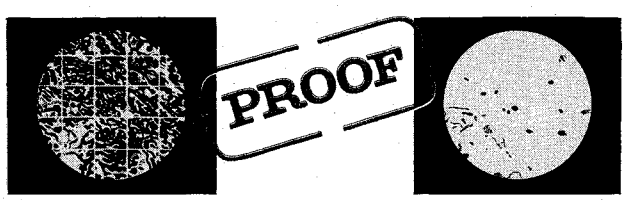
Are you like these two, can't always brush after meals – even though it's best?

Start the day with GLEEM *...the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

On holiday trips . . . or whenever you're on the go—here's how to get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day!* Just start the day with Gleem. That's what more and more families are doing when they're faced with the problem of not always being able to brush after meals. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 is so effective that just one brushing completely destroys most bacteria. You'll find the youngsters agree Gleem's flavor is so terrific, it makes brushing *fun!* So always depend on the one and only Gleem!

Only GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor, freshens the mouth morning until night . . . means a *sweeter goodnight* kiss. So start *your* day with Gleem!

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POST

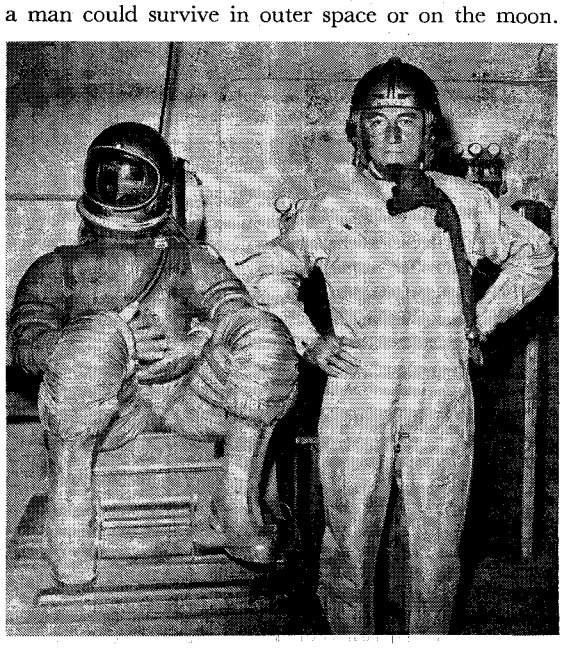
The author (right) and Major Robinson Risner with the two-seater Super Sabre jet fighter which took them on a supersonic, stratospheric adventure.

I Found Out What Supersonic Means

The author screwed up his courage and cracked the sound barrier, as a mere apprehensive passenger. This is his fascinating preview of tomorrow's air travel.

By STEWART ALSOP

Alsop rubs elbows with an unoccupied "full-pressure suit." In this $8000 naval aviator's outfit, it is believed, a man could survive in outer space or on the moon.



No doubt we'll be flying faster than sound by the thousands in a few years, high in the stratosphere, casually and comfortably, as we now hop across the Atlantic, drinking martinis or munching thick steaks, on the route Lindbergh perilously flew thirty years ago. Already, the heroic era of high-altitude supersonic flight is past. For the small band of supersonic jet pilots in the services, flying faster than sound is a common experience, noted in the log and then forgotten.

Yet this new kind of flying is still a rather spine-tingling experience, at least for a cautious, middle-aged civilian, as I discovered recently when I took a couple of supersonic flights, courtesy of the United States Navy and the United States Air Force. It is also a most revealing experience. It serves as a vivid introduction to the strange human problems involved in very-high-altitude supersonic flight, problems which are by no means entirely solved. But before having a look at some of them, let me try to describe what it is like.

I had my first faster-than-sound flight at the Navy's magnificent Patuxent Air Test Center. The Navy—unlike the Air Force, which whisks you up into the stratosphere before you've had time to

(Continued on Page 82)

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Bellevue Hospital, New York City: The child was brought in by his mother, who knew only that he had "eaten something he picked up on the street." Doctors were able to treat him after tests quickly revealed he was poisoned by lye.

Help for the Poisoned Child

Every year hundreds of children
swallow furniture polish or
other common household substances and die in agony.
But now the new poison-control centers
are saving many young lives.

By MEYER BERGER

Heartbreaking stories multiply day after day in the files of America's spreading poison-control centers. They tell of children killed, blinded or permanently disabled by unguarded patent medicines, by furniture polish, cleaning fluids, disinfectants, bleaches, insect sprays, paint thinners—by some 250,000 or more packaged items sold in this country for home use, with the list of new brands constantly growing.

The tragedy that overtook the Behrens family in their quiet Brooklyn home is a typical case from the files of New York City's poison-control center, a unit of the Health Department. Behrens is not the true name, but the details are factual, taken from official reports.

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This baby swallowed six ounces of carbon tetrachloride. Police got him to the Jamaica, L.I., hospital in time.

The Muller children of Sacramento, California, who mistook rat poison for cereal, emerged from treatment shaken but safe. Children are born scavengers, doctors warn, and are liable to eat anything within reach.

One Wednesday morning some months ago, Lenny Behrens' mother looked in on the baby—he was only eighteen months old—before she began her kitchen chores. She saw him in the play pen, pawing happily at his colored blocks; at his soiled, beloved cloth bear—the one he took to bed with him each night—and at the shiny saucepan lid that made delightful sounds when it fell on the toy fire engine. Mrs. Behrens figured he might play for a full hour or more before he fell asleep. That was the usual daily pattern.

When she came back with Lenny's lunch he was sprawled in slumber over his playthings, apple-cheeked and tousled, just as she had expected. She lifted him to his eating chair, with his eyes still sleep-sticky, but he kept turning from the proffered spoon. That wasn't unusual; some days he chose to be difficult about his meals. She gave up at last and put him to bed.

Later she heard him whimper and cough. She was fairly certain that he was taking cold, so she gave him baby cough medicine. He fell right back into deeper sleep. By the time Mr. Behrens got home Lenny seemed worse. He was deeply flushed and irritable, even in slumber that resembled coma. The father took him to nearby Kings County Hospital, but there was nothing in the history, as the Behrenses told it, to indicate anything worse than a common cold. The doctor told them to take the baby home, but to bring him back if he seemed to get sicker.

Mrs. Behrens was up most of the night, worried by the child's restless twitching, by spasms and convulsions from which he always fell back into deeper slumber. After Mr. Behrens left for the office in the morning, she made the beds, straightened things in the bathroom, then started to put the play-pen toys in order. Suddenly she went white. Hidden under the broken-jointed cloth bear and the bright saucepan lid was a bottle that had held furniture polish. It was empty, and the cap was off.

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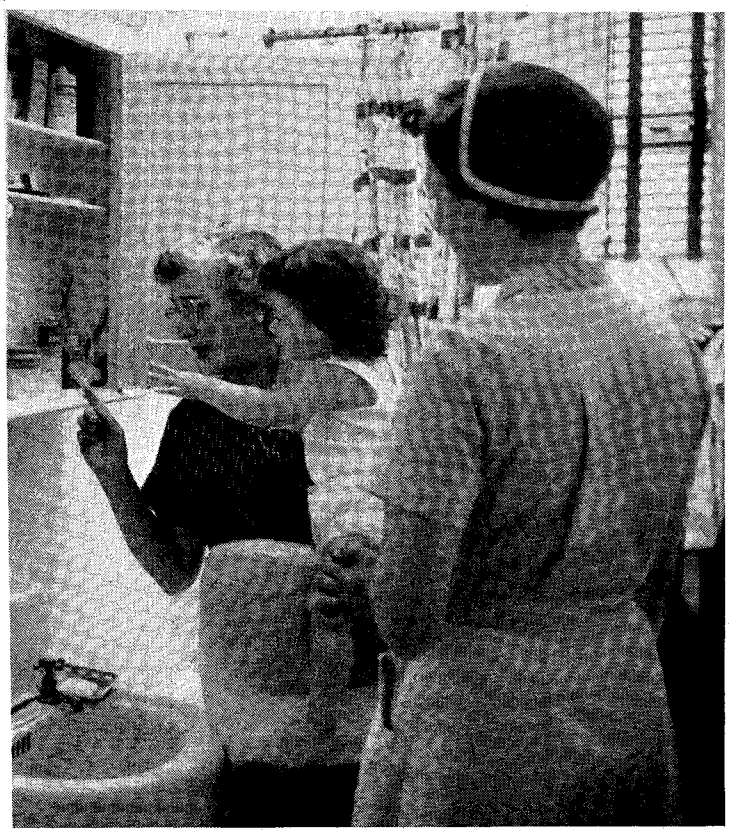
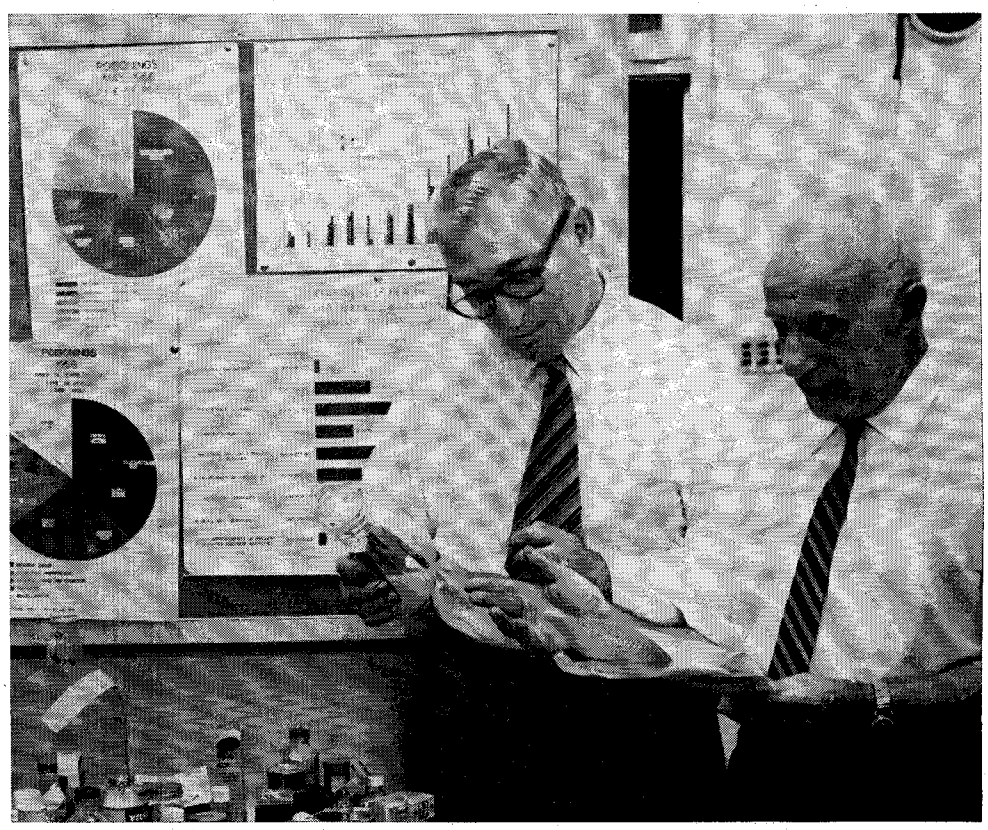


New York City Public Health nurse Hazel Henry (right), while making her rounds, points out menaces in the medicine cabinet. In this case, the household had already had one poisoning scare.



Dr. Harold Jacobziner (right), head of New York's Poison Control Center and Harry Raybin, technical director, keep a close check on all common household substances which are harmless when properly used and carefully stored, but may contain ingredients which could be fatal to children.

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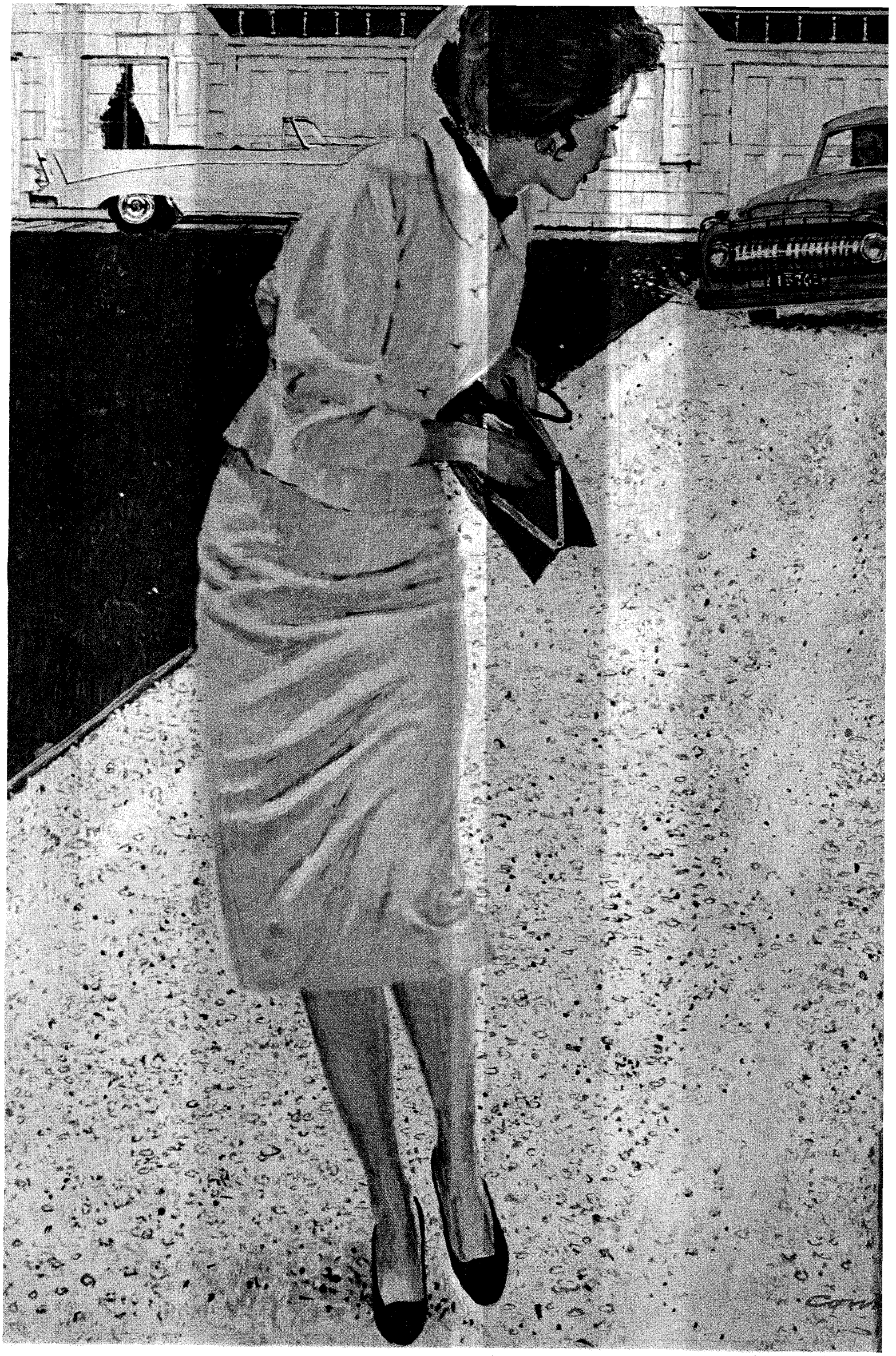

Kathy couldn't get hold of her gun. She stared, hypnotized, at the oncoming truck.

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By LEON WARE

Lady in Danger

A policewoman's job can be deadly— especially when the customers get rough . . .

Rain slashed down at the pavement, the big drops bouncing up again in the headlights, like dancing popcorn. The wipers whipped frantically and Mike Harper, his hat pushed back, his lean jaw set, swore as he jerked the car's wheels out of the streetcar tracks and checked the resulting skid with a savage spin of the steering wheel. Kathy Dorn, sitting stiffly beside him, gloved hands in her lap, made a grab for the door handle and hung on.

When the car straightened up again she pushed her pert black hat back into position and glared at him with the exasperation of a long, tense evening.

"If this is a Code Three," she said coldly, "let's turn on the red light and hit the siren."

"You know a better way to break a skid?"

"I do," she retorted. "Slow down. If you're in such a hurry to get home, I can always take a cab. We didn't have to go out; I could have stayed home."

"We had a date." He swung out around two cars, skidded again and broke it expertly.

"Every single minute of which I've enjoyed," she said, breathing again.

"O.K., so you didn't have fun."

"I didn't say that."

"Just supper at Jerry's and a movie. Too quiet for your taste, I guess."

"There was nothing wrong with either the supper or the movie —— Look out!"

They swung around a truck, skidded, missed a streetcar and straightened up. Mike wet his lips and eased up on the accelerator.

"Darn it, Mike, where's the fire?"

He glanced sourly at her. "You sound like a cop."

"I am a cop!" she snapped. She faced him, green eyes sparking. "I'm a darned good policewoman. And I'd be a better one if I'd give you a ticket for reckless driving! A detective sergeant—driving like a hot-rodder!" Her voice caught. "What is the matter tonight?"

"Nothing's the matter," he growled. He swung off the business street onto a quieter one.

"You know what I think?"

He brushed her with a glance. "What?"

"I think you're jealous of what happened this afternoon."

The ridge of muscle jutted out along his jaw and for a breathless moment she thought she'd gone too far.

"Anybody can get lucky," he finally said. "Like they say in football, it's the way the ball bounces."

Her grandfather and all his people before him had believed implicitly in the Little People and the efficacy of the shamrock; her father had left the old country at a tender age and civilization had watered down his belief in the supernatural, but there never was a Dorn whose hackles didn't rise at the lack of appreciation.

"Lucky?" she snapped. It came as a snort, and Mike cocked a glance at her. Chin out, pert nose up, eyes glinting—she couldn't have been prettier. He smiled for the first time that evening, but she wasn't prepared to notice it.

"Lucky, was I? There were cops at both corners, the chief had just gone by with Commissioner Robertson; two specials in the bank—the whole setup was a time bomb and who had to light the fuse? Me. Kathy Dorn. Like Jack Webb says: 'I'm a cop.'"

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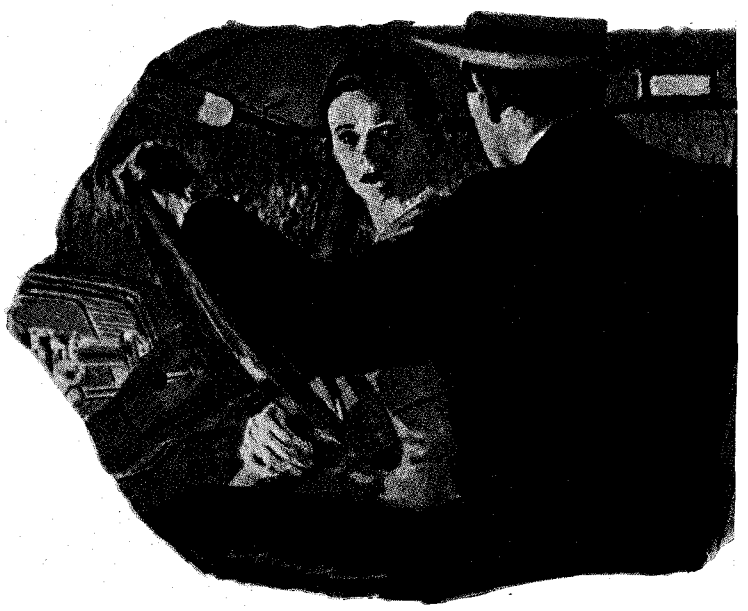

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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Fashions by Sybil Connolly

Who needs Paris? Deep in the land of the bogtrotter, this talented dressmaker creates high fashions for the best-dressed women in New York.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Miss Connolly created this swirling day coat of "darned tweed" for this fall's American market.

Dublin's River Liffey is the backdrop for a Connolly original: a cocktail sheath with a "fishtail" bustle.

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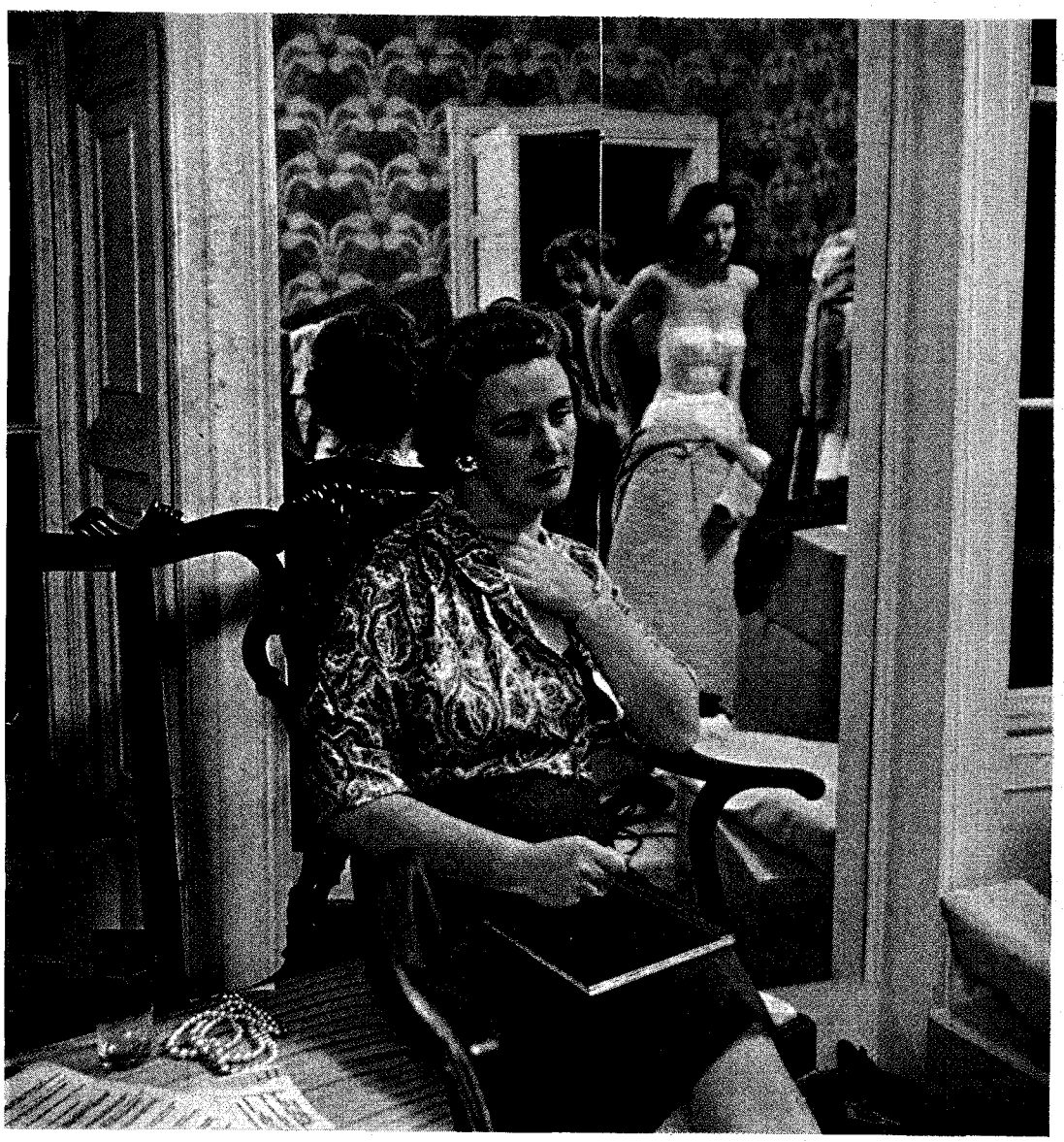
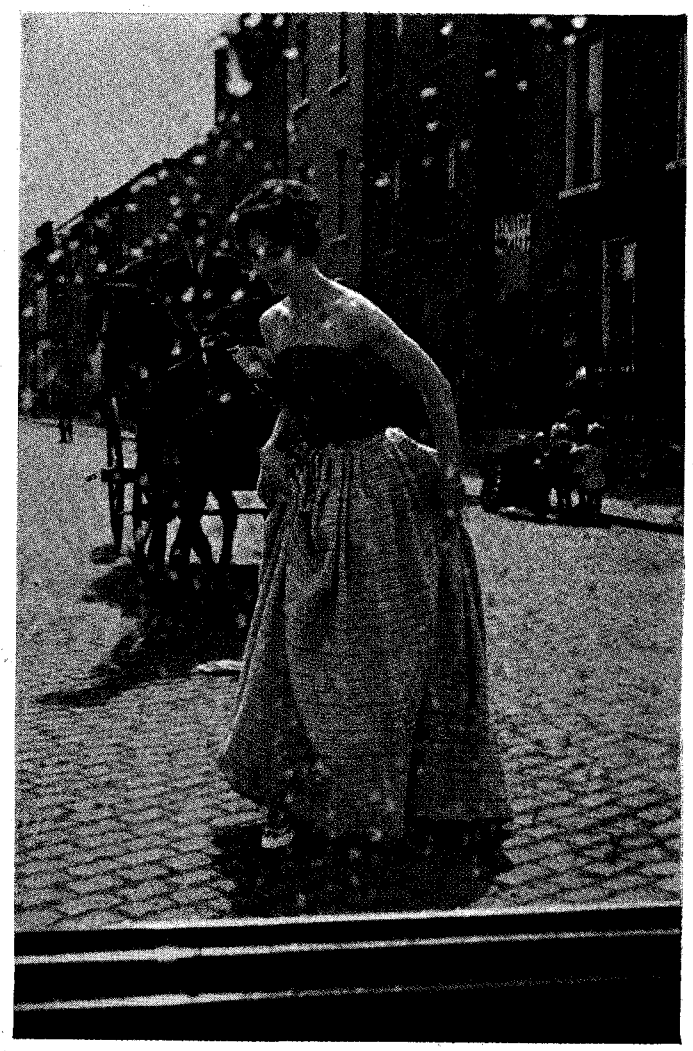
Photographs by Eugene Kammerman



Miss Connolly makes one last inspection of some creations she is sending to Australia. Her prices range from $130 to $350 per dress at her shop in Dublin and twice as much when shipped abroad.



Inspired use of native Irish fabrics is a Connolly specialty. Here, an evening dress with an unbleached-wool skirt and Irish-linen bodice.

DUBLIN

The shamrock, yes. Shillelaghs, maybe. The leprechaun, perhaps. And blarney, certainly. But you had not expected to run across High Fashion in the Emerald Isle. Still, there it is, and, after the initial shock, the visitor accepts Miss Sybil Connolly, creator of the Irish look, as one of the republic's many lovely incongruities.

"I am a freak in Ireland," Miss Connolly admits. Now thirty-six years old and elegantly gray, the beauteous Dublin dress designer is, at this moment, entering into an interesting phase of her career. Having deserted the prim little dress shop on Grafton Street, where she had been employed since 1940—and where the world discovered her just five short years ago—she is now at the head of her own enterprise. As managing director of Sybil Connolly, Incorporated, a roaringly successful fashion business in which her sister, Judy, and her secretary, Maura Lockhart, are her only partners, she stands impressively on her own feet, a sovereign power in the realm of elegance.

More than three fourths of her gross earnings—some $500,000 this year—originates in the United States; a tribute of American womanhood to Sybil's stylesmanship. During occasional attacks of self-doubt, obligatory in an Irish soul, it is to her devoted following across the ocean that Sybil looks for comfort. "America made me," she says. "America will always have first claim to my production." And, with no more than just a touch of Irish, she adds that if the British now can't get enough of her creations, they should remember that they snubbed her until she was too well known to be ignored. Asked, after a recent fashion show she gave in London, to say a few sweet nothings on British television, she (Continued on Page 52)

A cloth as prosaic as tea toweling, given an artful interpretation by Connolly, becomes a dainty day dress.

Also destined for the U. S. fall market, this suit with three-quarter-length sleeves, wide collar and straight skirt is made of an old fisher fabric, Bainin wool.

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"I understand how you feel, Fred," she said. "I couldn't understand more."

Something for Nothing

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

She won a fabulous giveaway contest. Now she had a chance to make her dream of a lifetime come true.

Mrs. Fred Toole was not used to winning first prizes. Although contests were the sin of her life—Fred said she wasted a fortune on postage stamps—her speed, if she got into the traffic at all, was apt to be third prize, one of five hundred or five thousand third prizes. She had a drawer full of "exquisite" vanity cases, worth a total of maybe eight dollars wholesale. She had two bridge lamps, she had the memory of a round-trip railroad ride she and Fred had taken most uncomfortably one snowy day in February to Washington, D.C.; and she had some cash.

Or she had had some cash. Five hundred and fifty dollars, which she had won—fourth prize—for sending in a recipe for date cookies made with a new kind of vegetable oil. She hadn't actually ever made the cookies—or any other, for that matter, store-bought were good enough—she had merely copied the recipe out of a cookbook and substituted the oil for butter. But she had got the five hundred and fifty dollars, and coupling it with seventy-five that had been left her by an unexpected uncle she had bought a car.

"Oh, it's something that's necessary to have to take the children to the country," she told the neighbors. "Get them off these New York streets, out where they can breathe the clean air."

What she told Fred was, "Don't talk like that to me," for he had said, "I'm on that bloody truck all week, and you expect me to spend the one day I can get my feet up fighting all those Sunday drivers. You expect me ——"

And she did. Seldom a sunny Sunday passed that she did not set out, the children in front, Fred in the back, grimly (Continued on Page 62)

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Historic moment: President Eisenhower appears before the United Nations General Assembly, December 8, 1953, to make his proposal for an international atomic-energy agency.

The Battle Over Atoms-for-Peace

A Post editor reveals the little-known congressional struggle that very nearly wrecked one of the most significant pieces of legislation of our time.

By DEMAREE BESS

This is the story of 1957's strangest battle in Congress. It was so strange because it was fought for several months over an important issue, but almost escaped notice by press and public alike. The contest determined the fate of one of the most widely advertised of President Eisenhower's pet projects—the International Atomic Energy Agency. Mr. Eisenhower has been personally boosting this organization for almost four years, and it has been plugged all around the globe as the keystone of his Atoms-for-Peace program, hailed as America's foremost contribution to world peace since the Marshall Plan. Yet the Senate came very close to repudiating the President's project altogether, and accepted it only after it had been thoroughly deflated.

A few weeks ago, on October first, the world's first International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) opened for business in its hastily constructed headquarters in Vienna, capital of neutralized Austria. This is the deflated version of the Atoms-for-Peace organization which President Eisenhower proposed in a dramatic personal appearance before delegates of the United Nations on December 8, 1953. The IAEA was literally made in America. The basic idea was conceived in Washington, Mr. Eisenhower enthusiastically launched it, and American negotiators from both political parties labored patiently in New York for years to push the agency through a fantastic assortment of booby traps until negotiations finally were completed a year ago.

The new agency deals with what probably is the most impressive development of this century—atomic energy. Although the United Nations helped the IAEA to get started, it is a completely independent organization. It starts off with a record number of members—eighty-two nations. It sounds important, it was intended to be important, and its sponsors are convinced that it may yet play a central role in the atomic age just opening. However, the Senate clipped the international agency's wings before it got started. The long-drawn-out legislative battle which it provoked may prove to have been a milestone in the perpetual tug of war between the White House and the Senate over the conduct of foreign affairs. In this contest, Sen. John Bricker (Rep., Ohio) won, almost singlehanded, a decided victory in his nonstop campaign to curb the President's treaty-making powers. That Bricker victory has been successfully covered up by the Washington administration. During the IAEA's launching ceremonies in Vienna last October, American spokesmen implied that the new organization fully represents the original Eisenhower Atoms-for-Peace plan. Nobody mentioned the drastic curbs imposed on the international agency by the United States Senate. Several Western spokesmen lambasted the Russians for expressing doubts about the IAEA's future, but nobody pointed out that our Senate has proved to be equally doubtful.

I first became aware of the tremendous world-wide build-up being given to the Eisenhower Atoms-for-Peace program when I traveled last year for nine months in four continents getting (Continued on Page 119)

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Death at Le Mans, 1955: The lifeless body of Pierre Levegh lies on the track after his car exploded. Sections of the car sliced into the crowd, killing 82 spectators.

STOP US BEFORE WE KILL AGAIN!

A world-famous road-race driver calls for the abolition of this murderous sport. He tells why it has become too deadly for drivers and spectators alike.

These victims of the Le Mans tragedy are some of the 174 onlookers slaughtered in racing's 10 major accidents.

By PIERO TARUFFI
as told to A. E. Hotchner

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Piero Taruffi, Italy's "Silver Fox," is the only racing driver who has won all four of the world's big road races: Mille Miglia, Pan-American, Targa Florio, Tour of Sicily. In his thirty-four years of motorcycle and automobile racing, he has compiled an extraordinary record: out of a total of forty-one major motorcycle races in which he has competed, Taruffi scored twenty-two victories and set thirty-eight world records; in the 132 major road races in which he has participated in various parts of the world, he has won forty-two of them while establishing thirty-two international records. In 1951 he won Mexico's Pan-American race. Last May, in his fiftieth year and thirteenth try at the event, he won the world's top road race, the dangerous Mille Miglia, at an average speed of 94.7 m.p.h.

Taruffi is also an industrial engineer who has contributed much to the tooling and engineering development of the motorcycle and racing car. He has designed and produced a revolutionary double-torpedo racing car, the TARF, with which he has set many records. *The Editors*

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For thirty-four years I have raced the world's most powerful racing cars over the most grueling road tours that man can devise. Racing has been the focal point of my life. I have talked, slept and breathed it, but now I feel I must do a very painful but necessary thing—to urge that road racing, which I love so much and which has given me such joy and sorrow in my life, be put to death.

I am not talking about track races, like the one at Indianapolis, nor about closed-circuit races, like those at Sebring, Florida, and Le Mans. My concern is with the various races which are staged on open highways. I realize that some of these races are already under suspension—all road racing in Italy was canceled for the remainder of 1957 after the disaster of the Mille Miglia, and the Pan-American is under suspension—but in the past there have been other bans and suspensions. They were invariably overcome by the universal enthusiasm for the thrills of road racing. The time has come, however, when we must enact a world-wide prohibition and make it stick; the road race of the future must be a wholly different affair.

Last May twentieth, for the thirteenth time, I competed in the queen of road races, the famous Mille Miglia, the race that winds for 1000 miles with 4000 curves through the heart of Italy. It was the only major road race I had not won in my lifetime. Before the race began I promised my wife, Isabella, that this would be my last road race. Now that I had turned fifty, the time had come to will the high-powered Ferraris and Maseratis to younger men. Many times in past years I had led in this race only to have my car break down close to the finish. I wanted very badly to win; it had become an obsession with me.

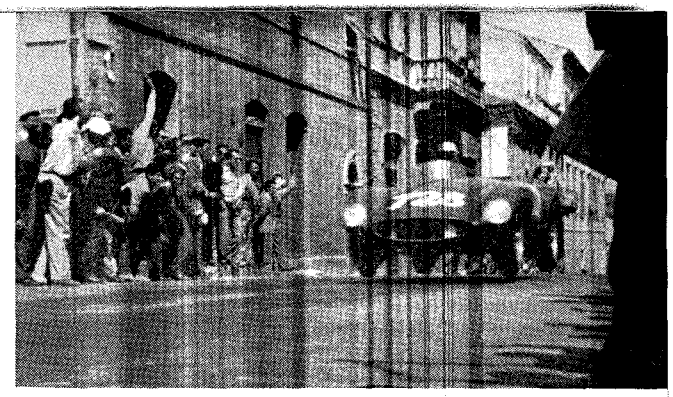
In my last race the breaks were all with me. The English ace, Peter Collins, who had compiled a big lead, broke down at about the three-quarters mark; on the last leg, I hooked up in a grueling stretch drive with the German, Wolfgang von Trips. We tore neck and neck at 145 m.p.h. toward the finish line. Collins, Von Trips and I were all driving Ferraris. Von Trips passed me momentarily, but I retook him and at the final flag I was a good three minutes ahead of the German's time—the long-elusive victory was mine.

But it was an empty, bitter victory. The first news I heard on taking off my helmet was that my friend, the Spanish driver, Marquis Alfonso de Portago, whom I had previously passed in the race, had had a tire blow-out only thirty miles from the finish line. His Ferrari, which had been going 170 m.p.h., had crashed into a telephone pole, bounced fifteen feet into the air, crashed into spectators on one side of the road and then rolled to the other side, crushing more spectators. All together, ten spectators dead—five of them children—De Portago dead, two other drivers and a patrolling motorcyclist, dead. It was Le Mans all over again.

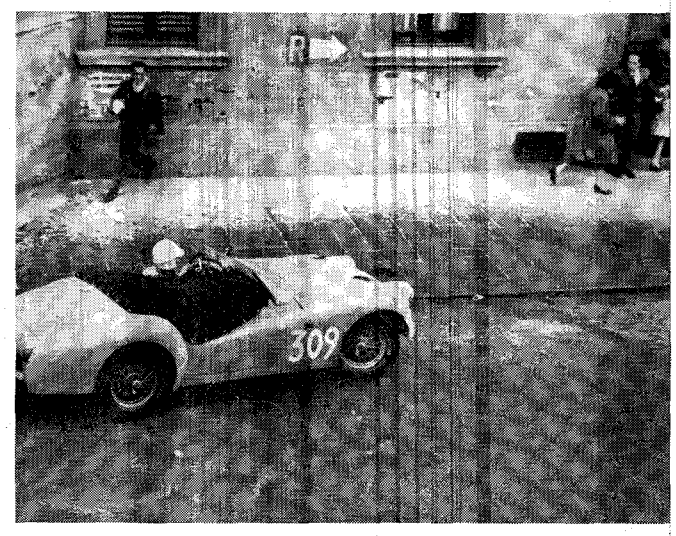
The crowd at the finish line was applauding and congratulating me, and I tried to look as a victor should look, but in my heart there was only despair, for I realized that the Mille Miglia had become too dangerous and that I must be one of its pallbearers.

In my opinion, all the races of the future must be confined to tracks like Indianapolis or to closed-circuit courses where the road surface is given special attention and, most importantly, spectator areas are very well protected from cars involved in accidents. Engines must be limited in size, and power-weight ratio must be reduced in an effort to cut down on top speeds. Even then, the possibility of death to driver and spectator will not be eliminated, only reduced. Le Mans, for instance, has improved the protection of its spectator area, but no closed-circuit race can ever guarantee the safety of those who come to watch the race; a freak accident can always result in spectator death. But we can, at least, increase the odds against

(Continued on Page 117)



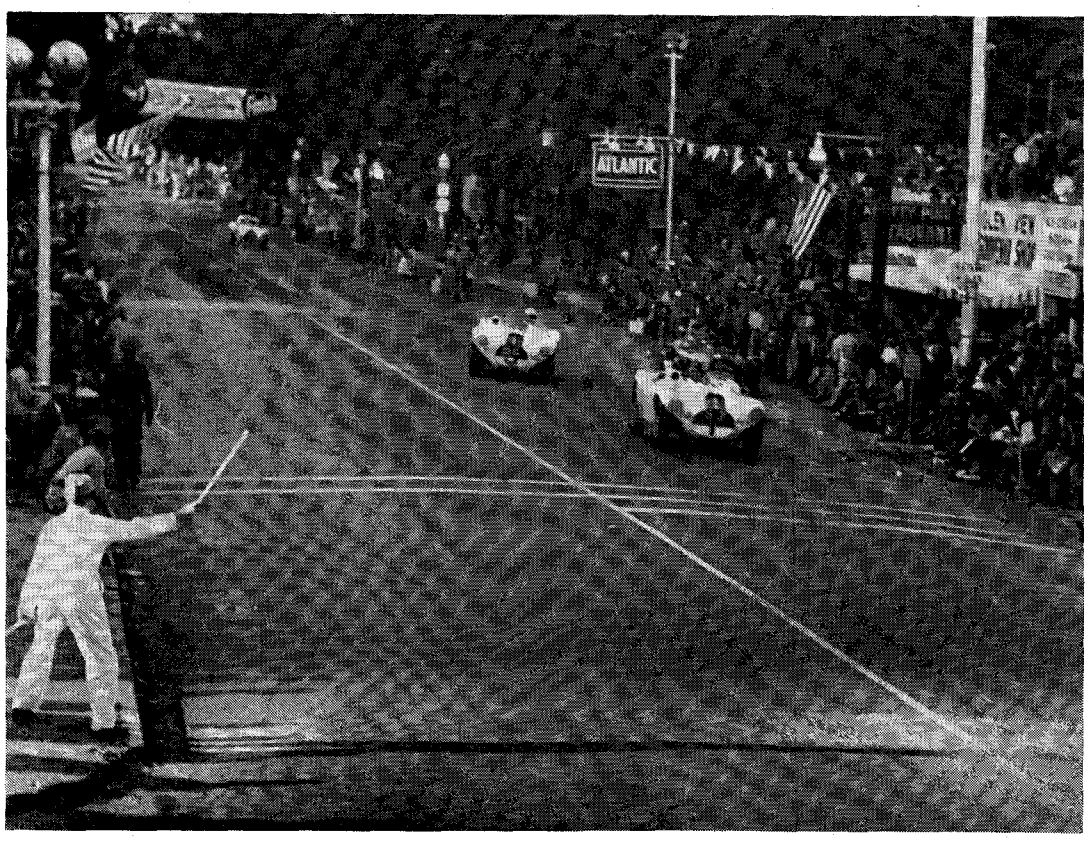
The author, driving 170 miles an hour, hurtles down a narrow street in the 1955 Mille Miglia.



Bystanders duck as Dutch driver Joseph Gottingus takes a Mille Miglia turn. He died later in the race.

1957: The death car of Spanish ace Alfonso de Portago claimed 14 lives after one of its tires blew out.

"I like the feeling of fear," said the late Marquis De Portago. "After a while, you get to be an addict."



Watkins Glen, N.Y., 1952: Seconds after this picture was taken, the black racer killed a boy in the crowd.

Taruffi's wife, Isabella, greets him after his triumph at Italy's 1957 Mille Miglia, his final road race.

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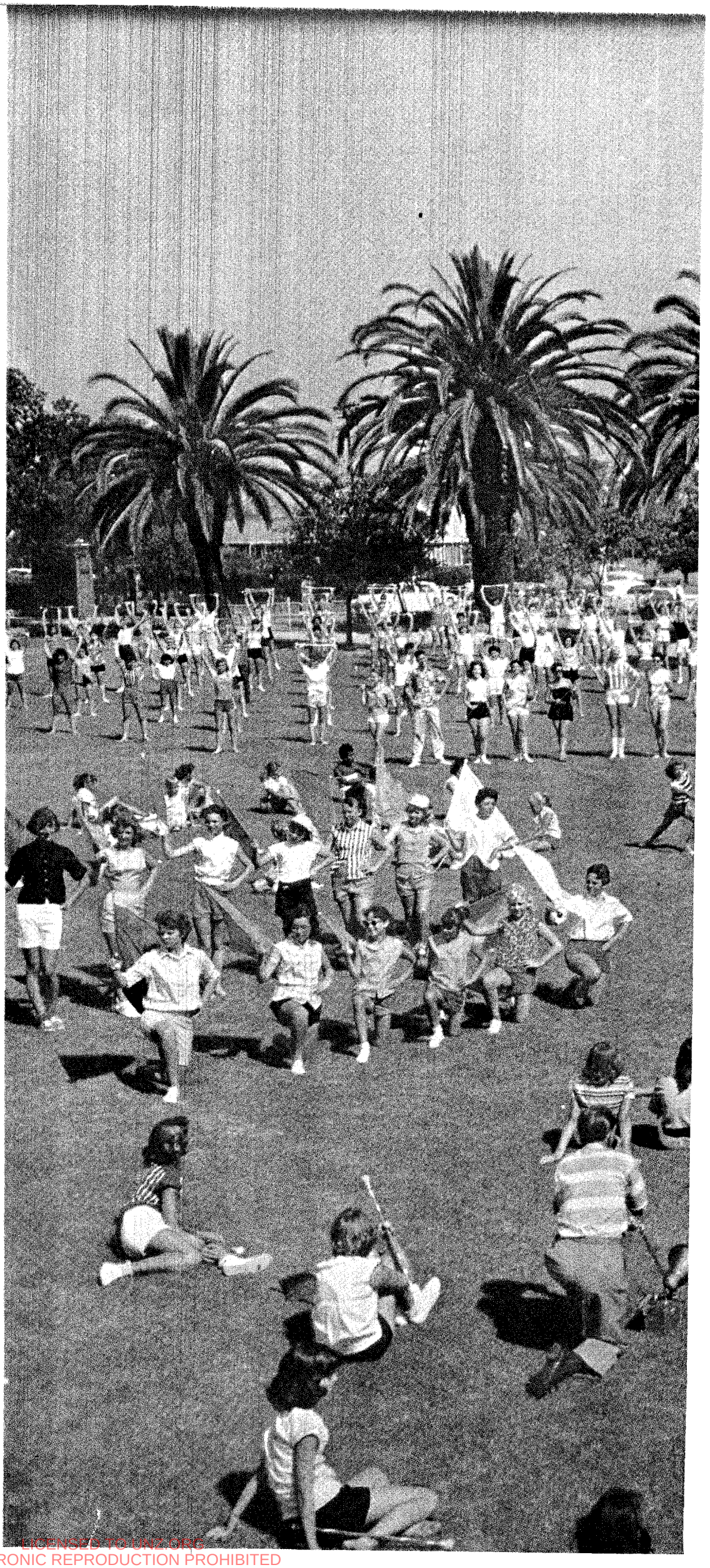
The Face of AMERICA

Twirlers Are Made, Not Born

For every boy who wants to be a football star there is a girl who dreams of prancing long-leggedly in sequined shorts into a packed stadium, her twirling baton the object of all eyes. To further her dream, the College of the Baton convenes each summer at Pepperdine College in Los Angeles, offering a curriculum which includes "strutting" and "showmanship" and the advanced art of manipulating a fire baton. For novices there is a Prep Camp. For those with a yen to branch out, there is a Cheerleader Clinic. Last summer, after a grueling week-long session, the college sent forth its 500-odd graduates to their 41 home states to meet the challenge of another football season, as well armed as a twirler can be against that awful moment when, before thousands of spectators, she misses a catch and the baton tumbles ignobly to earth.

● Photograph by Lawrence Schiller



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Master of ceremonies Linkletter: "I hear you just got over the chicken pox. How was it?" Answer: "Nothing to it. All you do is sit in bed and scratch."

Kids Say the Darndest Things!

"I wish I was a giraffe," said one little boy on a nationwide hookup. "Then my sister couldn't slap me in the face without getting a stepladder."

By ART LINKLETTER

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CONCLUSION

I was an only child. I missed the fun and fights of a big family, the fierce loyalties and jealous arguments, until I raised five children of my own. Perhaps that is why I like to discuss brother-and-sister problems with the young guests on my TV-radio program, House Party. In one panel of kids we had Gregory, age five, who suddenly announced that he'd like to advertise something on the show.

When I inquired about his product, he replied, "I want to sell my sister for half price. That's fifty cents!"

"What would you do with the money?"

"Buy a baby brother that'd be some fun for a change."

"Where would you buy him?" I asked.

"From my mother, of course. She's the one who produces them all."

An only child knows nothing of the problems that arise in a big family. The chief problem was described on my program by a small boy:

"It's the fight to see who gets first in line to take a bath. The last one has to use cold water."

"Do you like hot-water baths?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I've never had any."

Cleanliness is sometimes achieved by desperate methods. I remarked to a six-year-old that she had wonderful teeth. "How do you keep them that way?"

"Oh," she said, "I sneak into my big brother's bathroom and use his big red toothbrush when he's not looking."

A four-year-old told me there was a new baby at his (Continued on Page 148)

Audience reaction: "All the timing and hard-won experience of professional comics can be surpassed by kids responding innocently to ordinary questions," says Art.

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The taillights of the hardtop winked at him as they went around a bend in the road. Jimmy felt physically sick.

The Terrible Discovery

By STEVE McNEIL

A boy chases a hit-run car and suddenly realizes it belongs to his father. . . .

Jimmy lay flat on his stomach on the float and felt the late spring's sun warm his back as he looked out on the lake and watched a slim, bewitching, pony-tailed, completely unattainable young creature by the name of Jill Faber scoot past on a pair of water skis.

He lifted his head and cradled his chin in his hands and gloomily watched Fred Williamson doing s turns, trying to catch Jill off balance in the backwash.

Wait 'til summer, he thought. *Just wait 'til summer*. The anticipation of the coming summer was a quiet and beautiful ache deep within his long and lanky body. First would come graduation from Lakewood High, which was a routine and somewhat anticlimactic matter, since his announcements had already been mailed, his diploma printed and signed, his grades, although not officially posted, sufficiently high. His cap and gown were back from the cleaner's and hanging in a paper sack in the closet.

But that was not the important thing. The important thing was that Jimmy and his mother and his sister, Diane, had been promised a summer at the beach. His father's company maintained several small cottages at Surf Pines for the use of company executives on a rotation basis. Their turn, which was a nice, predictable happening, had come. But above and beyond that was the added, sugar-sweet dividend that Jill Faber and her mother would be occupying the adjoining cottage.

It didn't particularly matter to Jimmy that his father took an extremely dim view of Martin Faber, his boss. Jimmy didn't care much for the man himself. For one thing, he drove his car as if he owned the town. He was too handsome, arrogant, sure of himself. The kids around school called him "the big wheel" when Jill wasn't around, and it always seemed to Jimmy that Mrs. Faber looked sort of sad most of the time. Jimmy had heard things—about a blonde who was a buyer for one of the stores, about a black-haired newspaperwoman. He guessed it was no secret. It just seemed a bit silly to him that an old goat like Mr. Faber should have a girl friend. And Jimmy had heard his parents talking when they didn't know that Jimmy could hear.

"You could quit, you know," Jimmy's mother said.

"I know. The things a man will do for his own and his family's security is sometimes a frightening thing," Jimmy's dad said.

"You could go back to driving a truck. You were a very good truck driver, Harold."

"Yes, and Pete Fasano was a quiet, gentle man who could buy and sell Martin Faber. Why is it that some men become tyrants and others become humble?"

"Genes or something. Or go back to when they were seven."

"I was a little monster when I was seven."

"Maybe Martin Faber pulled wings off butterflies."

(Continued on Page 128)

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"We learn as we go. Self-preservation makes us learn.
A half-second of carelessness and you've had it."

DAREDEVILS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

Painting this world-famous suspension bridge is a year-round task that demands a rare brand of courage. But there's a waiting list for the jobs.

By Elmont Waite

Photographs by Mason Weymouth

Two men crawled cautiously down into the forest of orange-red beams beneath the roadway of the Golden Gate Bridge, an area the public never sees. They were newly hired painters reporting for work, and their assignment was simple: Walk out across a broad steel beam into the middle of the maze, where they would tie their safety belts and begin painting. The broad steel beam, however, was a frightening 220 feet above the wind-whipped water.

The first man looked down, then paused thoughtfully. "You know," he said, "I don't see why I don't go back and get my lunch box before we go on out there. I wouldn't have to come back for it later. I could eat out there on the job."

"That sounds like a good idea," said the second man, after an equally thoughtful look at the dizzying void beneath them. "I'll go with you and get mine too."

Both clambered up to the sidewalk on the bridge and trotted off to the San Francisco shore—and never came back.

The story is a legend of the high-steel painting gang that protects one of the world's greatest suspension bridges from rust and corrosion. Oldsters pass it down faithfully to each new-

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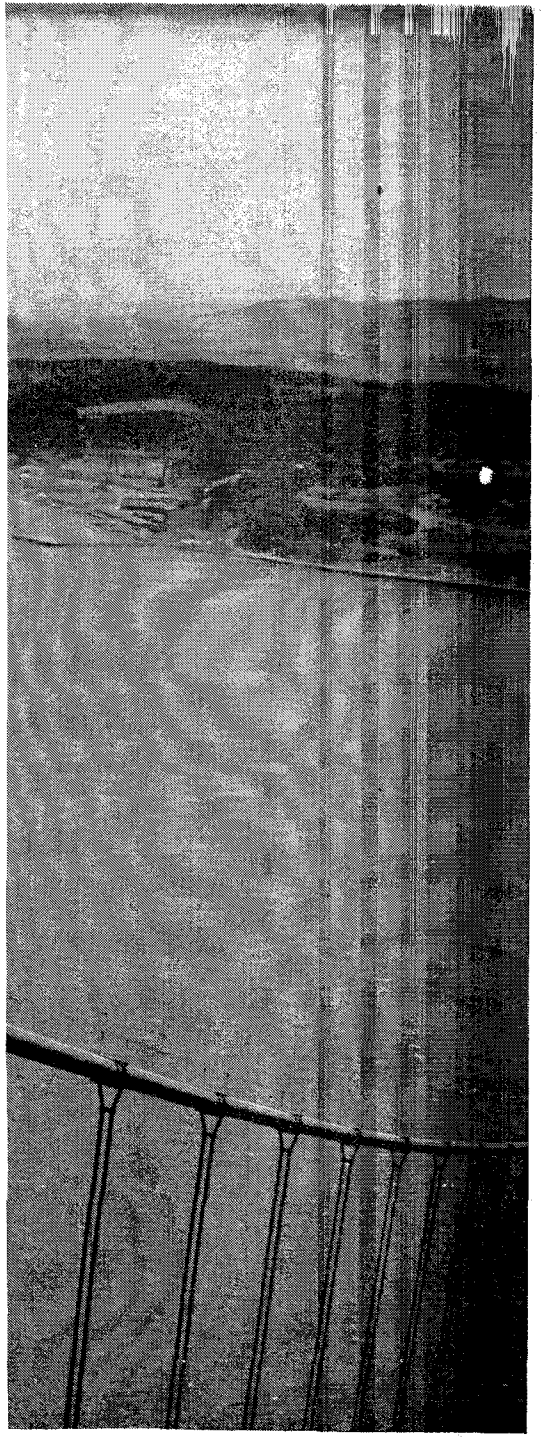
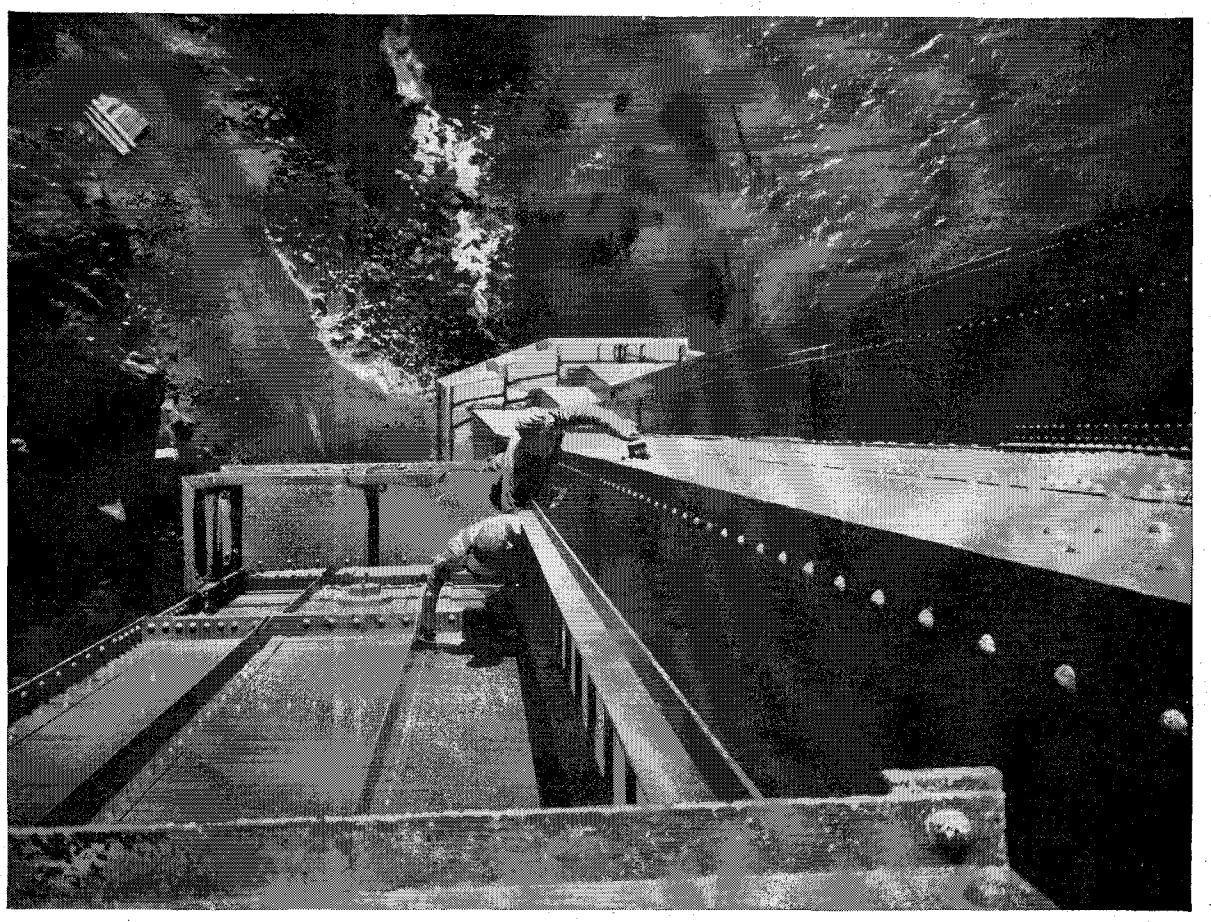




"It's no danger when you *know*. We tell every guy, 'First, watch yourself — the next thing is the work.'"

comer to the gang. It makes them all feel so much better.

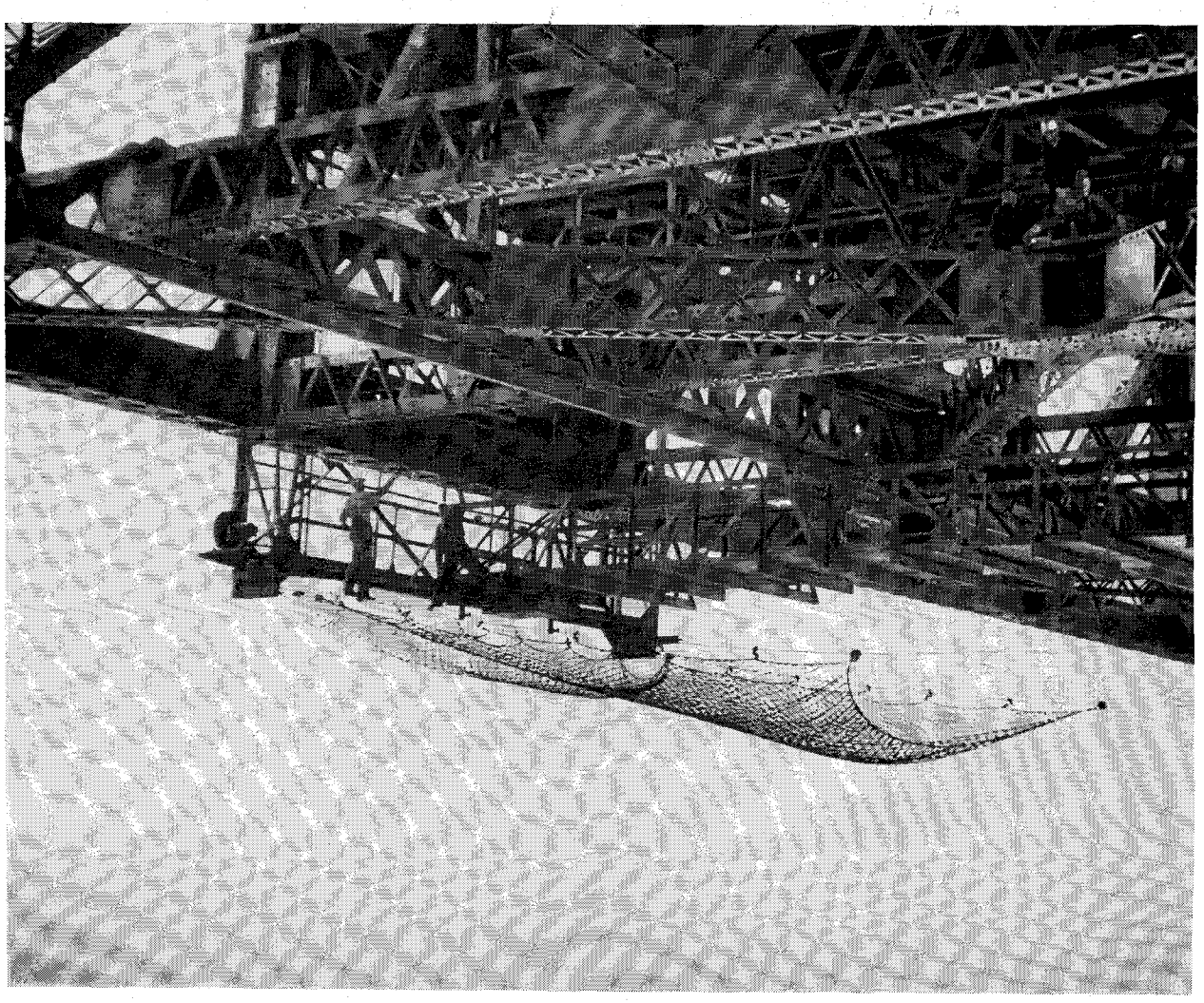
It also helps to explain why the bridge management has found it necessary to train its own painters, why it has spent $1,000,000 on equipment to help them do their job safely, and why it pays them $129 per week, year-round.

"They are probably the highest-paid painters in the country," the bridge manager, James Adam, explained. "We need good men on this job. This is not house painting. Handling a brush isn't enough. Our men must also be skilled riggers."

On this job, a man is either a good rigger or a dead fool, old-timers explain, and the painting crew does not include fools. To get any possibly foolish ideas out of the heads of newcomers, they sometimes recall the story of the bridge's greatest tragedy.

Ten men were killed on February 17, 1937, during construction of the bridge, when a large, rolling scaffold suspended beneath the roadway tipped, tore free and fell, ripping away the huge safety net below it as it plunged 220 feet to the bay.

One man, Tom Casey, a red-haired Irish carpenter, leaped as the planking fell away beneath him and (Continued on Page 90)



"Any man says he isn't scared the first time he goes over the side and down into those beams under the deck, then there must be something wrong with him."

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THE MAN WHO WANTED TO HATE

He let no one love him, and turned away those closest to him with bitter words and cruel barbs. . . .

By JAN COX SPEAS

Pa said he doubted if I'd ever be a man. He said it so many times I almost came to believe him, and sometimes I wonder what would have happened to us—pa sneering at my failings and hating me for them, and me hating myself for not being what he wanted—if it hadn't been for Aunt Susan and Joe Page and the thing that happened that long-ago September of my sixteenth birthday.

It seemed to me I had been waiting forever to be sixteen. Sixteen—old enough to handle my share of the work on the farm and to take my share of the money after the cotton was sold, according to pa's promise. Old enough to choose my way of doing a thing and willing to back it up as a man should.

It was a golden word, sixteen, but pa gave me to understand I was a fool to put too much faith in words. Or promises, for that matter.

"I'll not take a boy in shares with me," pa kept saying. "Sixteen is only a word, when all's said, and if you're not enough of a man by then, I'm not obliged to keep the promise."

Aunt Susan didn't approve. She told me I was wrong to bargain with pa over a thing which couldn't be measured. "Who can say when a boy grows to be a man?" she'd ask. She'd flicker a look at pa, her eyes bright with anger, as blue and smoking as the flame on the

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"You're not here to tell me how to raise my kids," pa said. "Remember that and keep your place."

end of a candle. "Some men never grow up, if you want my opinion."

"Nobody asked your opinion, Susan," pa would say coolly.

I didn't want Aunt Susan to take my part; it was a thing between pa and me, and between us we must settle it. But I could not bring myself to hurt her by saying so.

"It's my duty to speak," she often said. "David has no mother to take his part."

Whenever she mentioned my mother, pa's face would change. It was like a curtain going shut across his eyes, and the shape of his mouth seeming instead to be lines of hard granite. Only his voice remained the same, plainly showing his contempt.

"That's the way of women, David. They'll make a man weak, and sap the very life from him. You'll learn not to lean on them, else you'll be no good to yourself or me the rest of your days."

Usually it ended there, but one night that hot September, Aunt Susan and pa went at it until the anger between them was a thing you could almost see. It frightened my sister Mary, who was only eight, and a very small eight at that, and I looked at the tremble on her mouth and wished I knew a way to comfort her with pa's eyes upon us both.

"You're not here to tell me how to raise my kids," pa said. "Remember that, and keep your place."

"You can't stop me from doing the things Molly would have wanted done for her children."

"They're my kids," pa said harshly, "and I'll do with them as I please. Take it or leave it, Susan; you've no other choice."

"If Molly had lived, she couldn't bear it. No woman could. You're my brother and I love your children, but if you keep on, George, you'll drive me away." Aunt Susan added quietly, "Maybe you did that to her. It's enough to kill a woman."

There was no sound in the kitchen. No one moved. No one seemed to breathe. We must look like the pictures in the Bible in the front parlor, I thought, stiff and frozen forever in the positions we had held when Aunt Susan's words caught us unawares.

Ma had been dead for all of four years, and Mary had no memory of her at all. But I could remember something of those happy days when ma was alive; and if it were not a memory, but only a dream I had made for myself, still I was sure pa loved her and treated her tenderly.

Then pa took a deep breath and the spell was broken. A tear ran down Mary's face, and then another. I cleared my throat and eased back in my chair.

"Do you think I'm blind?" pa said at last. "Do you think I don't know why you're staying? You talk about duty, but it's Joe Page you care about, first and always."

"And what if I do?" Aunt Susan retorted, holding her ground.

"I'll not have him in the family," pa said stubbornly. "You may as well forget him."

"Are you asking me to leave, George?"

Pa said hotly, "I'm asking you to stop seeing Joe Page!"

"Why do you hate him so? What has he ever done to you?"

I knew it was no use. Could pa put his contempt into words, or his reasons for feeling it whenever he looked at Joe? Could he explain, even in anger, why he despised gentleness in a man, or the habit of laughter, or Joe's way of living life as if he treasured each minute of it?

Pa said, "Hate him? He's not worth a good honest hate. Not worth much of anything, if it comes to that."

Pa often said the same thing in town before all Joe's friends and neighbors. Once he had remarked that Joe was as mealy as an old potato, and surely it was a shame the good Lord had forgotten to (Continued on Page 138)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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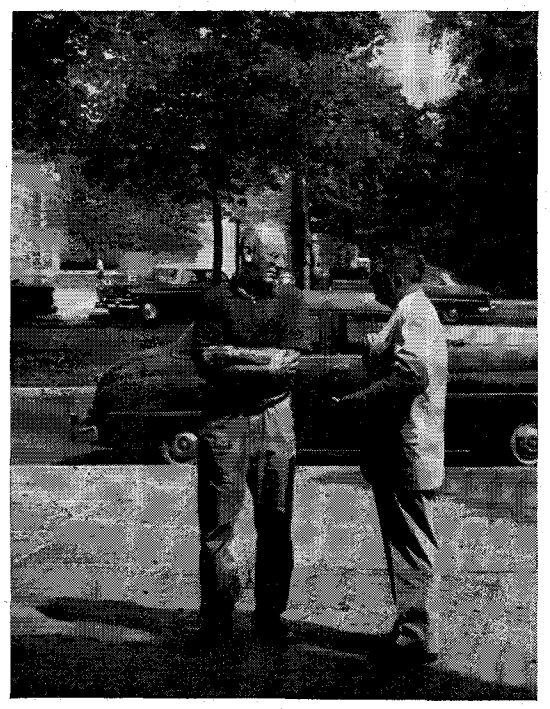
Professors at play. The game is "Kriegspiel," a variation of chess in which opponents sit back to back.



Professors in parley. "Eggheads here are eggheads 24 hours a day," says Princeton novelist John O'Hara.

I Live Among the Eggheads

One of the biggest concentrations of brains in the world can be found in Princeton, New Jersey, where there are so many great thinkers that a man without a Ph. D. is a nonconformist.

By Charles Price

In my town people are talking about organizing a fourth symphony orchestra; three, apparently, are not enough.

Half a dozen of our citizens recently picked up as much as $32,000 each by answering questions on television quiz shows.

A local matron, age seventy-six, surprised nobody by announcing that she was going to learn Italian. "I've always wanted to read Dante in the original," she explained.

So goes the somewhat peculiar life in Princeton, New Jersey. With its sylvan streets and its well-gardened homes, Princeton is, among other things, a geographical incongruity. Situated smack in the middle of a ninety-mile-long industrial strip which extends from Philadelphia to New York City, it is an island of greenery in an ocean of smokestacks. Only an hour by train or turnpike from two of the nation's largest cities, Princeton ought to be the capital of suburbia. Yet it is only incidentally a suburb at all. While many of its 18,500 citizens commute to New York or Philadelphia, most of them earn their livings in Princeton, creating in the process a culture that may be unique in America.

"This town," says Harold Dodds, president emeritus of Princeton University, "is the closest thing to an Athens that America has ever had." Indeed, it would be difficult to find an urban area anywhere that has more double domes, high-brows and undeniable genius per capita. So thick is the intellectual climate of Princeton, in fact, that the town is fast becoming as well known for its eggheads as Hershey, Pennsylvania, is for its chocolate bars.

"An egghead is somebody who likes to think, somebody who actually enjoys think-

The younger eggheads gather regularly to exchange profundities over coffee and beer. From left: the author, writer Richard Huber, composer-novelist-poet Nathaniel Burt, short-story writer George R. Clay, editor John D. Davies, author Peter Putnam.

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ing," said Robert Oppenheimer, director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, when I asked him if he could explain why the town has become an egghead center. "In order to think his best, he needs atmosphere, or what you might call scholarly intimacy. In Princeton he finds exactly that."

At least one of every six men in Princeton is a doctor of something or other—philosophy, science, letters—and most of them have no connection with Princeton University. Eleven Nobel Prize winners have lived in the town, and the number of winners of other academic, scientific or literary awards is anybody's guess. "If you haven't been awarded at least a Fulbright scholarship around here," says one Ph.D., "intellectually you are just camping out."

In Princeton, snobbery works in reverse. It is considered vulgar, for example, to refer to a man as "professor" or "doctor," since one would suppose that he is probably one or the other, anyway, if not both. Distinction of a sort can thus be gained by not going to college at all. One of the most celebrated eggheads in town is the critic and poet, Richard P. Blackmur, a professor of English at the university and once a member of the Institute for Advanced Study. Mr. Blackmur, whose education has been largely informal, commands a certain degree of awe around town because he is not a Ph.D. That he also holds no master's degree has been a subject of conversation at cocktail parties. And the fact that he holds not so much as a bachelor's degree has been an item in a local newspaper. Such is the stuff Princeton heroes are made of.

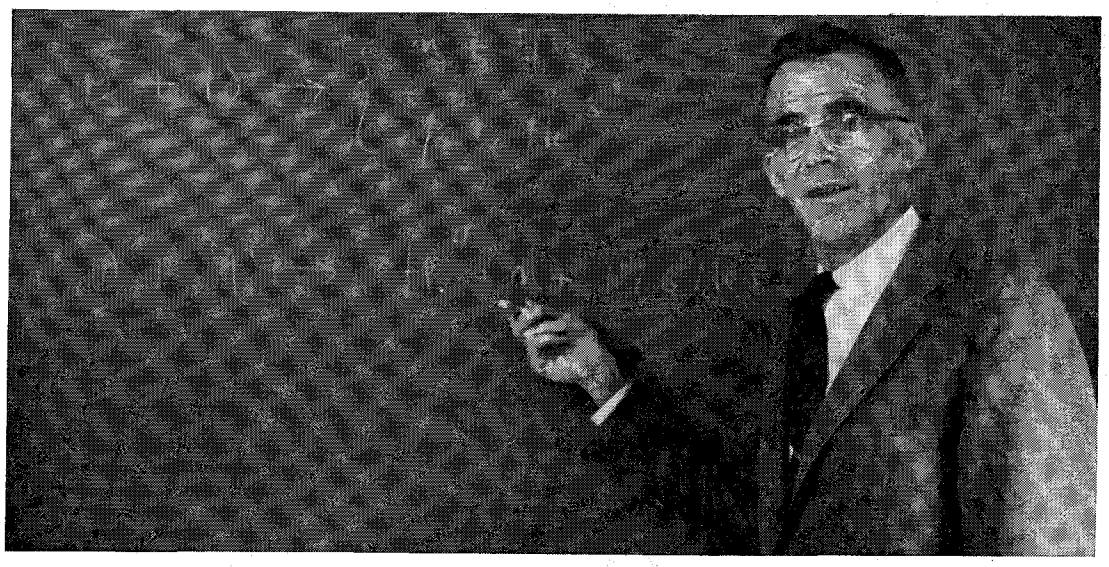
Many Princetonians have come to feel a sense of humility that is sometimes depressing. For, as Murray Kempton, columnist for the New York Post, says, "You can't take your own accomplishments too seriously here, because so many of your neighbors have done bigger and better things. Nobody's really important in this town unless he's had his picture on the cover of a news magazine."

Like a lot of college towns, Princeton has become home for a number of professional people outside the academic world. Chief among their reasons for living in such a community is the convenience of having a university in the neighborhood, like a market place, to which they can run when the cupboard is bare of ideas. In Princeton's neatly stratified society, such professionals are considered members of "town," an all-inclusive category for every resident who is not a university student or faculty member, who are categorized as "gown." So heterogeneous has the talent of "town" become that in some professional respects it is beginning to rival "gown."

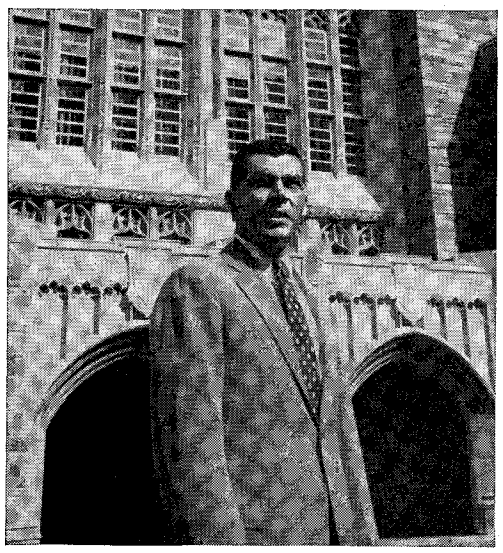
To illustrate, a map of "town" indicates that I live around the corner from a spokesman for the Democratic Party who happens to be the governor of this state. I live a block from one of Broadway's leading ingénues. I live two blocks from one of the country's foremost novelists and short-story writers. I live three blocks from an artist who recently received a $10,000 grant to continue his work in, of all things, abstract movies.

I live four blocks from a leading concert pianist, five blocks from a consultant on the industrial uses of atomic energy, seven blocks from a recognized authority on jazz, nine blocks from (Continued on Page 144)

There's a Genius Around Every Corner

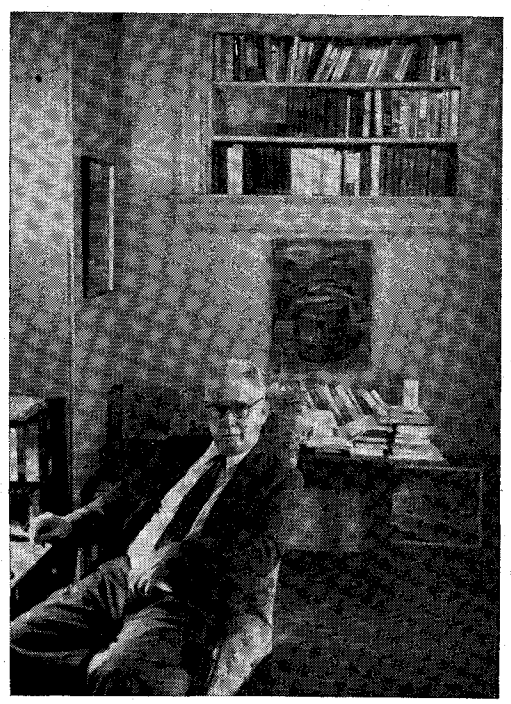


On a blackboard at his home, Professor Lyman Spitzer Jr., of the Princeton Observatory, explains the fusion process of the H-bomb. He heads Project Matterhorn, which is exploring peaceful uses of the atom.

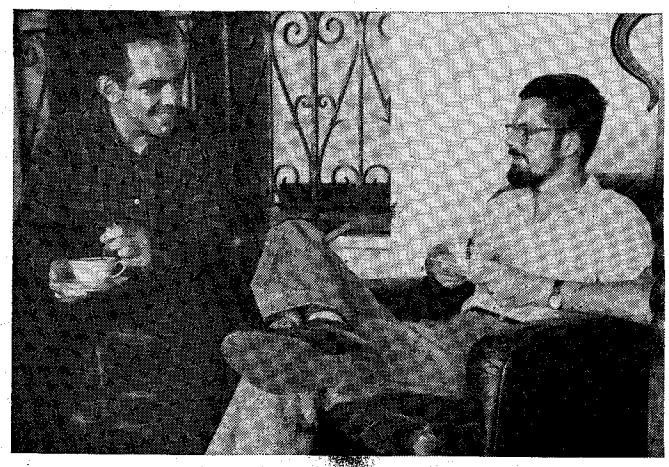


Princeton's new president, Dr. Robert F. Goheen, 38, is the third-youngest to hold that office.

Photographs by Jacob Lofman



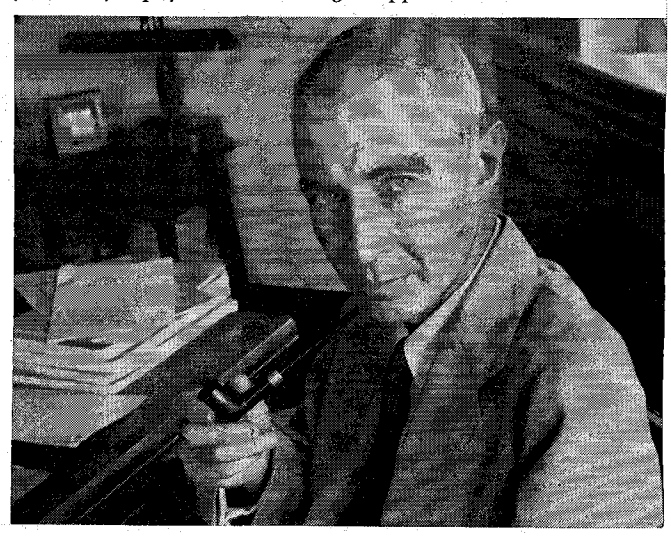
Held in awe by Princetonians because he *doesn't* have a college degree is critic Richard P. Blackmur.



Teatime at the Institute for Advanced Studies. Lee Rubel and Edward Nelson are both mathematicians.

Sir Hugh Stott Taylor is dean of Princeton University's Graduate School and a noted chemist.

"In Princeton, you don't have people flying at you," says physicist Robert J. Oppenheimer.



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MURDER ON MY STREET

The murderer stood looking at Pam, meeting her terrified eyes . . .

By EDWIN LANHAM

"I'm afraid this murder is tied in with the drugs racket, and those guys play for keeps," the detective warned Bruce Carter. "If your kid did see the murderer and he knows it, it ain't good."

Earlier, on an errand to the apartment of the missing Sylvia King, ten-year-old Pam saw the outstretched figure of Adele Sharp. With the dead woman was a man. Carter, city editor of the New York Express, first became suspicious about the King girl's disappearance when managing editor Harry Banks, in a burst of temper, ordered him to lay off the story. Carter then learned that the police narcotic squad was investigating the case. Bitter over his treatment at the hands of Banks, who had just been promoted in favor of him, Carter, a widower, attempted to resign. But he found a strong ally in fashion editor Laura Parker. She urged him to hold his ground against the maneuvering of Banks and editor Arthur Cole. Now the King girl's disappearance took a sinister twist, and Carter began to fear for the life of his daughter.

III

Arthur Cole had sent for his chauffeur as soon as Bruce reported what had happened, and the car pulled swiftly up to the porch where they waited under the tall Ionic columns.

Bruce turned to Laura and asked earnestly, "Will you come with me?"

He saw the change of her expression—first startled, then showing a melting response to the appeal of his voice. Her hand touched his with sympathy and comradeship, and she said, "Of course."

The chauffeur had the door of the car open, and as he handed Laura in, Bruce saw Ellen Cole's pale face, heard her murmur, "I know everything will be all right, Mr. Carter." And Arthur Cole slapped his shoulder hard. Bruce got in and slammed the door, and immediately the car moved away toward the glowing, pinkish sky over New York.

Bruce's forehead was still slick with sweat and his hands trembled a little.

"I've been wrapped up in my own problems," he said tensely. "I've been worrying about my job, and all the time Pammy has been in danger. She saw the man, Laura. That detective said narcotics was involved in the murder of Adele Sharp. It's terrifying."

"I know," Laura said. "Let's not talk about it."

He lay back, his eyes closed, his shoulder touching hers, and she said quietly, "Anyway, you don't have to worry about your job any more."

He laughed shortly. "Arthur was burned up because the Old Man overruled him. I doubt if I'll be working on the Express very long."

"But you have the Old Man on your side," she said. "That's the important thing. And I think Ellen is on your side too. She doesn't care for Harry Banks, I know. Maybe you don't realize it, but Ellen is important. The Old Man listens to what she has to say, and not even Arthur dares to cross her openly."

"Damn the job," Bruce said. "I don't care about the job."

She squeezed his hand and murmured, "It won't be long now."

"You're coming to the precinct with me?"

"If you want me to."

"I do."

The car had raced south on the East River Drive, and now was moving crosstown. Traffic was not heavy at this hour. The car crossed Seventh Avenue with the light and soon Bruce saw the green lights of the police station ahead. He had the door open before the car had come to a full stop, and he caught Laura's hand as she followed him out. They hurried up the steps, and Bruce knew the way from his years as a reporter. He passed by the desk sergeant and (Continued on Page 109)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

Harry licked his lips and sweat shone on his forehead. "What are you trying to prove? I told you I don't know the girl."

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Her mouth and throat felt so dry and stiff that she could not cry out.

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Post Scripts

Don't Do Anything Spatial for Me

I rather think I'm out of place,
Now man is set to conquer space;
Quite clearly I foresee the pattern:
A weekend spent with friends on Saturn,
Commuting to a job on Mars
In jet-drawn Interstellar Cars;
A business luncheon, Pluto, noon,
And cocktails later on the Moon.
I'm just not fit, I'm just not ready;
For me a Ferris wheel's too heady;
An elevator that ascends
Too quickly leaves me with the bends.
If everyone must someday blast off,
I hope I am the very last off.
I guess I'm simply not adventury,
I liked the first half of the century.

RICHARD HOLLOWAY

The Seven Ages of the Married Boo-Boo

"Lamb Chop! Wee Girl wants to 'fess up! Promise not to scold? Naughty Wee Girl turned on the oven and the bathroom heater and the hair dryer all at once and now Lamb Chop has to go down cellar and change a fuse. But first give Wee Girl a big sweet kiss!"

"Lambie, I could just kick myself! I made you a big apple pie for dinner and I turned the oven on, and I guess I forgot I had everything else on, too, and ol' Mr. Power Circuit just got mad and said Pffft! Do you mind *awfully* running down cellar and ——"

"Sweetheart, you'll think I've got holes in my head, but while I was vacuuming today I just happened to ——"

"Gee, honey, I couldn't help it. All I did was ——"

"Well, honestly, Chuck, if you won't run another line into this old barn, I don't know what you expect, and furthermore ——"

"If it isn't asking *too* much, Charles, would you *mind* putting that sports section down for just *thirty seconds* and going down cellar and ——"

"O.K., hot shot, you're so smart. What about the time you ——"

PEG BRACKEN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

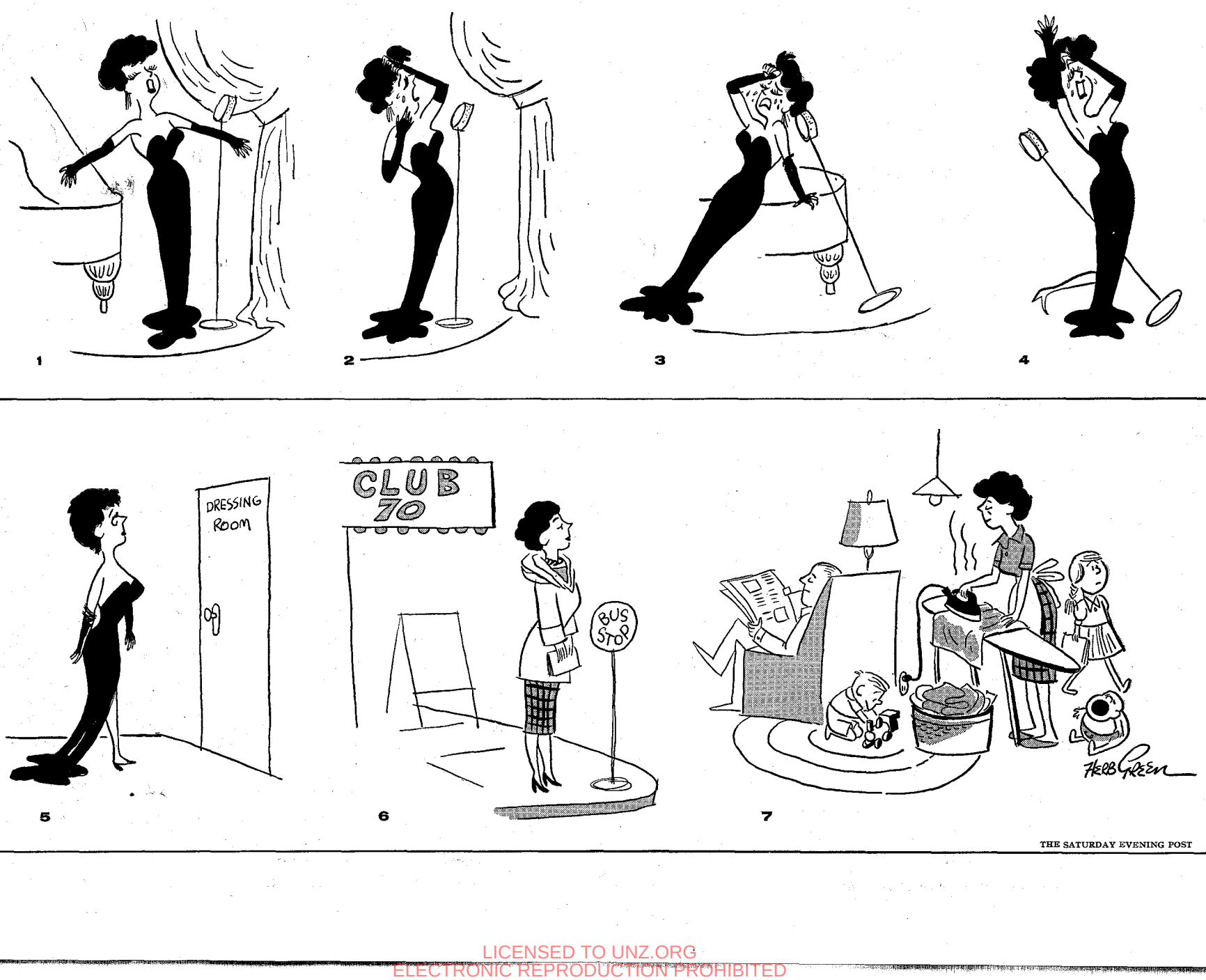
"Mom just backed the garage out to the driveway."

Would You Mind Taking Your Elbow Out of My Ear?

"Come on," they said, "let's double up
And all go in our car."
Now we are in, and you should see
How doubled up we are.

RICHARD ARMOUR

THE TORCH SINGER



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Campbell's brings you

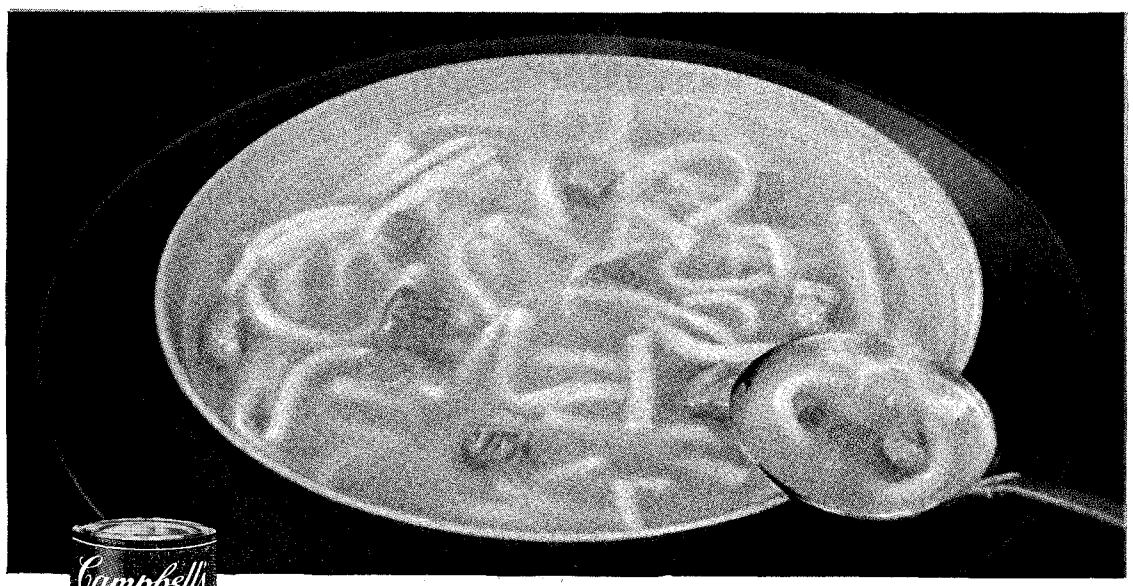
3 NEW SOUPS

TRY ALL THREE!

This is the best table news you've had in years! 3 new and different, wonderful and ready Campbell's Soups. Turkey Noodle! Minestrone! Chicken Vegetable! Each made to special Campbell recipes, with all the care and skill that have made Campbell's Soups the most famous of all. Ask your grocer for all 3—treat your family to one of our new Campbell's Soups, today.

Have you had your soup today?

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!
Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!

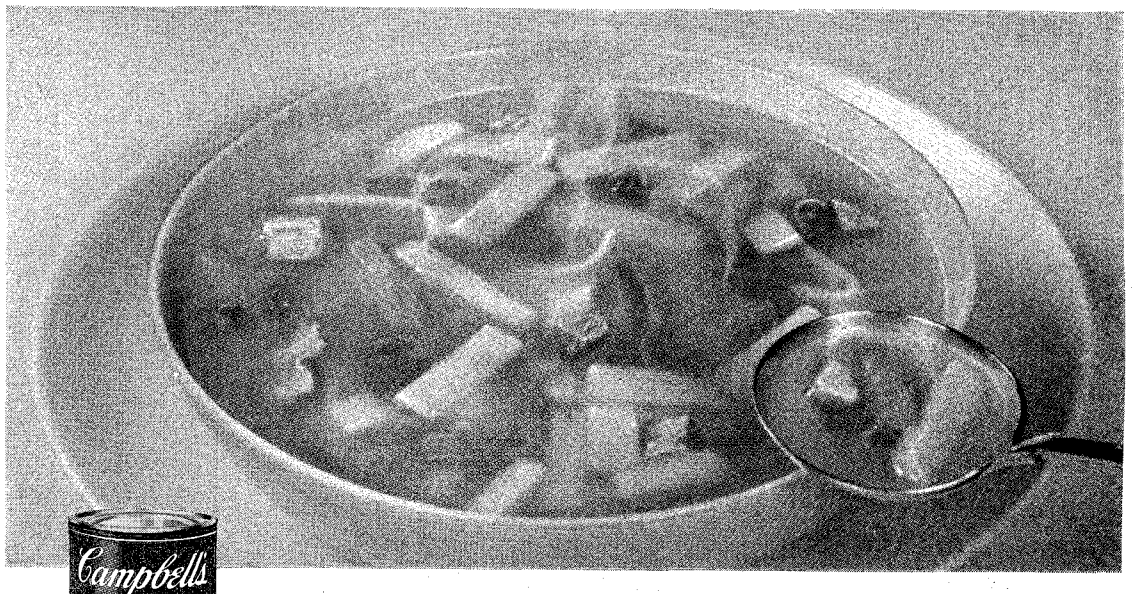


NEW! Turkey Noodle Soup

Here's a turkey noodle soup that's really great! Whole-turkey soup, with full-flavored, long-simmered broth . . . choicest pieces of tender turkey and enriched golden noodles that melt in your mouth. A *new* Campbell's Soup that's sure to please every member of the family.

NEW! Minestrone Soup

Easy to tell why this Italian-style vegetable soup is good! Look at all the things that make it good! Fine beef stock. Carrots, potatoes and tomatoes. Celery, peas and beans. Turnip greens and mustard greens. Spaghettini, zucchini, a zip of cheese. That's Campbell's Minestrone!



NEW! Chicken Vegetable Soup

Here's a brand-new combination of flavors . . . Campbell's own blend of chicken and broth, ribbon noodles, peas, potatoes, tomatoes and celery—something very extra special to the taste! A soup so nourishing and good—you'll be mighty glad Campbell's makes it!

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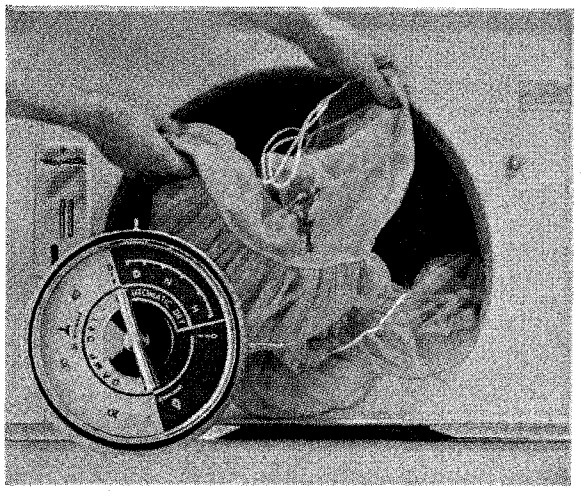
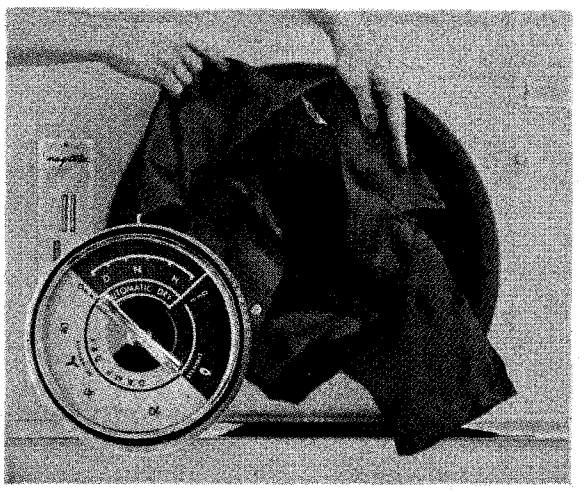
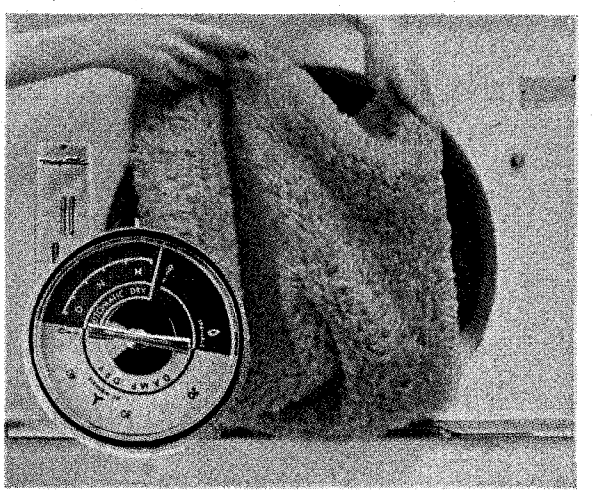


D is for delicates... precious silks and synthetics that will be perfectly dried in as little as 8 minutes . . . with never a worry about correct temperature or time! They'll be tumbled gently in the smooth porcelain basket until every piece is dried just right.



N is for normal loads . . . cottons and linens that you wash most often. High-speed, low-temperature drying will have the average load dry—smelling breezy fresh—in less than 35 minutes. And they'll be so smooth you'll iron less than ever.



H is for heavy . . . hard-to-dry loads. Bedspreads, rugs, loads of towels or heavy jeans dry perfectly—clear through—without watching or resetting the dial. And you'll marvel at the softness of chenilles . . . fluffiness of terrys . . . velvety-smoothness of corduroys!

New 1958 General Electric Dryer Gives You Perfect, All-Automatic Drying for All Washables!

Dries a typical load of family wash in less than 35 minutes

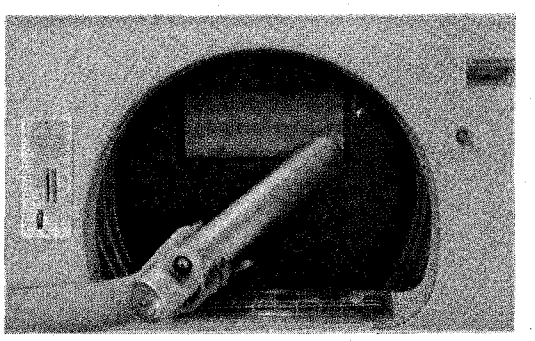
Model DA-920R General Electric Dryer illustrated about $2.80 per week.* General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Ky.

Automatically dries clothes so soft . . . so smooth . . . so wrinkle-free . . . you'll have much less to iron! Use on either 115 volts or 230 volts . . . the automatic control provides correct drying times and temperatures for every load. For high-speed drying . . . (times shown) . . . and automatic de-wrinkling of synthetic suits, use normal 230-volt installation.

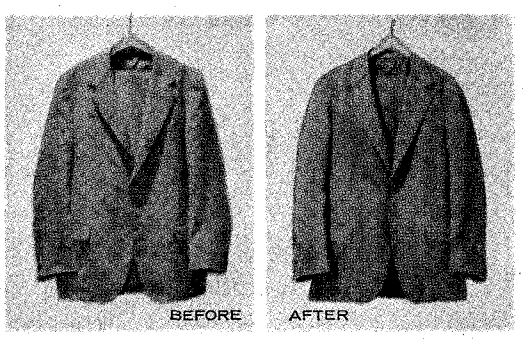
Other features, Foot pedal opens full-width magnetic door. Lint Guard catches all lint. Smooth, porcelain basket protects finest fabrics. In beautiful General Electric Mix-or-Match colors and white.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

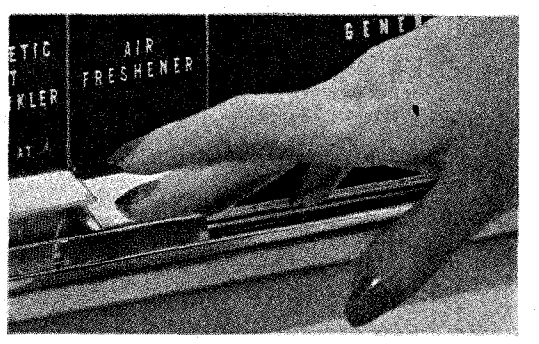
GENERAL ELECTRIC



Automatic Sprinkler... dampens shirts, dresses, starched pieces . . . has them ready for easy ironing in minutes.



Automatic De-Wrinkler "tumble-presses" properly tailored synthetic garments —even smooths out wrinkles caused by wearing.



Air Freshener releases a gentle fragrance into air stream—gives clothes a fresh, breezy-day fragrance.

**After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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Locked doors don't stop the tax assessors. The author (left) and his staff assessed this new, unoccupied home by examining its interior through the windows.

Confessions of a Tax Assessor

"The guy nobody wants to see coming" tells why his job requires a quick wit and a thick skin. Here is how he puts the bite on his wily fellow citizens.

By B. Kniffin Wilson, as told to Charles W. White

One balmy spring evening, while the girls were catching up on late work at the assessor's office on the first floor of our drafty old courthouse in Muncie, Indiana, they had an unwelcome visitor. It was a bat. And you know how the ladies are about bats. Mary Denney, with a bunch of assessment forms in her hand, crawled under the front counter and pulled the doors shut behind her. Mabel Furrow and Betty Crist ran into the back file room.

This left Bessie Ertle, one of our veteran assessors, wife of a policeman, to cope with the intruder. She swatted courageously at the bat with a broom until she finally got him pinned to the floor. The other girls then came out of hiding. At this point I walked in, after a hard-twelve-hour day all over town, assessing.

"Goodness' sake, girls, what's there to be afraid of about a harmless little bat?" I asked soothingly, trying to calm them as a boss should.

Well, I guess Mrs. Ertle didn't have the bat completely under control, after all, because he got out from under her broom and tried to fly up my pants leg. I did a little dance and almost fell down. They got rid of the bat. But, as I told the girls, it just goes to show that anything can happen to an assessor. They agreed.

That afternoon one of our men, working house to house in a city residential area, had been bitten by a taxpayer's terrier. One of our less-experienced girls had gone home with a headache after a housewife had called her a snooper, cussing and getting hysterical. The same day, a woman living south of the New York Central Railroad tracks called up and raised hell because the assessor had not counted in her new $400

(Continued on Page 134)

When this woman couldn't pay $25 for taxes on her 16 dogs, the assessors had to find new homes for them.

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ENJAY BUTYL fabulous new rubber

Best reason for putting new tubes into your tires

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She clung to his hand, a dismaying invitation in her smiling eyes. "Must you be aloof with me?" she asked.

Trouble at Midas Creek

It seemed that Ravenhill had outwitted his enemies only to be trapped by a girl.

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Devereaux, this is your opportunity," Sergeant Graham said. "If you have anything to say, say it now."

Would Devereaux accuse Ravenhill of murder? This was the crucial question as the Mountie continued his investigation into the death of Homer Wilson. Actually, Homer was not dead. Ravenhill had staged an avalanche, apparently killing the old prospector, to foil Devereaux, who had been blackmailing Homer with a trumped-up letter.

Besides Ravenhill, only Homer's daughter, Pat, and Shorty Trost, one of the hermits of Midas Creek, knew that Homer had escaped the avalanche and was now hiding in Ravenhill's plane, waiting to be flown to freedom. But Devereaux had seen Ravenhill start the avalanche. If he reported what he had seen to Sergeant Graham, Homer's chance for escape would be ruined and Ravenhill would be in hot water with the law.

To keep Devereaux quiet, Ravenhill had promised Devereaux one half his own share of Homer's rich gold strike. But could Devereaux resist this chance to jail his old foe? Ravenhill held his breath and waited.

CONCLUSION

This was the moment of decision for Devereaux. He gave Ravenhill a black, searching look. Ravenhill returned his gaze calmly, giving no hint of his awareness that the scales were so delicately balanced. Upon Devereaux's decision depended Homer's liberty and possibly his life.

"One question for Ravenhill first," Devereaux said. "He says he has no interest in Homer's claim. . . . Will you state now, Ravenhill, for the record, just what share of Homer's claim you've demanded from Pat?"

"Demanded from Pat?" Ravenhill repeated. "Explain yourself, old chap."

"Your cut," Devereaux said bluntly. "Your take. Your split for managing everything. . . . No, I'll lay it on the line. I've co-operated with you, thus far. But I'm raising the ante. Will you state now that in return for this co-operation you're turning over to me all of your take? *All*, not half?"

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said. Knowing Devereaux, he knew he must pretend to hold back. "Isn't that a bit steep? You insist that I turn over everything Pat's promised to me in return for protecting her interests?"

The sergeant interposed ominously here, "What's all this, gentlemen? We're inquiring into Homer Wilson's death, not the distribution of his estate."

"Permit me to finish, nevertheless," Ravenhill pleaded. "I'm sure it will shorten these proceedings. . . . To restate it, Devereaux," he continued hurriedly, "you want my assurance that you'll receive all of whatever share of the claim I've demanded from Pat or that she's promised to me? If I give you my word on that, you'll continue to co-operate?"

"That's right," Devereaux said. "I'll take your word for it, in the presence of these witnesses."

(Continued on Page 100)

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Fashions by Sybil Connolly

(Continued from Page 29)

volunteered that she found London a depressing place to visit. Next morning she was at a loss to understand why her innocuous remark had caused such indignation.

Like all of the 2,900,000 inhabitants of this still-young republic, Miss Connolly is Irish with a vengeance. She is a patriot, well steeped in Irish lore. She talks a rambling Irish streak, punctuated with Irish wit. She is subject to great Irish moods, from reckless happiness to Gaelic gloom. Her inspiration comes from Ireland's soil—the raw, black hills; the green, lush, rolling country; the brownish bogs. The gowns that carry her melodious name across the seven seas are fashioned largely from the fiber of this island—hand-woven Irish tweed in iridescent colors, gossamer Irish linen, and lace that, when it comes to her, is tarnished by the smoke of peat fires.

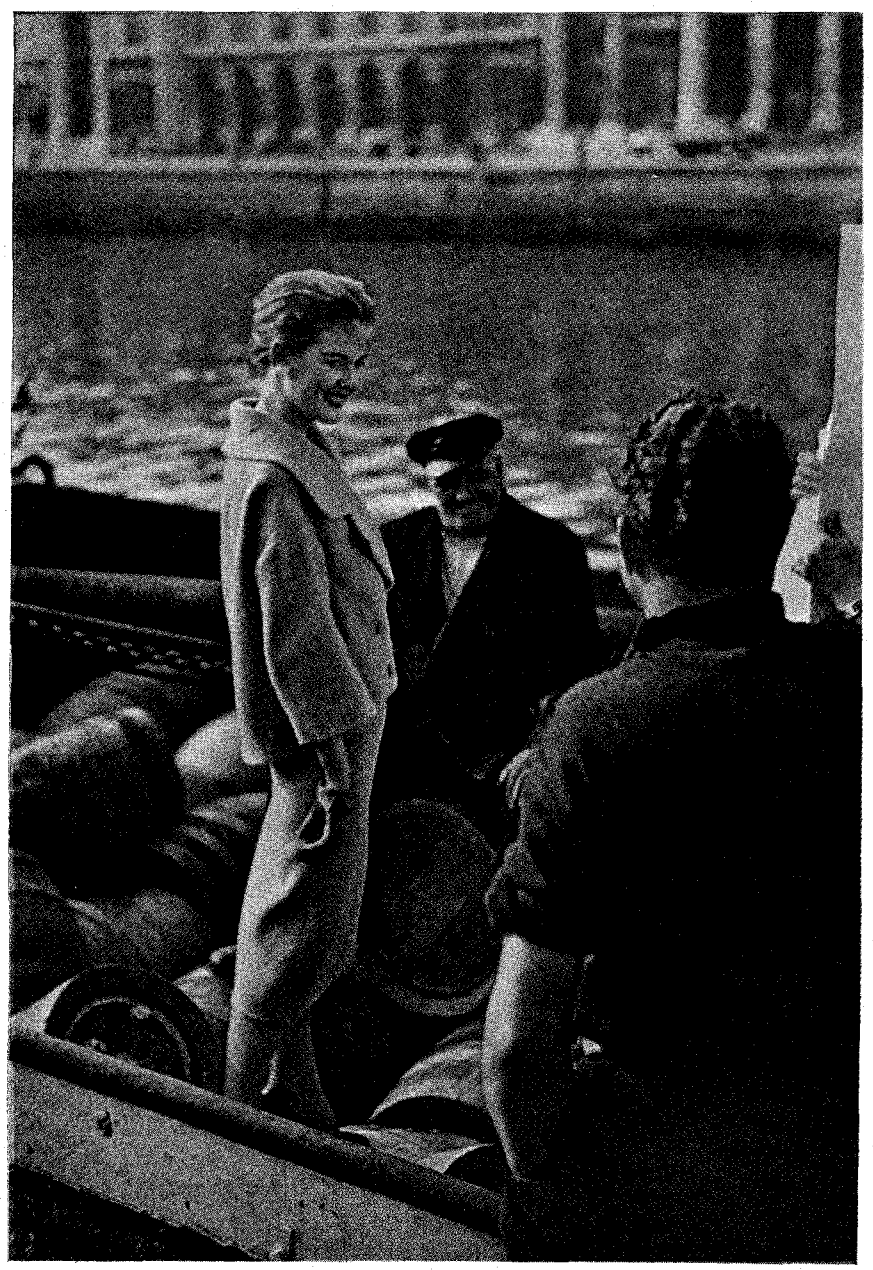
Her product, thus, is Irish to the core. Miss Connolly does not attempt to be a second-rate Christian Dior; while giving the great potentates of Paris fashion their due, she neither apes them nor competes with them. Content to water her own fertile plot, she would not dream of trying to create a "line." How could she be so bold? The female of the Western world will be dictated to only by Paris, and Sybil—who shows her collection before the Paris openings, so as to catch American buyers on their way to France—does not anticipate the verdict of the higher court. The mere fact that she proves herself with every returning season "in the mood" of the French styles gives fashion buyers enough confidence to stock up on her clothes before they know whether skirts will go up or down in Paris.

Miss Connolly's originality is in her taste—and in her femininity. Disdaining the rigid construction work that makes some Paris dresses seem like architecture, she puts her clients into something soft and casual. The fabric—its consistency, its flow, its color—often strikes the first spark when she creates. "I can go mad over a piece of cloth," she says. For quite a while, she'll fondle it, pull, crush, drape, wind and unwind it before she mates it to a form. Although she'll cover anything from drawing paper to old envelopes with rapid pencil sketches when working on the season's new collection, Sybil does not get very far on paper. Most of her work is done with a patient dressmaker's dummy, a piece of fabric, a few pins. Once she arrives at a rough version, she puts it on her try-out model, Maura Boylan, a statue with brown hair and a big mouth, and makes her walk away from her, across the room, then back again, until she finds the "movement" she is after.

"I must see movement in a dress," she recently explained. "A woman's body is inside! It breathes, it moves. It has this, and that. It does have a little tummy. Why conceal it all? Clothes should look blown against the body."

The ones she wears herself usually do. Tall, well proportioned and well rounded, Miss Connolly is her own, three-dimensional advertisement. To see her walk across an Irish meadow wearing one of her own soft-flowing gowns is sheer, aesthetic pleasure—comparable, perhaps, to watching the slow, grazing motion of an Irish filly. The over-all effect is one of measured dignity and grace. Her charm is thought worth mentioning even in Ireland. Accustomed to the question why she is still unwed, she will explain that she is far too busy, and that the Irish are late marriers anyway. "For the time being, I like to buy my mink and diamonds myself," she once told a persistent questioner.

Sybil Connolly (left), Ireland's gifted designer of high fashion, seeks inspiration by draping material over her try-out model. "I must see movement in a dress," she says. "A woman's body is inside. Clothes should look blown against the body."



This suit with a "dropped" sleeve line and back-dipped jacket is made of a tweed designed by Miss Connolly. She has persuaded Ireland's peasant weavers to produce a tweed light enough for wear in well-heated homes and offices.

Improbable though it may sound, Miss Connolly was raised on Aristotle. Worse yet, she was not born in Ireland. Her father, an insurance man from County Waterford, had migrated across the St. George's Channel, and Sybil was born in Swansea, Wales, the second of three girls. Her 25 per cent admixture of non-Celtic blood—her mother is half Welsh, half English—accounts, says Sybil, for her business sense. The dominant influence on her youthful years, however, was Welsh grandfather Reynolds, a country squire and Greek scholar, who steeped the bright, imaginative child in Greek philosophy, and saw to it that private tutors filled in the rest; what formal education Sybil has is the result of two years in an Irish convent school.

Her father died when she was fifteen, and Sybil, with her mother and two sisters, settled in Waterford, in Southern Ireland. For some time, she recalls, she vacillated between writing and dressmaking as a career, and finally decided on the latter as the less tedious type of work. In 1938, aged seventeen, she entered the illustrious dressmaking establishment of Bradley's, London, as an acolyte. Among the clients of the staid old house was Dowager Queen Mary. Sybil remembers tagging along to Buckingham Palace for the royal fittings—"I was allowed to hold the pins."

After two years of this, she knew enough about pin holding to look around for something livelier—and nearer home. When Richard Alan's, a well-established Dublin specialty shop, needed a buyer, Sybil applied, and got the job which was to catapult her into fame.

Now, a good dressmaker is born, not made. Based on a rare and subtle combination of a keen eye, good taste and that elusive fluid we call intuition, designing garments is a talent no less creative than composing symphonies. But although Sybil had it—her sense of color was so vivid that, as a child, she would remember numbers by their "color"—she did not bring it up from hidden depths till relatively late in life. Having become a director of Richard Alan's at the age of twenty-two, and having built the store's *couture* department into a thriving business, she found herself, in 1950, in need of a designer; her own young artist had left for the United States. While casting around for a successor, Miss Connolly designed a few models herself, enough to put together a collection that could be shown to Richard Alan's Dublin clientele. They sold extremely well. Sybil, who found creating a delightful respite from her managerial functions, never did get around to hiring that designer.

Her hour struck in 1952. A lively group of about fifty Philadelphia matrons, taking a sniff at European styles as envoys of the Philadelphia Fashion Group, touched down at Dublin on their way to Paris. These were no ordinary window shoppers—the "fashion groups" in our major cities are formed by women holding influential jobs in various sectors of the garment industry. The ladies knew a good thing when they saw it. Here, tucked away on narrow, twisting Grafton Street, a long way from the Champs-Elysées, was a designer with enough originality and flair to qualify for that exclusive label, High Fashion. There were some dresses—jokes, almost—made of rough, multicolored kitchen toweling, that made the visitors sit up straight in their chairs. Her "Irish washerwoman line," Sybil explained. When one of Sybil's mannequins walked in dressed in a quilted, flaring, bright red

(*Continued on Page 56*)

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proudly presents

A NEW AMERICAN CLASSIC !

Seldom in Cadillac history has there been an announcement as significant as the message you are now reading.

For this is the announcement that introduces the magnificent new 1958 Cadillac—the finest and most advanced motor car ever to bear the celebrated Cadillac name.

Certainly, one glance at its extraordinary grace and symmetry will tell you instantly that this is motordom's masterpiece in styling.

Its new sweep and stature, its remarkable new rear fender design, its dazzling new grille and four-headlamp system, and its tasteful use of chrome and color . . . all mark it as a singularly beautiful and majestic automotive creation.

Surely, one look at its Fleetwood coachcrafting will convince you that this is motordom's masterpiece in spaciousness and luxury.

There are excitingly new fabrics and leathers . . . wondrous new beauty of appointments . . . a completely new instrument panel design . . . and a whole host of new passenger conveniences.

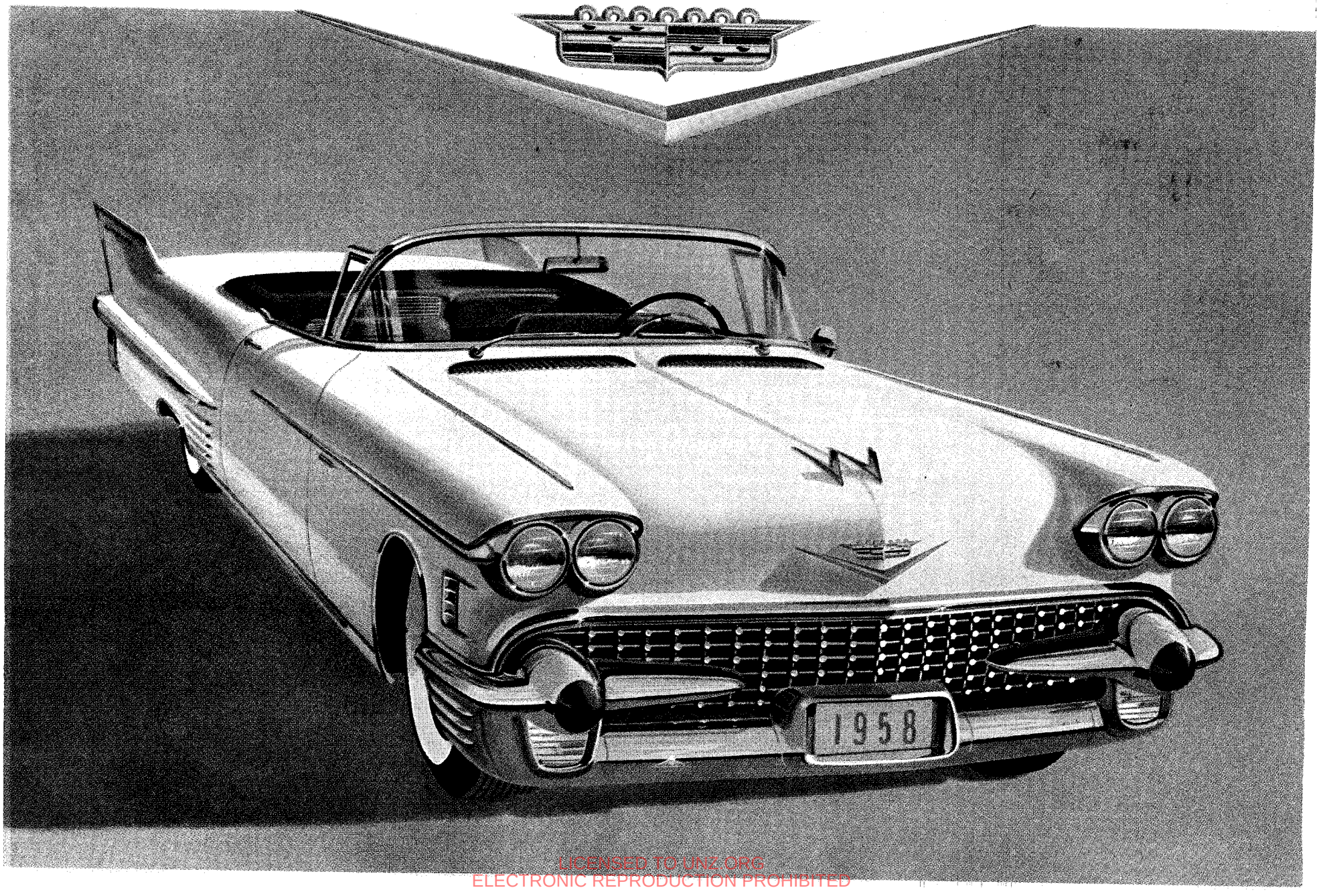
And, unquestionably, a single journey at the wheel will reveal why this is motordom's masterpiece in performance.

There is a spectacular new high-performance engine . . . marvelous new balance and ease of handling . . . an even smoother, more responsive transmission . . . and, as an option on every model, the marvel of Cadillac air suspension.

It's all new—it's all wonderful—and it's all waiting for you today in your authorized Cadillac dealer's showroom.

See and drive the 1958 Cadillac at your earliest convenience.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



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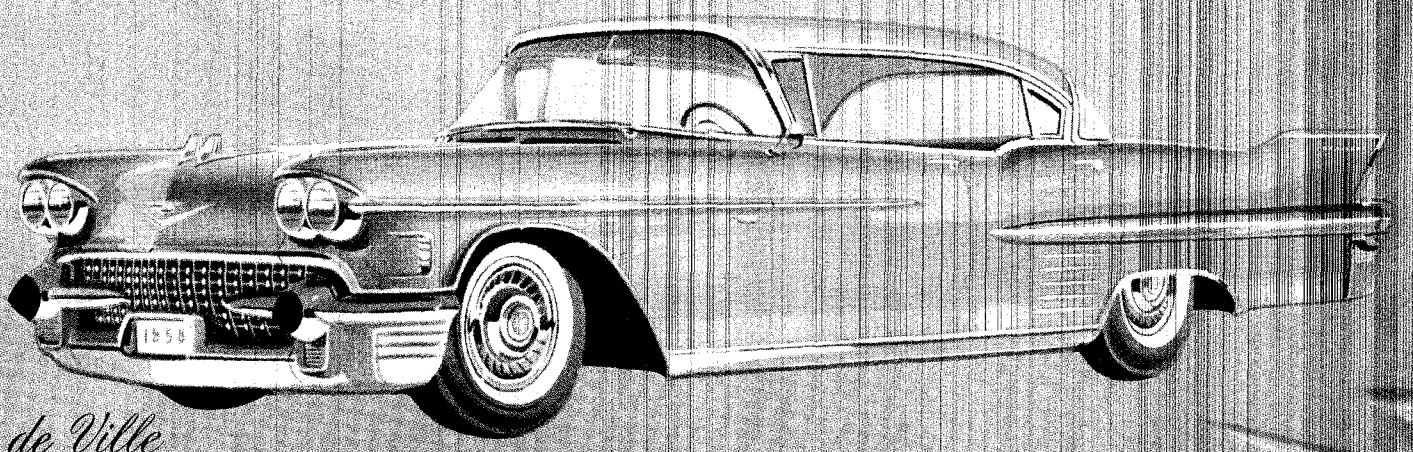
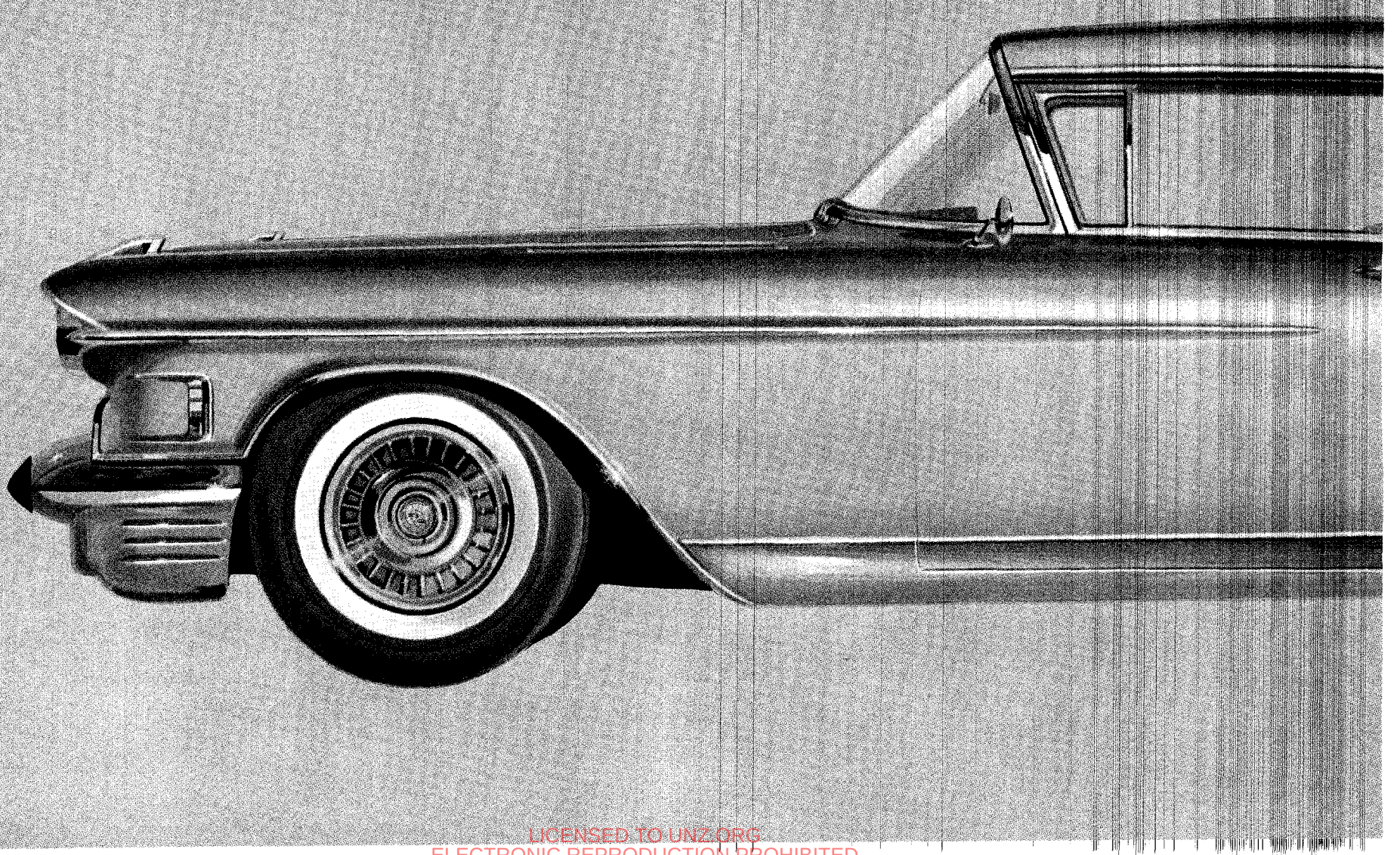


The Sedan de Ville

CADILLAC

. . . MOTORDOM'S CAR



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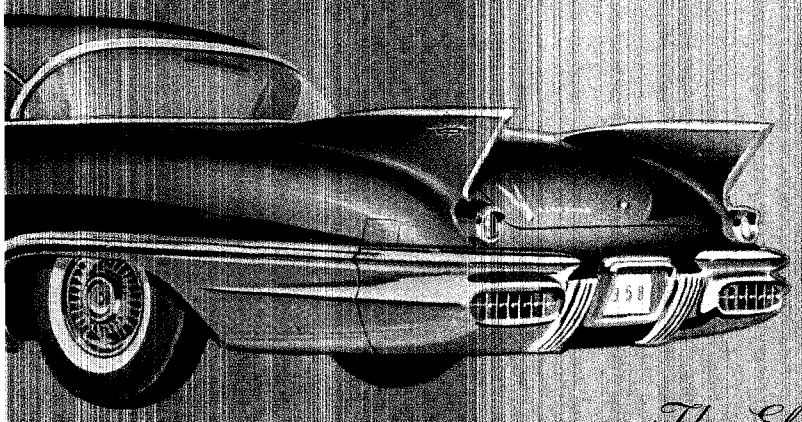
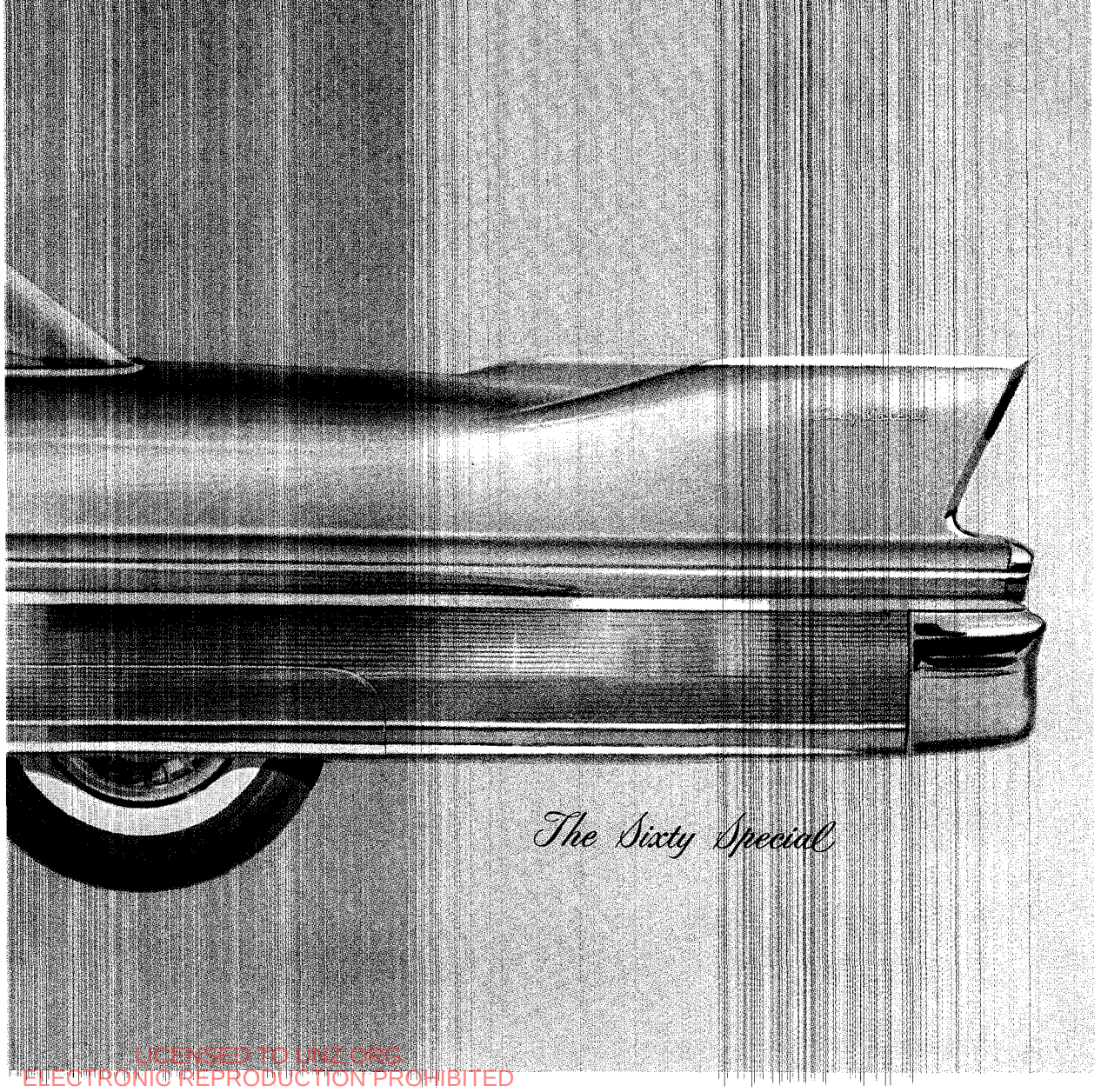


The Eldorado Seville

AC
ERPIECE



The Sixty Special

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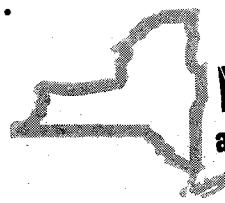


proved in NEW YORK and coast to coast

We pay claims within 8 hours after proof of loss*

"Thanks for the prompt settlement of my recent fire loss," says George E. Hedges of Wappingers Falls, New York. "It proved to me that American Hardware Mutual actually pays claims within 8 hours after proof of loss."

Insurance costs are lower, too, because of annual dividend payments. Bring your insurance up to date with the free help of our trained counselors.

Insurance for Home, Automobile, Business

HOME OFFICE: MINNEAPOLIS. SERVICE OFFICES: ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, DALLAS, DULUTH, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, ORE., RENO, ST. PAUL, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

**Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

(*Continued from Page 52*) petticoat, worn with a plain white linen blouse and fringed black shawl—the centuries-old costume of the Connemara peasant girl—the visitors stood up and cheered.

The rest was almost automatic. Invited to show her next spring collection at a large Philadelphia store, Miss Connolly arrived in the United States and conquered.

Her showings, which included one before 1200 experts in the Grand Ballroom of The Waldorf in New York, where she was sandwiched into a parade of Paris styles, made fashion history. In a single day, Miss Connolly gave twenty-six press interviews. Reporters gilded glossy pages with their most Irish-sounding prose. The newspapers printed her smiling picture, complete with "leprechaun hat." Requests for personal appearances came pouring into her hotel room. St. Patrick's Day became St. Patrick's Week, with green ice cream, green grapefruit, and green mashed potatoes served up in honor of the visitor. Sybil, who had sold every one of the forty-four spring models she had brought along in seven steamer trunks, discovered—as so many others had before her—the limitless exuberance with which America unrolls the carpet for the imported prodigy.

Today she has carefully chosen outlets in most of our major cities, and not a week goes by without a new request from some department store in the United States that wants to handle her creations, requests which she regretfully turns down because of her still small production. Twice every year she travels to America to show her spring and fall collections. Twice every year she is acclaimed anew by her enthusiastic following. From Sunset Boulevard to Fifth Avenue her dresses have become part of the upper landscape.

It's hard to say how much of this is Connolly, and how much Ireland. Offered, last spring, the management of one of the top Paris fashion houses—much the way the discoverer of a new field of diamonds might be invited to join hands with the South African producers—Sybil refused. Her roots are here, and she must stand or fall with this republic.

A good thing, too; who does not love the Irish? With the exception, possibly, of the inhabitants of nearby England, the people of the Western world have a soft spot for the green isle and its strange, pixilated people who would seem so much more at home in southern climes than in their northern habitat. It is the poetry of Ireland that helps sell Sybil's wares. The customer who buys, buys romance.

Dipping into the bubbling caldron of her Gaelic soul, she may come up with the ridiculous or the sublime, the melancholy or capricious. Always she is surprising. The glum, black, hooded cloak worn by the women of Kinsale, near Cork, becomes, in Sybil's hands, a queenly evening cape of dark green velvet. Bainin, an unbleached woolen yarn used by the Aran Isles fisherfolk for sturdy sweaters—knitted in different patterns so each family may easily identify its dead—makes a smart sports dress. To show her admiration for the glass of Waterford, Sybil creates a robe covered, from top to bottom, with a shimmering dew of glassy drops. The image of a choirboy, with his deep-purple cassock and billowy white blouse, is reborn in a seductive cocktail gown in white and purple. And monks, the ever-present companions of Irish life, inspire anything from a sophisticated little day dress in Franciscan tones to a brilliant red, hooded evening coat with a white satin lining.

So faithfully, indeed, do some of these creations follow the monastic cut that Dubliners will swear Miss Connolly has been permitted to examine a real habit at close range. This is a reasonable supposition, for Sybil, a faithful Catholic, is on the best of terms with all the clergy. One prominent Franciscan, Father Cormack, in whose choir she sang as a small girl, turns up with regularity to sprinkle holy water on her new collection the day before the showing. The nuns in the convent of Saint Louis, outside Dublin, agreed to make Carrickmacross lace—traditionally white—in the unheard-of shade of pink for Sybil's cocktail gowns. And, at this very moment, the good Cistercian monks on Caldy Island, off the coast of Wales, are turning their discriminating noses to the problem of finding a new perfume for Miss Connolly.

The dress that stole the show at Sybil's American debut in 1953 was a full-length, off-shoulder ball gown of snow-white pleated linen called First Love. Designed for women, so Miss Connolly explained, "with both feet planted firmly in the clouds," it was one of her most romantic works, a moonbeam among elm trees in midsummer. Yet it was also one of her most solid numbers—a moonbeam backed up by hard facts.

While Irish linen—woven, alas, largely in the Six Counties governed by Britain—had long been famous for its petal fineness, it never was quite fine enough for Sybil Connolly. Like some spoiled princess in a fairy tale, she searched for ever-finer weaves until, one day, the manager of a big textile mill up north took her aside. In a forgotten corner, he pointed to a bolt of gossamer-fine linen, pleasant to look at, tender to the touch. "We used to make this for the handkerchiefs of kings," he sighed. "So few of them around, these days!"

Miss Connolly rejoiced, and bought the batch. Experimenting with the royal web, she found it so ethereal that it would heed the dressmaker's command only when pleated. What gave First Love its chic was 5500 tiny horizontal pleats, hand crimped in Sybil's workshops, making the fabric look, in the inspired words of one reporter, like the underside of a mushroom. Pleated gossamer linen, as lovely as spun glass and quite uncrushable to boot, has been one of Miss Sybil's most successful staples ever since. Among her better-known perennials are a skirt made of no less than sixty yards of royal sneezes, and a fantastic, tiered, wedding-cake-like wedding gown, The Heiress.

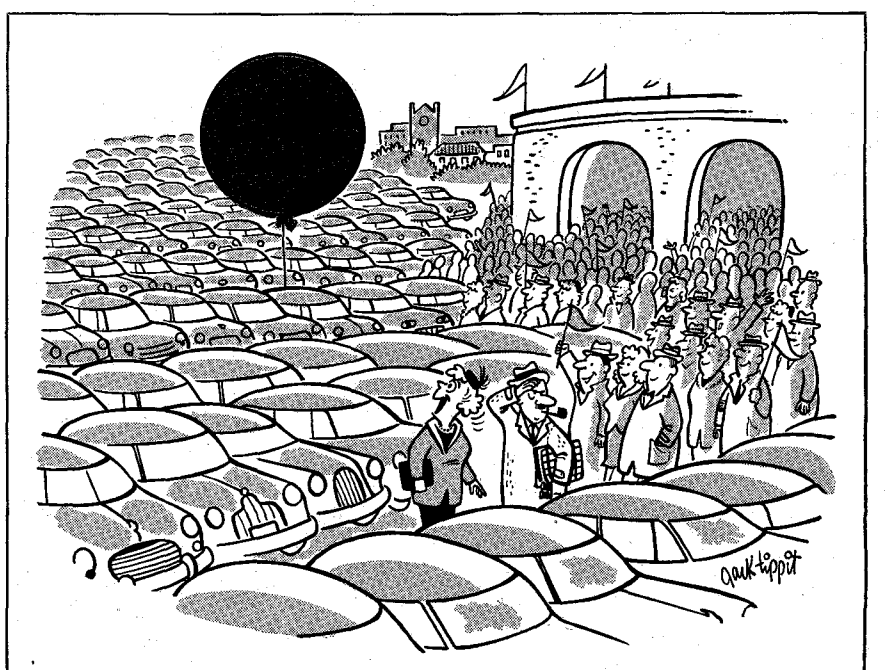
Again, take tweed, which has a way of looking tweedy and makes you think of haystacks, campuses and pipe tobacco. Rough, harsh and bulky, most of it leaves no room at all for femininity. But Irish tweed comes in soft, flattering colors, and Sybil, sensing that there was a market for it, has for the last ten years been prodding Ireland's peasant weavers toward ever-lighter fabrics. American women, in particular, she reasoned, would take to tweed as soon as it came in weights they could wear in overheated offices and homes. Today a featherweight, almost diaphanous, variety—four ounces to the yard—comes floating off the cottage looms, a tribute to Miss Connolly's persistence.

No more than some 500 weavers keep the old industry from dying out. Their redoubt, in the far northwest, is County Donegal, a boulder-strewn and salt-sprayed wilderness, with somber mountains, steel-blue lakes and melancholy bogs. There may be twenty miles between one hamlet and the next; often it is no more than the thatched roof of one small, whitewashed cottage, surrounded by potato patches, that shelters human life. This is where Irish tweed is made.

Sybil is in her element up there. Crossing the threshold in the manner of a friendly schoolmarm paying a call, she threads her way among the children, dogs and chickens—and, being Irish, is instantly accepted as an equal by the young cottager who silences his clattering loom just long enough to have a friendly, to-the-point discussion with the visitor. Important business is thus transacted. The twenty-five dollars or so a week an Irishman may earn by weaving tweed is certainly no fortune. But, frequently enough, it is the only thing that stands between him and departure—poor Ireland has little wealth to offer, and how to keep its people home is the republic's overriding problem.

Seen in this light, Miss Connolly's regard for tweed assumes a new significance. By putting Ireland's product, year in, year out, on the world's fashion plate, she is doing what the government is often at a loss to do itself. Wool exports have jumped sevenfold since 1954, the looms keep clattering in County Donegal, and everyone is happy.

Ireland itself, needless to say, is not much of a market for these works of art. Few of Miss Connolly's fellow citizens have much to spare for luxuries, and Irish ladies are not known as fussy dressers—change your shoes in the car, and you are dressed for cocktails or the theater. Of Sybil's 100-odd private customers who have their (*Continued on Page 58*)



"Why didn't we think of that?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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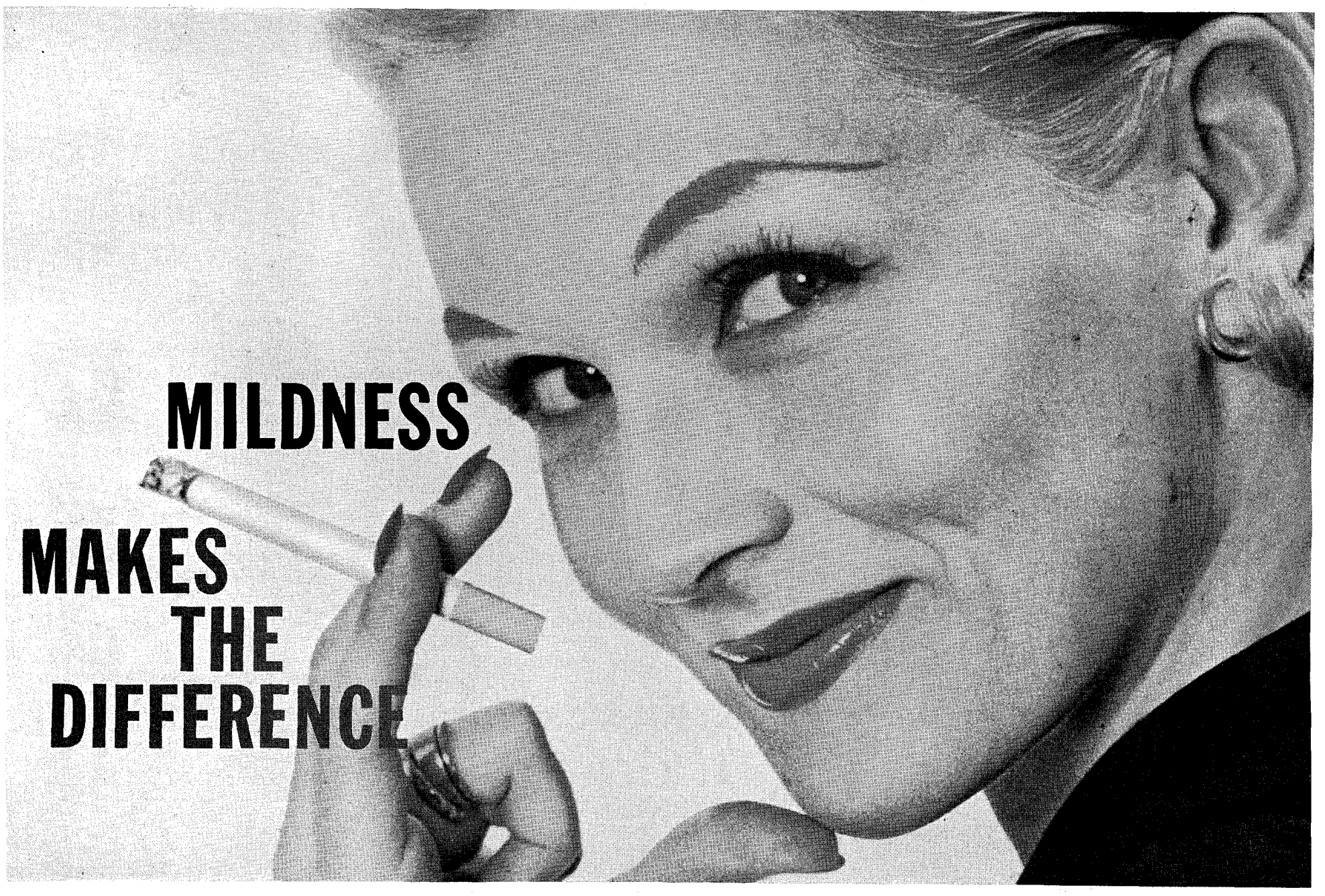
Know something Tareyton taught me?



It makes sense to smoke a *mild* cigarette. *And Tareyton's special mildness makes a wonderful difference in your smoking!* You get the clean, fresh taste of truly *fine* tobaccos—a filter that really *filters—more enjoyment,* pack after pack. Try Tareytons—you'll see.

Popular filter price everywhere.

filter tip **TAREYTON**

BY THE MAKERS OF HERBERT TAREYTON—FAMOUS FOR QUALITY, DELIGHTFULLY MILD, TIPPED, FULL KING SIZE

A. T. CO.)

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

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A word for **Bewildered Battery Buyers**

If you are not a battery "expert," buying a car battery can be mighty confusing. You can't look at a battery and see what you are getting for your money.

This does not mean that you must buy blindly. You can be sure of good honest value when you buy an Exide—made and guaranteed by the company that has 69 years of experience building all kinds of storage batteries for all types of service.

Here are the reasons you can buy an Exide with confidence:

STARTING POWER . . . An Exide assures you more power than needed for starting, plus a big reserve for electrical accessories

VITAL FRESHNESS . . . Dry Charged (filled by your dealer) or Wet (filled at the factory), the Exide you buy is vitally alive with fresh power that lasts and lasts

GUARANTEED SERVICE . . . You are protected by a nation-wide guarantee ranging from 18 months to 4 years

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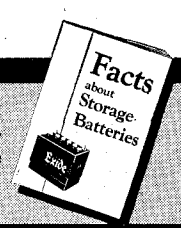
FREE! This 32-page manual tells how to get the most out of your battery. Write for your free copy to Dept. 20, Exide Automotive Division, P. O. Box 6266, Cleveland 1, Ohio



When it's an Exide . . . YOU START!

(*Continued from Page 56*) wardrobes made to order at her Dublin house, only a handful are of Irish stock; the great majority belong to that tenacious little group of Anglo-Irish die-hards known as the Ascendancy, which, with its horse shows, hunts and house parties, still dominates the social scene. "Two thirds of Sybil's local clients live in castles," an Irish friend explained.

Unlike the Paris *couturiers*, who grant to their commercial clients overseas the right to duplicate their gowns in quantity, Miss Connolly insists on making her own duplicates in standard sizes and shipping them abroad. Paying her seamstresses seventeen dollars a week—by Irish standards, a good wage—she can compete with almost any country's garment industry. (Her favorite number, a sleek, short evening dress consisting of 1000 Irish roses of black lace, keeps two of her seamstresses busy for thirteen days.) But while this practice guarantees the kind of workmanship Sybil likes to maintain, it does hold her production within narrow limits. A custom-made creation repeated thirty times is a best-seller; Orchid, a dark-gray pleated-linen ball gown, copied eighty-nine times, holds Sybil's all-time record.

To have her own personal Connolly, the customer still has to go to Dublin and stop off long enough to have two fittings. During the summer months, Sybil's establishment swarms with American tourists hunting for made-to-measure bargains. By Paris standards, Connolly originals are cheap. The "little day dress," fit for home or office, runs to about $130; a custom-tailored suit of Irish tweed hovers around $180; and $350, or thereabouts, is the top price for an elaborate ball gown. Buy these creations in the United States, custom-made to American standard sizes, and things take on a different complexion—to wit, $300 to $1000. However, softening the blow, Sybil produces a "boutique" line of tailored suits, and these may be picked up, in the United States, at a comforting $165 or so.

American department-store executives find themselves charmed by Sybil's smiling hazel eyes, and, at the end of a delightful conversation, discover that they have been face to face with an astute saleswoman. Sybil has proved herself repeatedly an expert at the Invisible Sell. Interviewed by American reporters, she has allowed herself to think out loud on such hazardous subjects as American women: "They amaze me by the ease with which they raise large, handsome families . . . and manage to look like debutantes"; and men: "They seem to be such good husbands . . . would not be averse to marrying an American." Who wouldn't, upon reading such deep truths, warm to the charming girl from Dublin? And what potential customer, once past the tadpole stage, would not be buoyed by Sybil's oft-repeated credo: "No woman can be really elegant until she's over forty"?

Early in 1957, when Sybil left the house of Richard Alan to set up her own firm, she checked into the quietest hotel in town for a few days of introspection. She had been a success beyond all expectations. She was well known, well liked, a power in the world of fashion. Her name on a small label was worth 100 pounds. Now, where to go from here? Reaching for note paper, and filling many sheets with figures, facts and fancy, Miss Connolly composed what she now terms her "thesis." Then she called up the bank. "I had never met the bank manager," she says, "but he was very nice."

Today, the thesis is progressing fast toward reality. Doing nothing by halves Sybil has bought a fine, 230-year-old, mansion on Merrion Square, Dublin's Park Avenue. Once the redecorating job is finished, her dream of owning the world's most handsome fashion house will be fulfilled. To those who enter, the five-story brick edifice reveals itself as an exquisite treasure chest, with graceful stairs, high molded ceilings, tall windows, marble fireplaces, a luminous *boutique*, and two aristocratic showrooms where Sybil can close in, at her own leisure, for the kill. "A shop window for Ireland," she likes to call her new establishment.

Great expectations whistle through the house where, in the midst of noisy workmen and fresh paint, Sybil's seventy-five employees are busily at work on her latest creations. While her two codirectors—the blond and sprightly Judy Connolly, her sister, and "Lockie," her omniscient secretary—look after the administrative side of things, Sybil and her five cats survey the battlefield from an uncluttered, airy duplex apartment on top.

This is a fast-moving, exciting show. Already, Sybil has laid plans for a new, large, ready-to-wear department which will sell suits and dresses designed by her and manufactured in a factory that her export-conscious government is helping her to build. Already she is deep in projects for opening a market in South Africa, and for setting up a branch of her *couture* department in Caracas, Venezuela, "where the money is."

"When I'm forty," Sybil dreamily explains, "I should be turning over a million dollars a year."

What will it do, one wonders, to Miss Connolly? Whenever Sybil has her fill of the shrill, garish world of international *couture*, she gets into her car and heads for the far side of County Donegal. There, in a lonely house she rents in a dark cove called Poisoned Glen, not far from Bloody Foreland, she can engage in a long staring match with Errigal, the county's highest peak. And she may well congratulate herself on being home in Ireland, a wonderfully backward place where people wear the same old clothes year in, year out, where money isn't everything, and where tall mountains and deep lakes restore one's sense of balance.

THE END

Survivors

By Thomas Congdon

The solitary dooryard oak
Still holds from summer's
deep green cloak
A scattering of leaves. Now
dry
And dull, they hang against
the sky.
These leaves, outlasting all
the rest,
Refuse to fall, endure to
test
The winter. To wind-
whipped twigs they cling
With withered stems, until
the spring
Erupts again in green, gives
birth
To seething, brash new
growth
And, lacking room for both,
Crowds tattered, life-worn
leaves to earth

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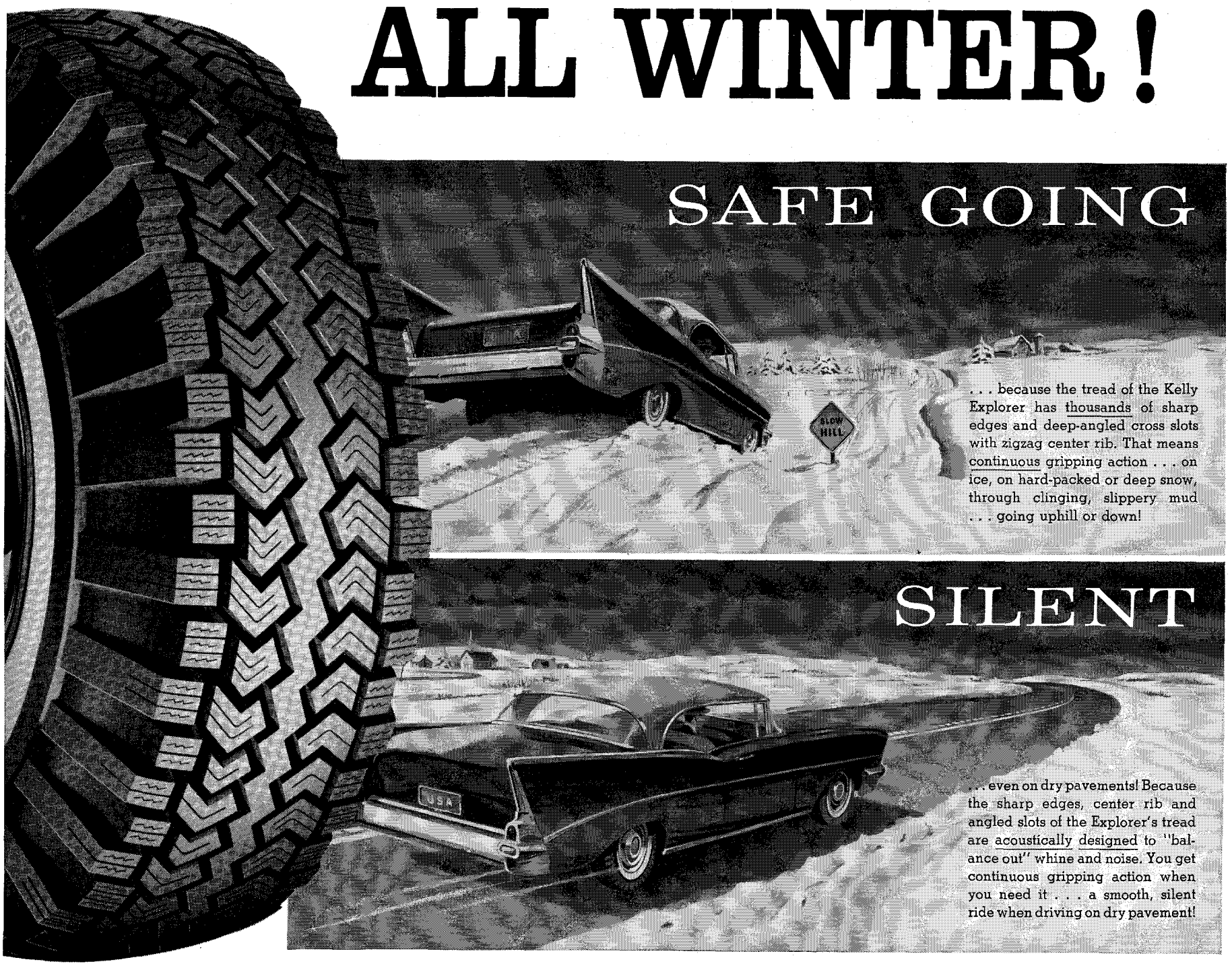
DRIVE WORRY-FREE ALL WINTER!


SAFE GOING
. . . because the tread of the Kelly Explorer has thousands of sharp edges and deep-angled cross slots with zigzag center rib. That means continuous gripping action . . . on ice, on hard-packed or deep snow, through clinging, slippery mud . . . going uphill or down!
SLOW HILL
SILENT
. . . even on dry pavements! Because the sharp edges, center rib and angled slots of the Explorer's tread are acoustically designed to "balance out" whine and noise. You get continuous gripping action when you need it . . . a smooth, silent ride when driving on dry pavement!

Available in Whitewall and Blackwall, Tube Type and Tubeless, including 14" size.

KELLY EXPLORER

KELLY *Springfield* **TIRES**

Once you put Kelly Explorers on your rear wheels, you'll put the annoyances and hazards of winter road conditions behind you. Why settle for less safety and comfort than this? See how easy and economical it is to enjoy the safest, quietest winter driving ever possible . . . with Kelly Explorers! Get all the facts from your local Kelly Dealer . . . the sooner, the safer!

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF WORRY-FREE DRIVING

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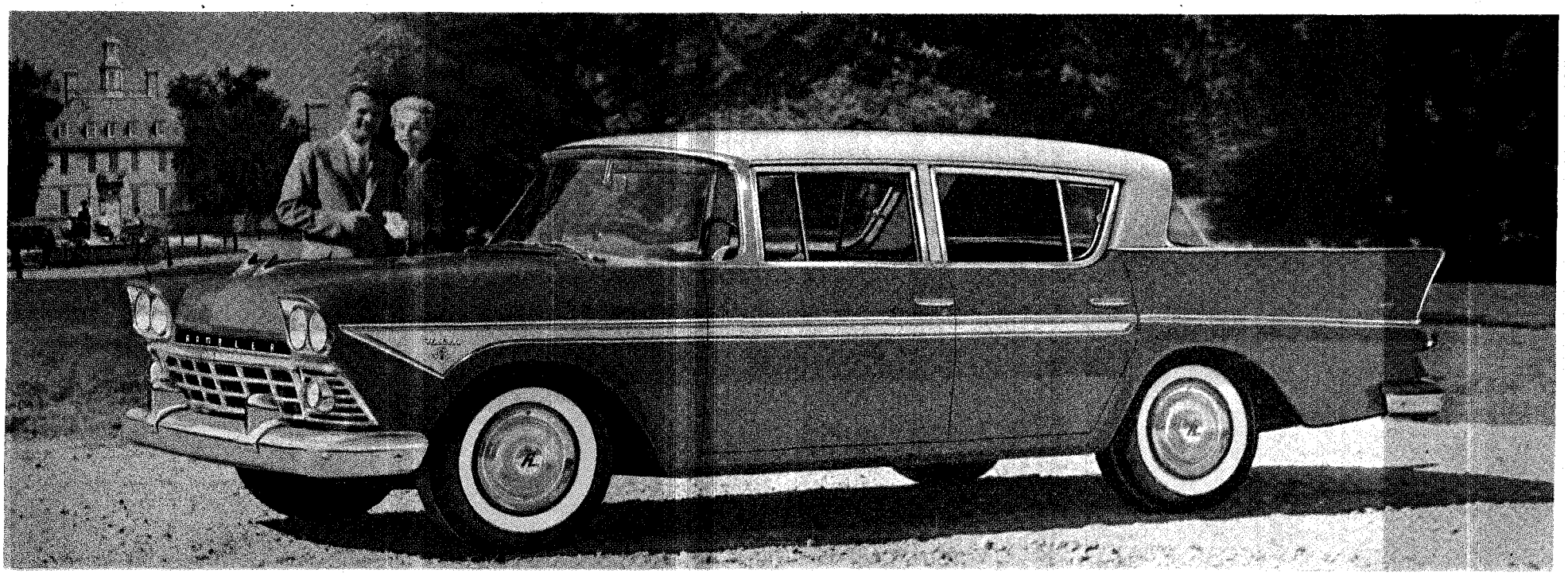
NEW RAMBLER 6 *Entirely new 1958 edition of last year's top auto success. Model shown is the popular Four-Door Custom Cross* **Country**



NEW RAMBLER REBEL V•8 *Sparkling V-8 performance and top V-8 economy. Four-Door Custom Sedan is illustrated.*

FIRST COLOR PHOTOS OF

ALL-NEW RAMBLER . .

Pictured here are some of the new 1958 American Motors cars which are expected to keep the company's record sales-rise snowballing.

The remarkably successful Rambler (the nation's No. 1 car in sales growth) presents 17 entirely new cars on two wheelbases . . . the Economy 6, the Rebel V-8 and an entirely new Ambassador by Rambler—a luxurious 270 horsepower V-8.

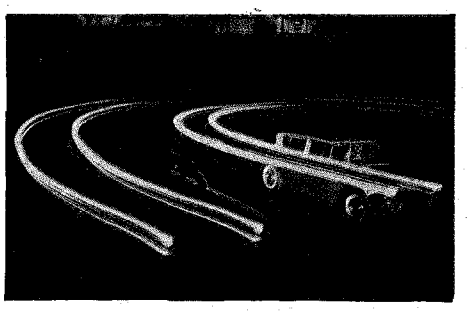
The sleek new styling is as advanced in concept as Rambler itself—only car to combine American big car room and comfort with European small car economy and handling ease.

Among major advances in the 1958 Rambler are Pushbutton-controlled automatic transmission, POWR-LOK anti-spin differential, Four-Beam Headlights and America's first 100% full-dip rust-proofing (instead of old-fashioned spray method).

Most important are the 7 better differences offered by Rambler: (1) The best of both: Big car roomy luxury—Small car economy. (2) Single unit construction—all-welded, twice as strong, far safer. Major reason why Rambler is first in resale value. (3) Penny-a-mile gas economy, official NASCAR record by Rambler 6 with overdrive. (4) Shortest turning radius, easiest parking. (5) Airliner Reclining Seats, Twin Travel Beds. (6) Lowest cost, more efficient All-Season Air Conditioning. (7) Fresh, distinctive jet stream styling inside and out.

See the all-new 1958 Ramblers today—at all Rambler, Nash and Hudson dealers.

Plenty of room for six adults



Out-turns, out-parks any U. S. Sedan

Only Rambler
Gives You the Best of Both:
1 AMERICAN Big Car Room, Ride and Comfort
2 EUROPEAN Small Car Economy, Handling Ease
1¢ A MILE FOR GAS*
TURNS ON A DIME
*NASCAR Record—6 with Overdrive

AT ALL RAMBLER, NASH AND HUDSON DEALERS

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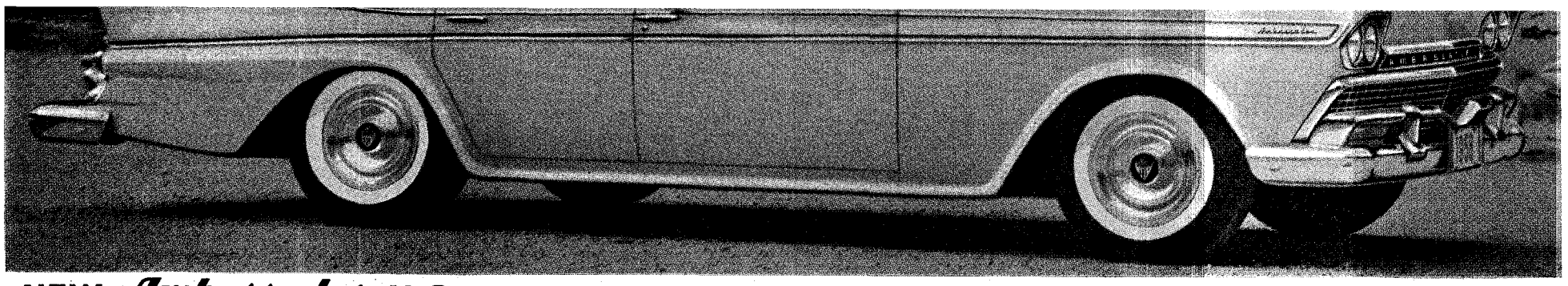
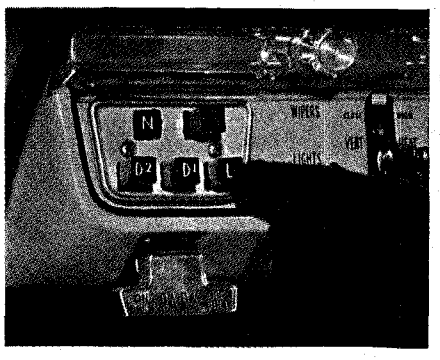


NEW *Ambassador* V•8 *270 H.P. engine combines top V-8 performance with outstanding V-8 economy. Country Club Four-Door Hardtop shown.*

NEW *Ambassador* V•8 CROSS COUNTRY *hardtop Station Wagon—four doors, no center posts. One of 7 distinctive Ambassador models*

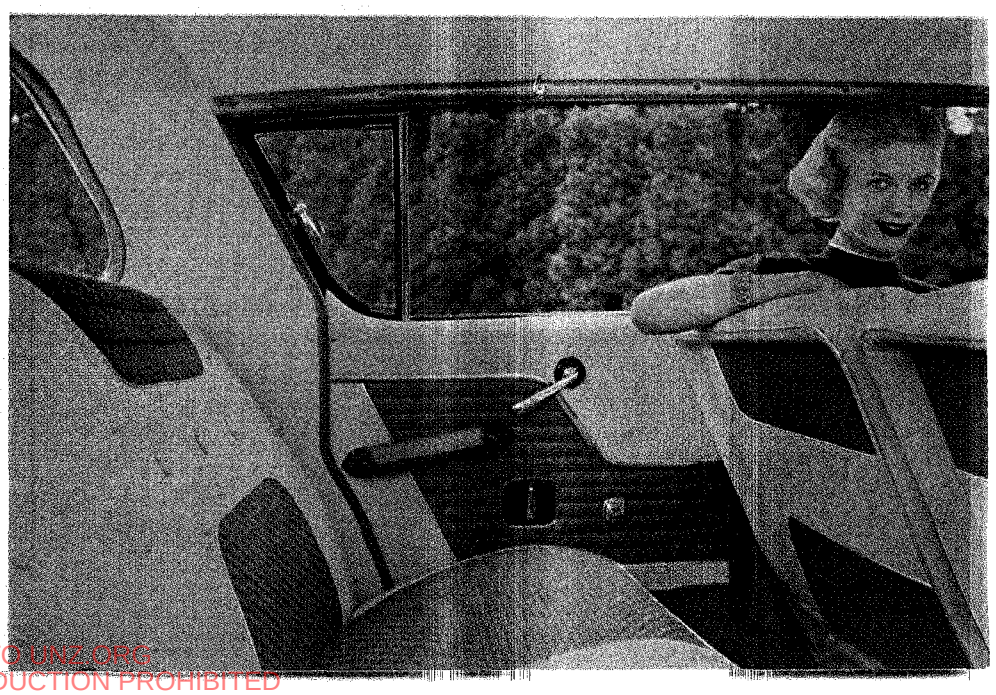
. AMBASSADOR FOR '58

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS



Pushbutton-controlled automatic transmission is one of three choices on American Motors cars. Other choices: Overdrive or Standard Synchromesh.

Exclusive American Motors Airliner Reclining Seats adjust to 5 comfortable positions—make up into nap couches for kiddies or Twin Travel Beds.



Interior design, colors and fabrics are entirely new—smartest ever created for American Motors cars. Stunning new cinnamon and beige interior at right is one of 58 new decorator choices for '58!

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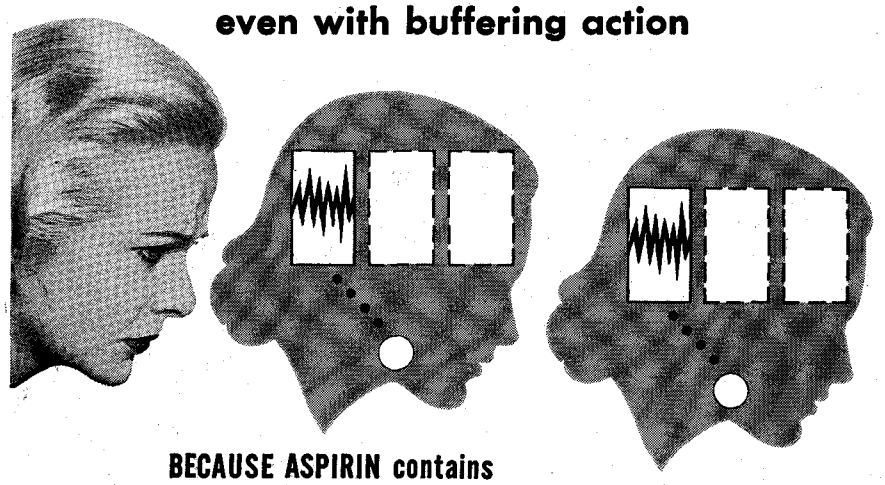
Here's why

ANACIN®

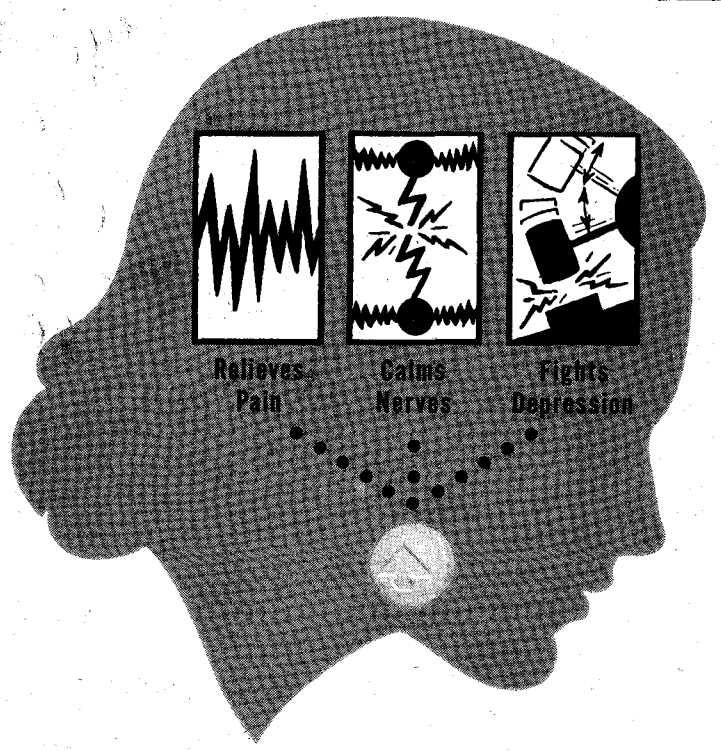
gives better TOTAL results in

PAIN RELIEF

better than aspirin...
even with buffering action



BECAUSE ASPIRIN contains only one pain reliever..... ADD BUFFERING ACTION and you still have only one.



BUT ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression.

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven active ingredients. Anacin (1) gives fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves—leaves you *comfortably relaxed*. (3) Fights depression. Thus, Anacin gives you better TOTAL results in pain relief than you get from aspirin, even plus buffering action. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

Something for Nothing

(Continued from Page 30)

resolved to enjoy the municipal breezes of Jones Beach. Fred kept his eyes closed mostly. "Your mother," he told the children, "is a slow, dangerous driver."

A car, after all, was nothing unique on East Eighty-eighth Street. Quite a number of the neighbors had them. But what was unique, what Ellen Toole alone possessed, was an air conditioner. In twenty-five very cultured words she had written why she never used any sausage but Rumbauer's Fast Frozen Sausage—how her children demanded it morning, noon and night, how her husband stole it to take to work—and for this, as one of ten third prizes, she had got an air conditioner in a box.

It had remained in the box. Mr. Jameison, the landlord, seeing it come in, had arrived five minutes later with an announcement. "You can't plug that thing in—the circuit won't carry the load," he said. "And I'm certainly not going to run a special line in just for you."

So the beautiful air conditioner remained in its box in the kitchen, until gradually it became a table. And it had to resist in the next few months maybe a hundred and fifty suggestions that it be sold for what it would bring.

Ellen would lift up her head on her thin neck, and narrow her dark blue eyes. "Just get that out of your mind entirely," she would say. "That's my air conditioner, and here it stays."

She had it, she owned it, and for the moment that was enough. The defeat rankled, of course. But there would come a time.

They would not always live, she and Fred and the children, in a cold-water railroad flat on Eighty-eighth Street. They would live in a building with an elevator, in an apartment with a proper bathroom, and not the tub in the kitchen. And when the time came, the day arrived, they would take with them a car, an air conditioner and—other things.

She dreamed. Maybe a full electric kitchen, like the one that was first prize in the soap contest which she had not won. What a difference it would be from this, with just one window, which opened onto Mrs. Herzog's window only two feet away. She would miss Mrs. Herzog and the talk they had and the food they passed back and forth, but you can't have everything. Maybe she could ask Mrs. Herzog to come over every day and sit in the full electric kitchen.

If, if. If Mr. Pemberton ever took his eyes off all the money that was rolling in and realized that Fred was the best and most efficient and most intelligent and most deserving of all the eighteen drivers. If he gave Fred the position and the money he deserved, then—and that was the only way—they could move. Because no matter what she won, a prize was a static, final thing. It didn't pay the rent and the running bills. All she could hope to do was have a houseful of furniture and a complete wardrobe for the whole family when the time came.

"More magazines," Fred would say to her. "Where do you get them?"

"Let's see," she'd say, propped up in the sofa that turned into a bed in the parlor—the kids had the bedroom—with Fred beside her reading the paper. "What do we want tonight? Ten free station wagons? Or an eight-thousand-dollar mink coat?"

They were at dinner the night the telegram came. Fred went out in the hall and down a flight to meet the boy, and he came back with it in his hand and the proper expression on his face for anyone carrying a telegram. "It's for you," he said.

"Oh, dear," Ellen said, and twenty members of her family fled through her mind, but none of them seemed proper to die. *Whoever dies, it is a shock*, she thought and then, "Oh, dear," she said again, and anxiously, slowly tore open the yellow envelope.

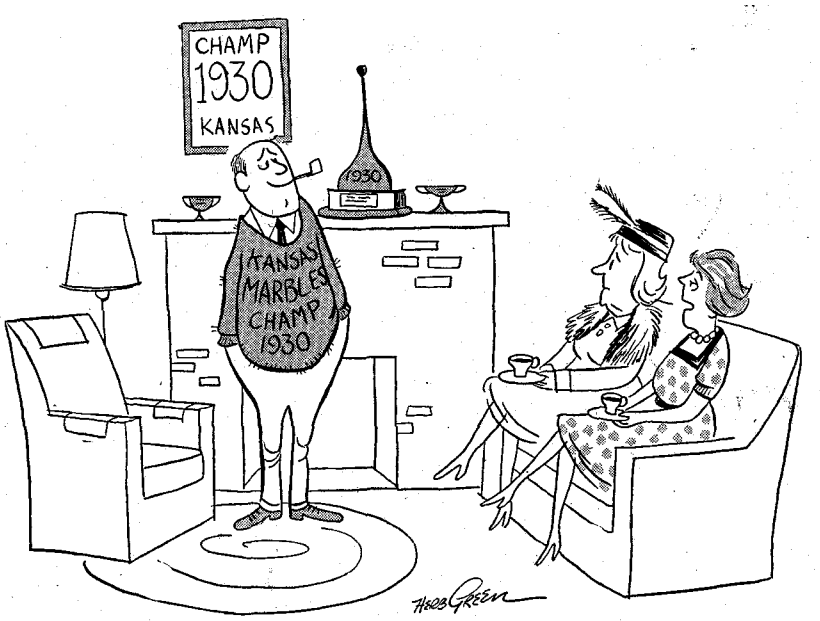
"We are delighted to inform you," it ran, "that by the unanimous choice of the judges, you have been chosen first-prize winner in our Jordan Milk Products Giant Contest. You are now the proud owner of Dream Key, our contest island in South Florida, together with the beautiful modern house on it. Please contact our Mr. Ogilvie at Trafalgar 5-3549 for full information. Congratulations and best wishes. Alvin Jordan, President, Jordan Milk Products Company."

Without a word Ellen handed the telegram to Fred. He read it and then said, "What's Jordan's Milk Product?"

"I don't know," Ellen said.

"Cheese, maybe," said little Fred, who was eight and knowledgeable.

"Cheese—cheese," Ellen said. "Yes. I think so. Cheese." She was trying hard to recall. "Jordan's cheese. I remember. I let it sit there in the ice box till it went bad. We never ate it." (*Continued on Page 64*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Barney's star rose and fell early in life."

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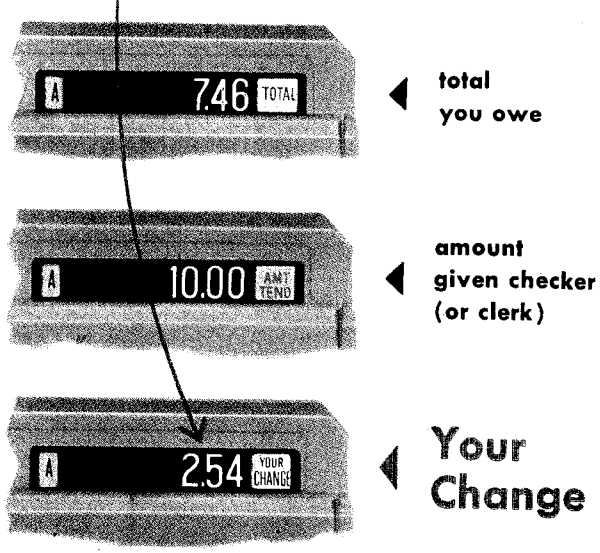
McLELLAN STORES COMPANY

A United Store

236 Stores in 29 States



Store owners must see this new register to appreciate its advantages. Call your nearest National office for a demonstration today!

"National Change Computing Registers save us more than 100% a year on our investment."

—McLELLAN STORES COMPANY, *New York*

"We believe that the soundest way to build a larger and more successful business is to give increasingly better service to customers.

"This policy led us to begin installing National Change Computing Cash Registers in our stores shortly after these new registers were put on the market. In savings and other benefits, these registers return us more than 100% a year on our investment.

"These registers show, at the top of the register (and on the receipt) *every* step in the transaction — price of each article, tax (if any), total purchase, money given cashier, and *exact change due the customer*.

"Since mistakes in figuring change are eliminated, cash shortages at the end of the day are reduced to the absolute minimum, a further saving. Customers are pleased because they are served faster and better. Confidence and good will are increased."

John B George

President, McLellan Stores Co.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

989 OFFICES IN 94 COUNTRIES

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TV VIEWERS:
Take this easy test
HELP YOURSELF TO BETTER TV RECEPTION

How often have you thought, "Gee, I should get better TV pictures than this on my set?" Here's a handy, quick way to start getting better TV pictures. Simply check "yes" or "no":

Yes	No	
☐	☐	Do I find myself watching one channel more often than others because it seems to come in clearer?
☐	☐	Do I pick up a "ghost" image on any channel?
☐	☐	Does weather ever affect my reception?
☐	☐	Is there any channel—up to 100 miles or so away—that I would like to receive but am not able to get now?
☐	☐	Has a channel been added or changed since I installed my TV antenna?
☐	☐	Has "snow" or smeary, fuzzy pictures been spoiling my TV reception?
☐	☐	Do I use a "rabbit ear" or built-in antenna?
☐	☐	Do I get poor reception from a channel which carries some of my favorite TV programs?
☐	☐	Am I uncertain whether my present TV antenna will receive clear *color* TV?
☐	☐	Would I consider a new antenna if I can get *guaranteed* improved reception on my present set?
☐	☐	Would I welcome a *free demonstration* by a Winegard TV Antenna Specialist?
—	—	Total

HOW TO SCORE: If you have . . .
5 "Yes" answers, chances are your antenna is inadequate or worn out.
7 or more "Yes" answers, there is little doubt that you need a new outdoor antenna.
In either case, you will benefit from this booklet, **"HOW TO GET SUPER-CLEAR PICTURES FROM MY TV SET."** It's free from . . .

WINEGARD . . . creator of the famous *GOLD* anodized antennas: "TWILIGHT" (5 to 35 mile reception) and "COLOR'CEPTOR" (for weak signal areas, 35 to 150 miles from stations). See them at your TV Technician-Serviceman's or write for complete information. Please tell us how far you live from stations and address of TV Serviceman.

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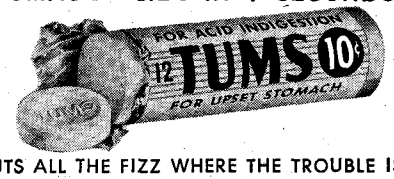
GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS IN 4 SECONDS!



PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

(*Continued from Page 62*) "You know what this means?" Fred said.

"Fred," Ellen said, "you go down to the corner and get a couple of quarts of beer. No. Better get five. We'll have to have the neighbors in. You know."

"You know what this means?"

Ellen knew. She rose from the table, dinner forgotten, everything forgotten, ran to the window and threw it open. "Mrs. Herzog," she called, "Mrs. Herzog!"

Our Mr. Ogilvie was a nice young man with a nice lean face and a nice clean suit, but he was no match for Ellen Toole, for he lived in the fairy-tale world of big business, and Ellen lived in the real world of East Eighty-eighth Street.

Mr. Ogilvie had a fairy-tale house on an acre and a half in Connecticut, and in it a fairy-tale wife, whose mother happened to be the sister of Alvin Jordan. And he was oriented, in his fairy-tale life, to goodness, to happiness, to success. You hear, on the evidence of a few malcontents, that big business is all backbiting and knife throwing and spite, but that is not true, of course, because if it were, big business would soon collapse, and the truth is it does not. No, a big business like Jordan's Milk Products is naïve and gentle and vulnerable when it is confronted with a tigress wife and mother like Ellen Toole.

What Mr. Ogilvie saw sitting opposite him was a shy young woman of maybe twenty-eight with the blackest hair and the darkest blue eyes he had ever seen. In his kindness, he did everything he could to put her at her ease. He explained about Dream Key. It was called an island, and it was almost one, but for practicality it was connected by a road to the main Miami-Key West highway.

"We have our own car," Ellen said, lowering her eyes.

"That's really necessary," Mr. Ogilvie said.

Dream Key was four and two sevenths acres in area, with its own grove of palm trees and a little beach. The house was really delightful, and furnished with all the essentials, like beds and sofas and chairs. All they would have to move, actually, were their personal belongings.

"Does it have air conditioning?" Ellen said.

Mr. Ogilvie frowned. "Well, no," he said. "The sea breezes keep it pretty cool."

"We have an air conditioner," Ellen said tentatively.

"But it does," Mr. Ogilvie said smugly, "have a bomb shelter."

Ellen couldn't help it. Her jaw dropped. "A bomb shelter," she said. "Our own bomb shelter."

Mr. Ogilvie smiled. "The Government built it," he said, "during the war. Some soldiers were stationed on Dream Key."

It had been his plan, up to now, to gather together a planeful of cameramen, reporters, and such, fly them with Ellen to Dream Key for a couple of days of intensive publicity, then hand over the deed to her and leave, but he found, as he talked, that his plan was being drastically revised.

"But I could never leave Fred for three weeks," Ellen said gently—where the three weeks came from, Mr. Ogilvie was never to know—and she blushed. "He's much too handsome. And the children, little Fred and little Ellen."

Mr. Ogilvie nodded. With an astuteness which he tried to hide, he realized suddenly that he had hold of something bigger than he had counted on. This innocent girl had given it to him. A whole family settled happily on Dream Key.

What Ellen said next amused him and even touched him. She was worrying about the expense this would be to the Jordan Milk Products Company. All the train fares, and there'd have to be compartments both ways on account of the children. And when they got there the hotel bills—you couldn't just move into a house that easily. Mr. Ogilvie knew this was true; he remembered how long it had taken his Marge to get into the Connecticut place. And those Florida hotels were so high-priced. And then there was all the food, and they would have to have a car to get back and forth in. Well, she wondered if it wouldn't be better for Mr. Ogilvie to give her the money to buy a tiny little secondhand house trailer; they could use their own car to pull it. Wouldn't that take care of the transportation and the living—of course she could do the cooking—and wouldn't it in the end save quite a lot of money?

Mr. Ogilvie leaned back and considered. He had an encyclopedic knowledge of expense accounts, both padded and unpadded. He made a rapid calculation of train fares, hotel bills, car rental, food prices. He felt almost guilty. Mrs. Toole didn't know how right she was. "Yes," he said, "I believe it would."

On the way home, to save any trouble with Fred, Ellen bought the trailer, and

> No matter how well a woman carries her years, she's bound to drop a few of them sooner or later.
>
> ERNEST BLEVINS

not such a tiny little one, either, although secondhand. She had enough left over for four new tires for the car, which it certainly needed, as well as food money to last them three months.

She had had a good day, and she wasn't even breathing hard.

"Truck Driver's Wife Wins Island," the morning papers said, and the evening papers said the same thing. That wasn't the way Ellen thought of herself exactly. Whenever anyone asked what Fred did, she always said, "He's employed by Pemberton Deliveries, one of the most respected firms in the business." But as things turned out she was just as glad nothing had been said about Pemberton in the newspapers. For of course something had to go wrong, you couldn't expect life to be perfect, and Mr. Pemberton was what went wrong.

Mr. Pemberton wouldn't give Fred his two-weeks vacation. It was the end of August, and with all the August sales, he was piled up to the eyes with deliveries. It was the busiest time except Christmas, and house in Florida or no house in Florida, he couldn't spare Fred. In fact, if Fred wanted his opinion it was a fool idea for a truck driver to have a house in Florida anyway. And if Fred just took off—why, when he came back he would have to take his chances on seniority, routes and all that. So ——

Ellen felt she had to be very, very careful how she handled this situation. They were in bed that next night, sitting up looking at the papers and Ellen had scissors and was cutting out the stories about herself. "I understand how you feel, Fred. Gee," she said, "I couldn't understand more."

Which wasn't strictly true. It was her understanding that once Mr. and Mrs. Fred Toole were settled in their Beautiful Modern House on Dream Key Island, Florida, Mr. Pemberton would no longer be a problem. In fact he would never hear of Fred again. But of course she couldn't spring any such idea on Fred yet. She was too wise for that. She would have to wait and let him see what a wonderful place their house was and how good the fresh air was for the children and et cetera and et cetera. Then would be time enough to talk about him getting a job down there. As she had said to Mrs. Herzog, "Wherever there's a road, there's a truck. That's been my observation."

"Only," she said to Fred, "we've never had a vacation together. All of us, the kids too. You and I went to Washington and we had that six days at Buck's Falls, and you've been out to Mercer County hunting those times, but all we ever did with the kids is just go to the beach for the day. And you're twenty-nine, remember."

"I remember," Fred said and put down his newspaper. He frowned and looked across the room at a picture that was sitting on the bureau of himself in a basketball suit. The first picture he had ever given Ellen. That was ten years ago and now he was twenty-nine.

What Ellen didn't know was how powerful her arguments were to him. Twenty-nine and he had never really been out of New York. Unless you counted Korea. But of course you couldn't count Korea, really, not as a trip, not like a trip to Florida. He knew Florida would be good for the kids, and Ellen had had this big lucky break and she ought to enjoy it. She deserved it and—he'd like to see Florida himself.

So Fred made up his own mind without any help from anyone, and five days later they all took off for Dream Key.

The last morning when they were packing, Fred said he hoped they didn't run into any mountains on the way. The trailer would never get up them, Ellen had it stuffed so full. And indeed she did have the kitchen—which was in the middle—stacked and bulging in every shelf and cupboard with cans and boxes of food. And the bedroom—in the back, which the kids would use—had its cupboards loaded with new clothes, courtesy of Mr. Alvin Jordan, plus a few hints from Ellen.

In the living room, in the front, which had convertible couches where Fred and Ellen would sleep, there was the air conditioner. It completely filled the space between the beds, but Ellen had figured out a way to push it into the kitchen at night, so everything was all right, really.

Fred needn't have worried. The car pulled the trailer off with surprising ease. By the time he had gone ten blocks he was used to the feel of the hitch. And when, in the sunshine, they rolled out onto the George Washington Bridge, he was actually feeling so well he hit Ellen a smack on the knee and said, "Well, kid, we're on our way."

Eight days later—eight full, fast, wonderful, exciting days later—at four o'clock in the afternoon, Ellen found herself, for the first time, alone on Dream Key.

Everyone was gone. Cameramen, reporters, and all those people that seem to accompany them, all were gone. All the words had been said, all the poses taken, all the smiles struck, and everyone was satisfied—satiated—with the statements and pictures. It had been fun: the trip down, the arrival, the gasps, the children squealing, the people, all the coffee, the laughs, the picnics. But it was all over now. Mr. Ogilvie was gone, after a final half hour this morning when he had handed over the deed and wished them formally, in (*Continued on Page 69*)

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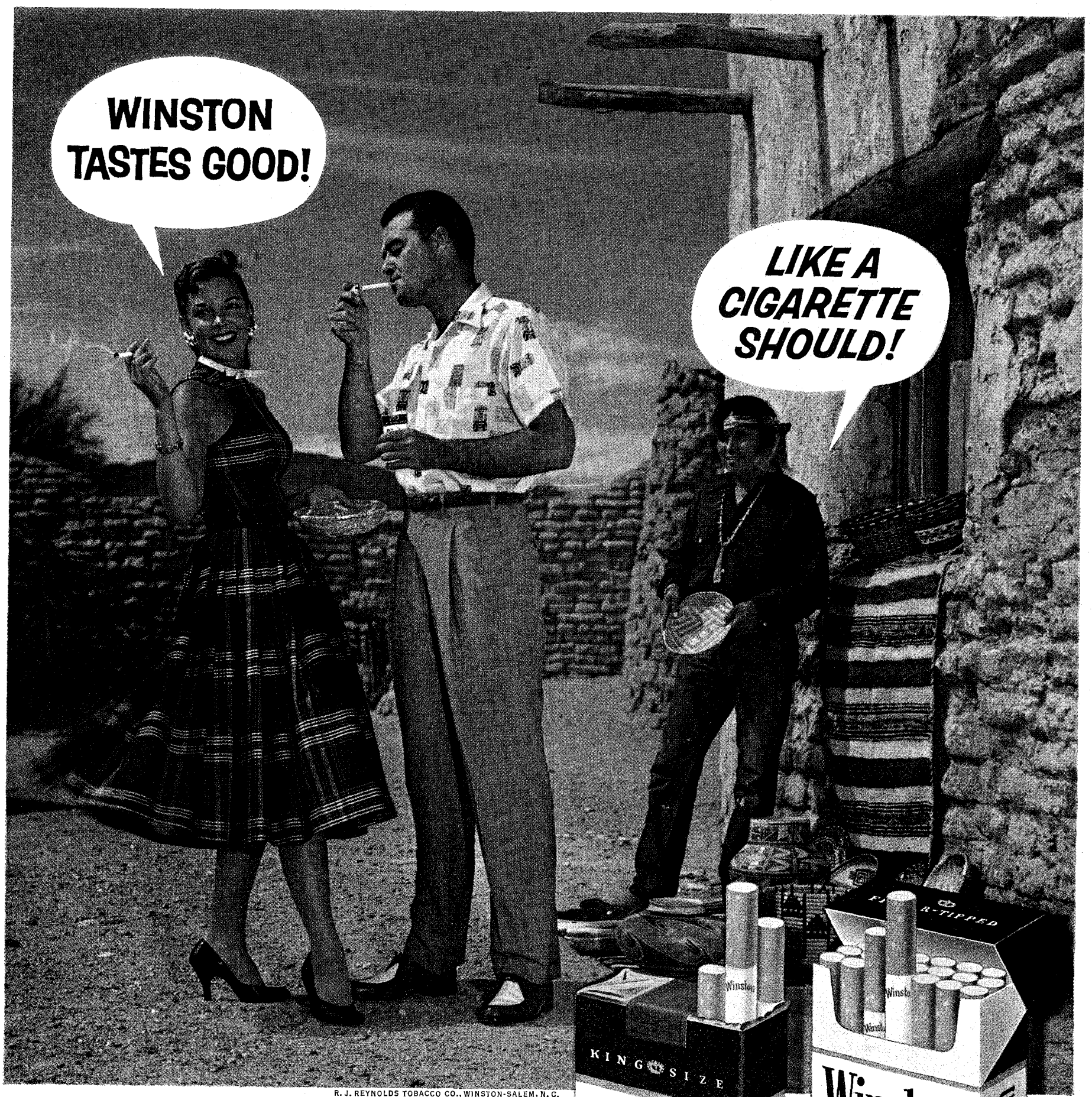

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HERE'S THE 1958 GMC Money-Maker, and we proudly believe you'll find it the handsomest hustler you ever handled.

You'd never know it was a truck from its feel. An eager 200 horsepower takes off with a full load like it was a cargo of feathers.

The fast-ratio cruising axle gives you an overdrive's road pace and gas economy. The slick ease of turning is just like power steering.

Relax on that foam-rubber seat, enjoy the luxury of the roomy cab, marvel at the ride. But make no mistake *this* truck is no cream puff under its boulevard stylin *You're bossing a pocket battleship on wheels.*

You'll know what we mean when you look it over. Loc at its massive spring hangers—rear springs with the hig est deflection rate of *all* light-duties. Note the heavi braced fender skirts.

Sit on the tail gate—on an unhooked end. Solid as a rock and tight as a cup when it's closed.

See door hinges half again as heavy as the others. Sma

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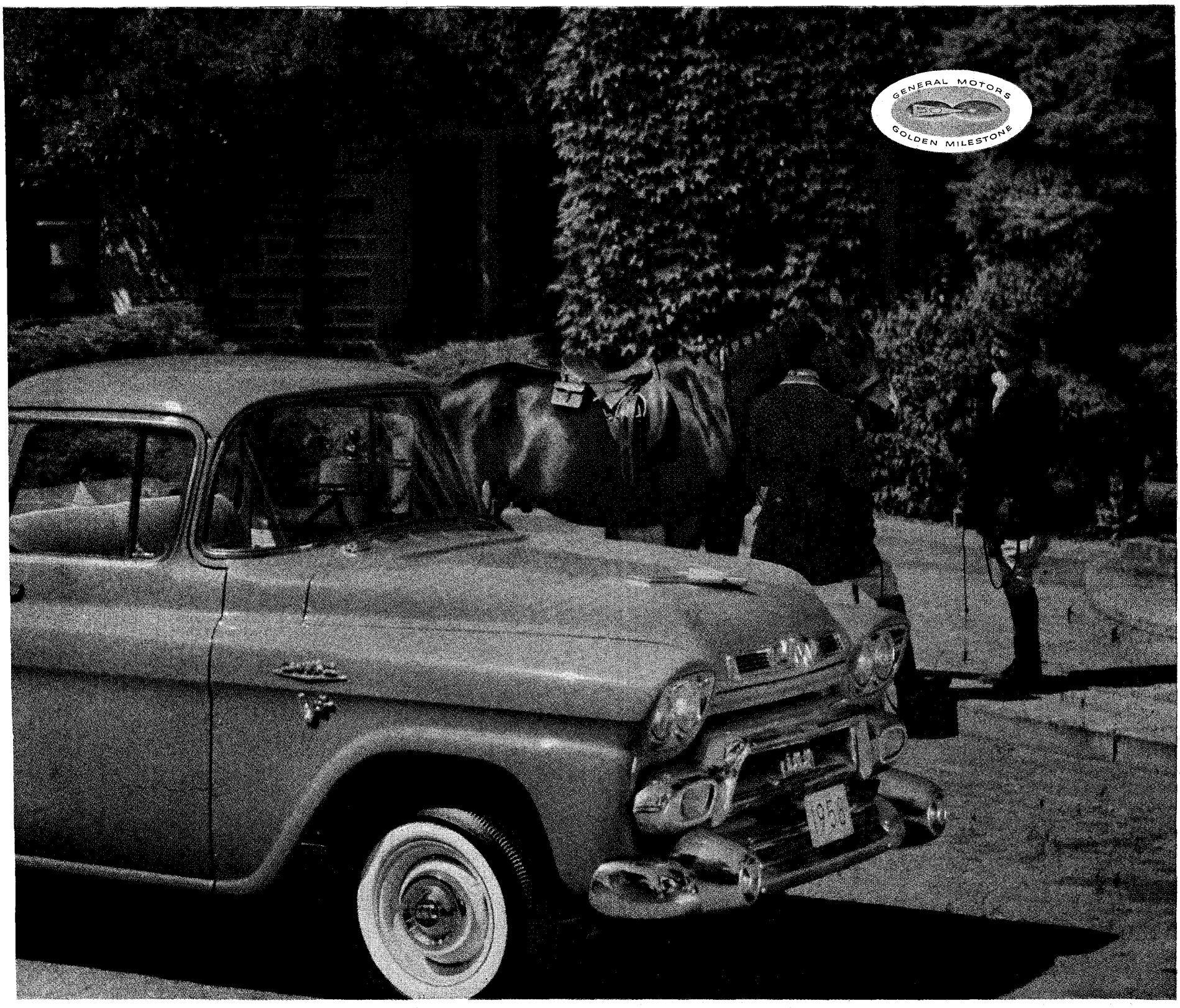

our hand on the door panel, the roof. No crinkling there.

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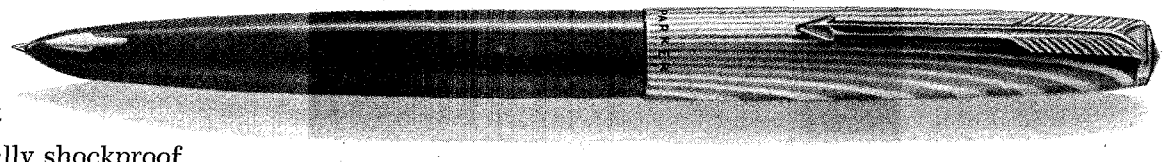
New kind of pen even fills itself by itself—this new way

This man has received a unique gift . . . and he's watching something revolutionary happen. It's a new Parker 61 literally drinking up ink all by itself by capillary "suction." He has simply removed the barrel cover, and set the pen in the ink upside down. It fills full in seconds. Now he'll lift the Parker 61 from the ink. No wiping needed because ink can't cling to the special barrel surface. This entirely new filling method is just one among many wonders of the Parker 61. It's virtually shockproof. Has no moving parts to get out of order. The ink supply is oversize. Writes cleanly, clearly, smoothly even when held point up, or when high in an airliner. The classic beauty of the Parker 61, the distinctive colors, the gleaming caps of precious metals — all make this new pen a most discriminating choice—for yourself, or as a gift. The Parker 61 Capillary Pen is $20.00 or more. Visit your Parker Franchised Dealer.



Parker Franchised Dealer

Parker 61

Capillary Pen

Unlike any other pen in this world

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(*Continued from Page 64*) the name of Jordan's Milk Products, a long and happy life.

The deed was in Fred's wallet. And he and the children had taken the car and gone six miles—six miles!—to the store to pick up the papers and some food for supper. It was awfully quiet on Dream Key.

Ellen stood in the road—the private road—and surveyed her domain. Four and two sevenths acres was a lot of land. But you needed it if you were going to have your own beach and your own palm grove. Mr. Ogilvie had spoken true. There was a real palm grove, with maybe thirty or forty trees.

Beneath them sat the trailer, safe in the shade and empty. It hadn't taken them as long to move out of the trailer into the house as she had let on to Mr. Ogilvie it would—three quarters of an hour, only. Even the air conditioner was safely stored in the bomb shelter. That was the only ugly thing on the island, the bomb shelter; but there wasn't much you could do about it. The Government had seen to that. Built above ground—you had to go up three steps to get in the door—it was solid concrete, inches thick, and big enough for a dozen people to lie down in. But it had bushes around it, so it wasn't too unsightly. It would do for storage.

Ellen walked into the house, their Beautiful Modern House. Every room in it except the bathroom had a panoramic picture window, and the living room had three. She paused for a moment in the hall and looked into the bathroom.

She would get used to its orange and yellow tiles, she knew, for the woman who had furnished the house, from the store in Coral Gables, had told her they were decorator colors. That pink in the children's room, that funny blue in Fred's and her room, the watermelon-red in the kitchen, the pale acid green in the living room, all were decorator colors. And she would get to like them because they were right.

She walked into the living room and stood for a moment, looking around. It was quiet, quiet. All she could hear was a little rustle of the wind in the palm leaves. She couldn't figure out just what it was, this way she was feeling. Was it too quiet, maybe?

She went over to the little desk, sat down, pulled out a piece of notepaper and picked up the ball-point pen. This was silly, she thought. She couldn't be lonely. You didn't get lonely in your own house.

She leaned over the desk and began to write. "Dear Mrs. Herzog ——" But she stopped. She lifted her head again and listened; for almost a full minute she sat perfectly still and listened. There was not a sound anywhere on Dream Key.

The trouble with Dream Key—and this may be true of the country generally—was that there was nothing to do. By the end of a week, although no one said anything about it, everyone was aware of it.

Little Ellen had almost to be driven outdoors. She who had played happily in the middle of East Eighty-eighth Street, did not like the Florida outdoors. On her second day there, a lizard had run over her bare foot, and that had settled things for little Ellen.

Little Fred wouldn't swim. Used as he was to the turbulent opaque waters off Long Island, he didn't like what he saw in the transparent blue of Dream Key bay. "There's a fish in there," he said and would only wade.

Big Fred didn't swim much either. He had got a fearful sunburn after going to sleep on the beach one day. After that he wore a hat and his bathrobe outdoors, and only took dips. Ellen didn't like it much either. The water was like lukewarm tea.

Food was a problem too. The native people of Florida didn't seem to have all the packaged and frozen things Ellen was used to in New York—at least they didn't at the store six miles away—and it meant she had to do an awful lot of cooking.

That took time, yes, but not enough time. Nothing took enough time. If only there had been a television set. But Mr. Ogilvie had not thought to provide that. Sometimes, after Fred was asleep, Ellen lay in her blue percale sheets and cried into her blue percale pillow cases. "My beautiful house," she cried; "my beautiful house."

Maybe if they had had a little longer they would have adjusted. Maybe they would have just got used to it, but as it turned out, they never had a chance. For one night about seven o'clock, little Fred came into the kitchen and said, "What's that funny smell outside?"

Fred and Ellen went outside and they smelled the funny smell too. But that was not what frightened them. It was the look of the sky. The heavens were a dark, hard gray, but underneath the clouds, there was a yellow light, like no yellow light they had ever seen. And there was an ugly stillness. The water in the bay was like glass, and not a leaf, not even the palm trees stirred.

"Fred," Ellen said, "turn on the radio."

Fred ran to the car, and in a minute they heard the squawk, then they saw him roll up the windows. Almost at once he was running back, carrying a flashlight. "Hurricane," he said. "There's nothing else on the air."

He knew what to do. He had seen a whole hurricane in a movie once. "Come on," he said. "We've got to get into the bomb shelter." Before Ellen could move he was into the house and out again, dragging a mattress toward the shelter. "Get all the pillows you can find," he shouted.

She ran into the house. Little Fred came with her and grabbed at pillows. She went from door to door, locking each one, and letting down the Venetian blinds.

Big Fred came back. "Get some food," he said.

"Food?" Ellen said. "We've already eaten."

He ripped another mattress from a bed and was gone with it before he could answer.

Ellen found a carton and packed bread and chocolate milk and grape jelly and a package of frankfurters into it, and on top of it she stacked glasses and knives and a handful of paper napkins. She found the other flashlight, the one from the trailer, and stuffed it in too.

Fred was back. He picked up the carton.

"Are you sure, Fred?" Ellen said.

"Don't talk," he said; "hurry."

Ellen took little Ellen's hand and they started across the lawn. Little Ellen was carrying two dolls, their suitcases full of clothes, and a doll's toothbrush, and she was wearing her new hat.

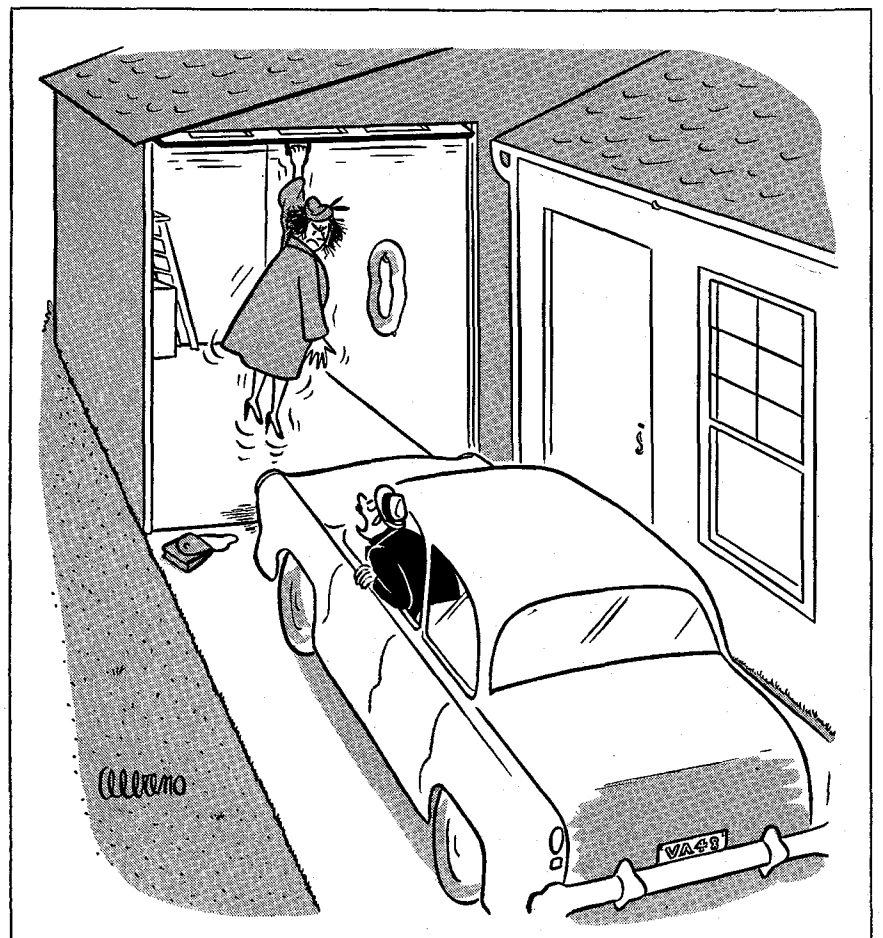
Little Fred with his pillows was already in the shelter. Big Fred put down the carton, pushed the air conditioner out of the way and spread out the mattress. "Oh, dear," Ellen said. The place smelled musty.

Big Fred turned and started back to the door, but just as he turned, the rain came. There was no warning sprinkle, the sky simply opened like a burst dam and descended. Fred just had time to get the heavy door shut and bolted.

They had only got settled down when the wind struck. It was like a hand smacked against the side of the shelter. And then the noise began.

They couldn't talk. It was like a level, steady shriek of thunder, and it never stopped. They sat huddled together on one mattress in the little glow of the flashlight and waited. There was nothing else to do.

After a while they thought they could distinguish other sounds within the wind's



"I meant to tell you—I tightened the spring on that door."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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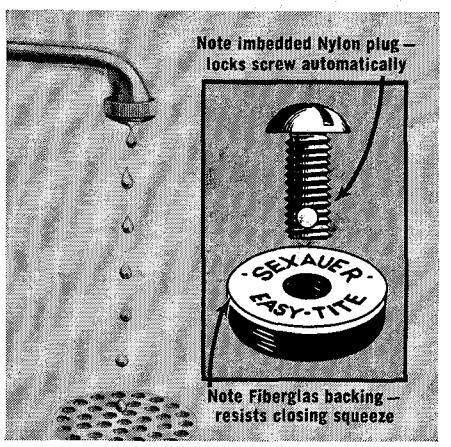

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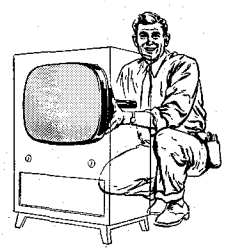

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See "The Pied Piper" on Tuesday, November 26 in "Living Color" on NBC-TV

roar. They heard a crash, like glass, and Ellen shouted, "There goes a window. That'll make a nice mess." And then there was an earsplitting, wrenching noise, as if someone were prying open a huge crate.

After that came the bouncing sounds. Ellen could only think that someone—heaven knew who—was carelessly throwing bowling balls against the side of the shelter. "What?" she said, but Fred just shrugged.

"We can't do anything about it," he said into her ear.

Then there was nothing but the roaring again, and the sound of the rain. It was two hours, or almost, before they could talk. There was wind still, and the rain sounded worse than ever.

Little Fred had a jelly sandwich and a glass of chocolate milk, and little Ellen had part of a frankfurter, but she was sleepy and couldn't finish it. She curled up among the pillows and dozed off.

"I'll bet," Ellen said, "this was never a bomb shelter. I think Mr. Ogilvie just said it was to make us feel good. What would you want with a bomb shelter down here? I'll bet the Government built it for a hurricane cellar all along. They have experience in these things."

"I think you've got something there," Fred said.

The rain never stopped. Little Fred went to sleep, and finally, Ellen and big Fred stretched out, too, just to be comfortable. But they slept.

In the morning all was quiet. Fred opened the door to brilliant sunshine. And to mud. Dream Key was a mess. The Beautiful Modern House simply wasn't there. The roof they found clear across the key, half in and half out of the water. There were a few posts still standing, but not enough even to indicate the outline of the house. Only the bathroom remained, its orange and yellow tiles glittering, and the kitchen sink and stove, anchored by their pipes. But the icebox was gone, all the furniture was gone, their clothes were gone, scattered everywhere on the island, and ruined.

The trailer was on its side under an uprooted palm tree, squashed like a tin can that has been stepped on. The car itself, whose windows Fred had rolled up so carefully, was gone completely. They heard, long after, that it was seen well north of the island in twenty feet of water, standing upright quite comfortably.

There was nothing they could do. They ate breakfast from what was left in Ellen's carton, and then started out to walk the six miles to the grocery store.

They had to stay at the motel beside the grocery store for two days until the car Mr. Ogilvie sent for them could get through.

Mr. Ogilvie was very considerate. He promised to pay for everything, all their expenses, and the trip home.

The telephone lines were open, though, and Ellen, the prize winner, coupled with the disaster, was still news. She gave a number of interesting versions of the night, and always when she was asked her future plans said, "Well, my husband is employed by Pemberton Deliveries, one of the most respected firms in the business, and we have to get home."

On the third morning the car got through, and they were in Miami a few hours later in time to catch an afternoon plane for New York. They arrived at dinnertime with nothing but what they stood in—and the air conditioner. The air conditioner, of course, hadn't even got wet.

Mrs. Herzog had a hot supper waiting for them which she passed across from her kitchen to Ellen's, and after they had eaten and had had a little time to relax, it almost seemed as if they hadn't been away at all.

There was some good news the next day, and from a most unexpected quarter—Mr. Pemberton. Fred went around to see him with nerves in his stomach, but Mr. Pemberton took Fred into his private office, sat him down and gave him a cigar.

Mr. Pemberton, it seemed, had been the recipient of some very favorable treatment from the newspapers. Reporters, on Ellen's lead, had come to see him, written down what he had said, taken his picture, and even printed his story at the end of the pieces about Fred and Ellen. It was, he repeated, very favorable treatment, and he had had a lot of very favorable comment from customers. Now Fred and he had had their little differences of course, but that was all over. Fred was his best man and now maybe the time had come when ——

Fred showed Ellen his first week's check, which Mr. Pemberton had given him in advance, and Ellen's jaw dropped. "I got the whole Long Island area," he said. "Eight men under me."

"Fred," Ellen said, "it means we can move."

It was a godsend. It took Ellen's mind off everything that had happened. She walked her feet off looking at every vacant apartment in Manhattan. She spent weeks looking. But when she finally found one, it was just a few blocks away, of course, on Second Avenue, in a brand-new building.

And it was perfect: on the eighth floor, two bedrooms, a bath, a full electric kitchen and a living room. Really it was nicer than Dream Key, because you could look out the window and see buildings and streets and people.

On the final day she said to Mr. Holt, the accommodating rental agent, "Now there's just one thing I want to ask you. What about air conditioning?"

Mr. Holt walked over to a switch on the wall. "It's right here," he said, "built into every room. Just turn this." He turned the switch, and Ellen could feel cold air begin to come out of a grill below a window.

Ellen nodded her head very slowly. "I see," she said.

"Fred," Ellen said.

It was their first night in the new place, and they were propped up in bed, reading. The kids were asleep, finally, and Fred had his newspaper and Ellen was looking at a magazine.

"What?" Fred said.

"Would you like to go around the world? There's a contest in here and the first prize is two tickets around the world plus a complete set of flight luggage."

"What?" Fred said.

"Would you? It only takes twenty-two days."

Fred reached over, turned off the light, and threw his paper on the floor. "No," Fred said, "I wouldn't. I really wouldn't."

THE END

Winged Victory

It's true that man invented
cloth,
But Nature topped him with
the moth.

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

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Any bike rider you know would enjoy a "Cadet" speedometer this Christmas! It's the most popular of all bike accessories! Precision made, just like a car speedometer! Give the kids in your life a thrill for Christmas — and fun the year 'round! Give them a "Cadet" bike speedometer. Available at your local bike shop, department or hardware store.

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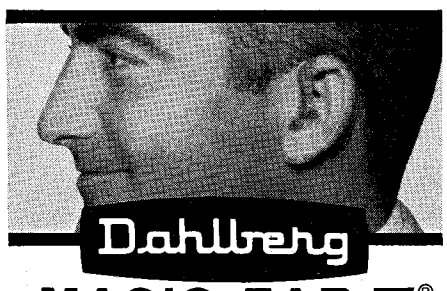

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Help for the Poisoned Child

(Continued from Page 25)

Mrs. Behrens remembered then, with shock, that she had forgotten to put the furniture polish back in the closet after Tuesday's cleaning. She had probably left it on the floor, under the bed, where she had last used it. Lenny could have reached it through the play-pen bars. She caught the baby up in panic, dressed him and took him back to the hospital with the paper-wrapped bottle in her purse. She couldn't tell the doctor how much of the polish her baby might have swallowed. Some of it had spilled on the play-pen pad. She had noticed a wide oil stain there.

The doctors called Poison Control to find out what was in the polish. The center keeps catalogued information on old and new household products, just for doctors' use, so that the proper treatment may be undertaken. The file showed that the oil in the polish can kill an infant; that as little as one third of an ounce could be fatal, especially if it got into the lungs, as it often does with babies.

The doctor hurried back to the children's ward, but Mrs. Behrens had found the telltale bottle much too late. By Saturday morning, Lenny was dead.

To turn the New York file is to weep, though you'll find pretty much the same stories in any poison-control center: Mother out shopping at 11:30 A.M. left her two-year-old in the car just a few minutes, playing with her handbag. When she got back the child was sick—head pains; convulsed. The infant had swallowed thirty tablets he had found in the purse. The doctors worked over him frantically, but the child's eyes dilated; breath came in whistling, stridulent gasps. Within twenty-two hours the heart stopped.

On another page: A Harlem mother prepared a solution of lye and water last December twenty-third for bathroom cleaning and left it on a kitchen table in a tumbler. Six-year-old Lindy saw it, figured it was just plain water and took a big swallow. Her mouth and her pharynx burned immediately. She doubled in agony, unable to cry out. She could only drop to the floor and whimper. Harlem Hospital doctors saved her, but she will probably go through life an invalid. The lye has left her larynx heavily scarred, so that little more than milk or gruel gets by. Her weight keeps going down. She keeps saying, "It won't stop hurting."

The drug easiest for children to get at nowadays is aspirin, because there's so much of it around. Americans use over 5500 tons of it each year. It's in such common use that grownups are apt to be careless about where they leave it. The files are loaded with aspirin poisonings: The tragic case of Johnny Starr, in Richmond, one of the New York boroughs, follows a dishearteningly familiar pattern. At half-past seven one morning, neighbors who live below the Starrs heard a bottle rolling on the wooden floor upstairs. Johnny's father and mother, sleeping late that morning, didn't hear it, but it wasn't unusual for the baby, twenty-two months old, to be out of his crib before they were awake.

When they did awaken, the bathroom-sink ledge was covered with white stains. Johnny had reached the medicine chest by standing on a stool and spilled some fluid antidiarrheic. They thought he might have swallowed some of the liquid. Mrs. Starr called the doctor. He was certain that a swallow of it was not apt to be harmful.

The Starrs had their breakfast, fed Johnny and drove with him to see some of their kin across the bridge in New Jersey. He had lunch, but couldn't keep it down, and he seemed drowsy. Mrs. Starr had him at the doctor's at three o'clock that afternoon. He was breathing with difficulty, but seemed all right otherwise. The doctor asked Mrs. Starr if Johnny might not have swallowed something else. She thought a while, trying to visualize what was missing from the medicine chest that morning.

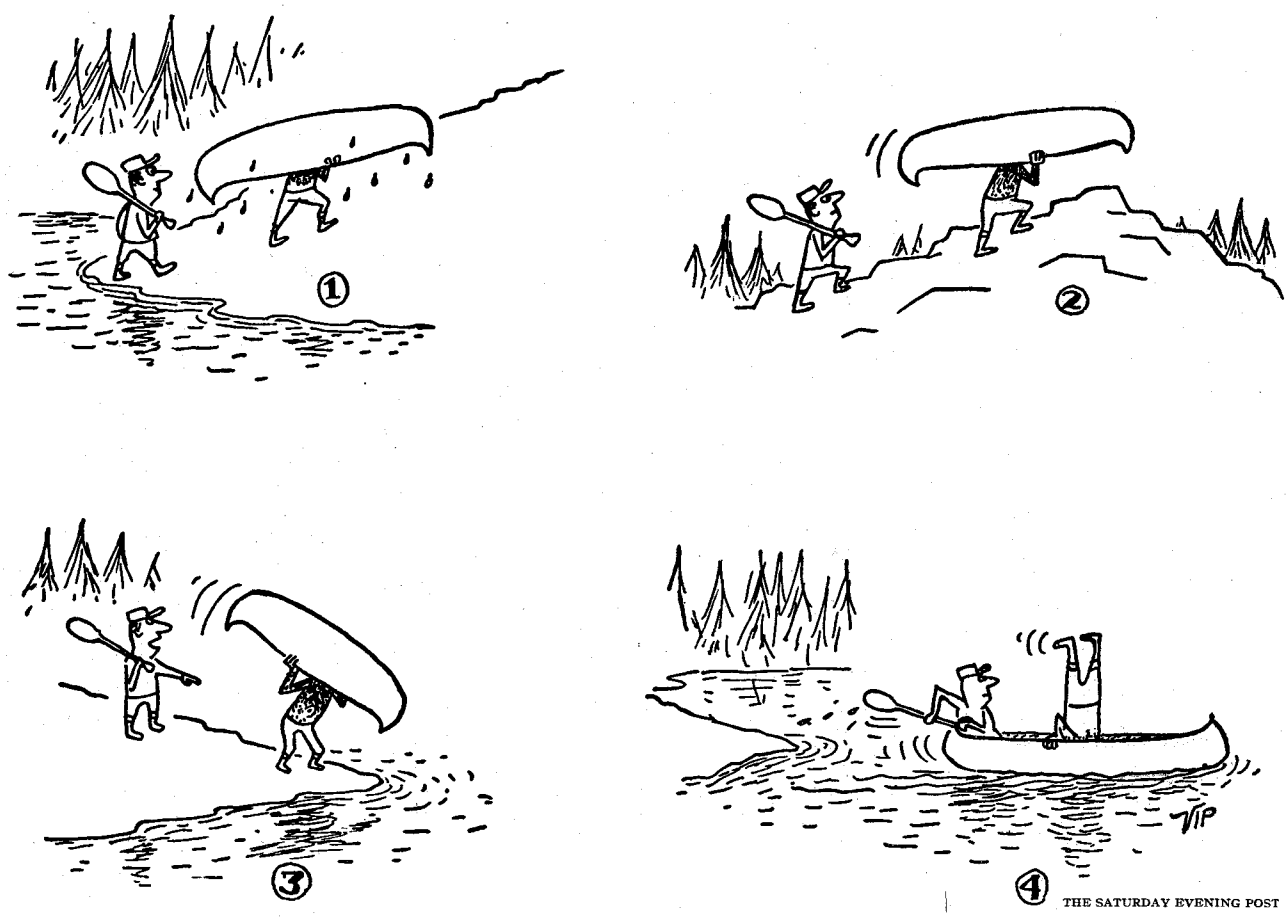
She finally guessed that an aspirin container might be missing; it was one in which about five or six large tablets were left. The doctor treated Johnny for salicylate intoxication and put him in the hospital. The baby seemed to sleep well through the night, but at daybreak oxygen had to be fed to him. He could barely breathe. At seven o'clock that morning, Johnny drew his last difficult breath.

The brokenhearted Starrs took their dead baby home, but even after they left, the doctors were puzzled over the case. The antidiarrheic had certainly not harmed Johnny, nor should the missing five or six aspirin tablets have been fatal. The mystery was cleared later. In a corner, under Johnny's crib, was an empty aspirin bottle, with forty-five of its original sixty tablets missing. The fifteen others, crushed to powder, were nearby. The sound that the downstairs neighbors had heard was Johnny rolling the aspirin bottle across the boards. He had eaten the tablets as he played.

Doctors in the American Academy of Pediatrics were the first to advocate poison-control centers. Day after day, through the years, they had seen children die or sicken through easy access to all manner of potential poisons. Their investigators learned that the kitchen is the most dangerous room in the home, with the bathroom second, the bedroom third. The garage, the basement workroom and the hobby den string in behind.

In the kitchen the chief danger lies in the bleaches, lye, insecticides, detergents, furniture and silver polishes. In the bathroom it is the unlocked medicine cabinet filled with drugs, cosmetics, shampoos, depilatories, lacquers and hair dyes. The bedroom menaces are sleeping pills and headache remedies left in easily opened drawers, or on night tables.

The first municipal poison-control center was set up in Chicago in 1952. New York didn't organize one until the spring of 1955, but once started, the movement spread all over the country. Today there are sixty-three, with more coming in. Their chief functions are to maintain files on the dangerous ingredients that go into household items, so that they can pass the (*Continued on Page 76*)



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The YOU idea in making cars

We are a company with a different point of view —*your* point of view.

It's a way we have of always looking at our cars through your eyes, of constantly asking ourselves—what would *your* opinion be? It's a way of thinking first of people, and then of cars.

Because people are individuals, our cars are individuals—different from each other—a bold challenge to the look-alike traditions of other families of automobiles.

Quite frankly, the *You* point of view gives us an advantage over other companies. Our new ideas are *You Ideas*—developed, not just to arouse your curiosity, but to do something *for* you. There's a big difference.

(Did you ever wish, on a day in June, that the steel top of your car could just fold up and disappear? It happens only in our Ford Hideaway Hardtop. This is an example of a *You Idea*.)

There are others. The new smoothness of our air-suspension ride—our space-comfort concept for designing car bodies—our preoccupation with car value . . . all these are *You Ideas*. (We have counted 55 *You Ideas* in our new V-8 engines alone!)

One big *You Idea?* The Edsel—first completely new make by a major car builder in over 19 years. *You* are the reason behind the Edsel. Every startling new advance in this remarkable new car began with *our* opinion of *your* opinion.

Today, the Edsel joins the Ford, the Thunderbird, the Mercury, the Lincoln, the Continental . . . a car for every buyer at the price he wants to pay. There are 69 different models, in so many different colors, interiors, trims, and other choices that it is entirely possible, in the Ford Family of Fine Cars, to pick a car with no identical twin on the American Road.

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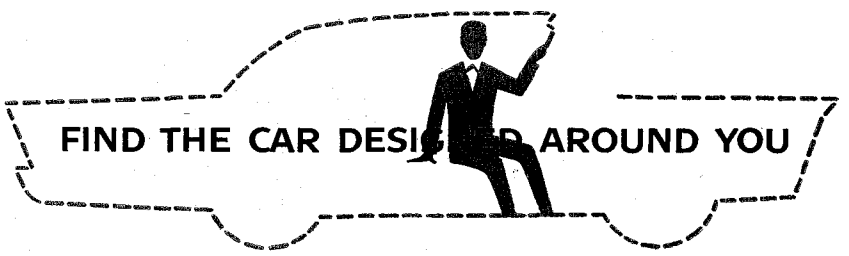

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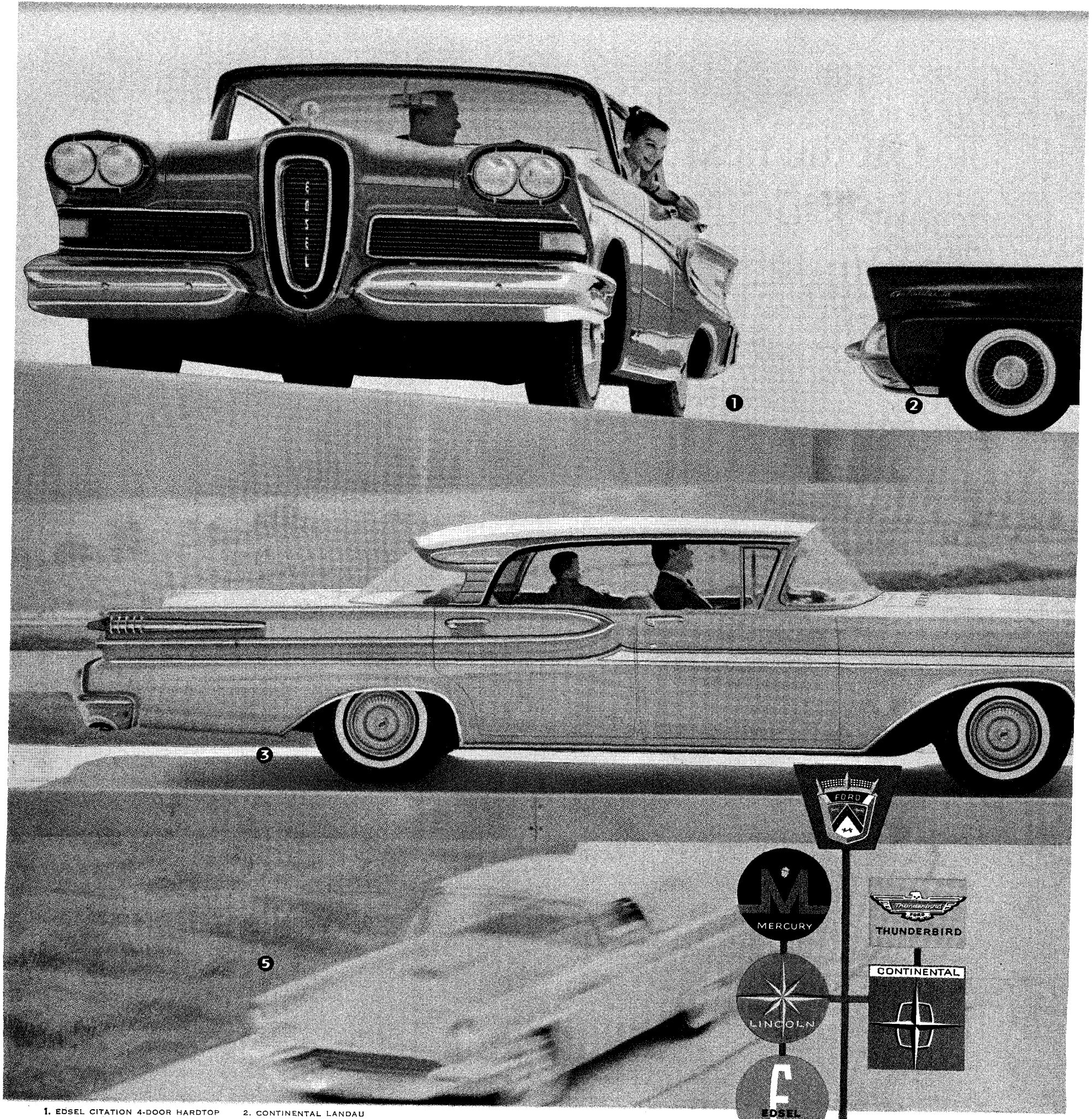

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You are looking at our YOU ideas for '58. They come from the way we have of thinking first of people and then of cars. With the Edsel (the first full line of new cars in 19 years) and the Park Lane series by Mercury, there are now 69 members in the Ford Family of Fine Cars. Find the one that's made for you.

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(*Continued from Page 72*) information along to doctors and nurses in emergencies; to arouse parents to the need for keeping everything toxic locked away, or beyond infants' reach. Most of the centers keep open all around the clock, and the men who run them are usually dedicated public servants.

Dr. Harold Jacobziner runs the center in New York City. He writes pamphlets on the menace for free home distribution—Death Lurks in the Medicine Cabinet, Paint Can Be Poison, A Child Safety Handbook, among others—and prepares papers on poison control to be read before large medical groups. At his right hand stands Harry Raybin, the center's technical director, a professional chemist who keeps at his job with crusading fervor. He is a gray, broad-shouldered man, soft-spoken and extraordinarily modest; quick to forgo weekend pleasures and summer vacations to keep the center at top efficiency. He and Doctor Jacobziner make the perfect team, and their staff is trained to keep alert.

Raybin never leaves the office or his home without telling the staff where he can be reached if emergency comes up. He set up a rolling library of books and file cards on poison control that is within his reach by day, or within a step of the men who do the late-afternoon-through-dawn hitches. When his night men have to leave their desks in the Health Department in downtown Manhattan on outside calls, which they do mainly on gas leaks, they maintain communication from their cars with the Health Department's switchboard or with the director. The post is never unguarded. No man, not even Raybin, is allowed to trust to memory when a nurse or a doctor asks for information in a poison emergency; he must refer to the books or cards. Doctor Jacobziner put in that rule to cut down margin for error.

In the beginning, the New York center was intended to serve only the five New York City boroughs, but once it was functioning, emergency calls came from up and down the seaboard and from inland cities too. Doctor Jacobziner ordered that all calls were to be taken, no matter where they came from.

One Sunday afternoon, some weeks ago, the center's man on the emergency desk got a call from a Doctor Scott of the Good Samaritan Hospital, in Lexington, Kentucky.

Charlie Kinkaid, three-year-old son of Lexington's mayor, had swallowed some insect spray. Did New York have a file on the brand? It did. Within seconds Doctor Scott was told that the danger lay in the chlordane content. The suggested treatment was read off too. Doctor Scott thanked the center and got back to young Kinkaid. He came out all right.

Pediatricians separate the household poisons into five main categories—drugs and medicines; cosmetics and toilet goods; cleaning, polishing and sanitizing agents; pesticides; and, in the last grouping, poisonous plants and berries. In New York City, drugs are responsible for 47 per cent of all accidental poison cases, according to a study undertaken by Doctor Jacobziner. Aspirin, especially the colored and flavored kind made up for infants, lures the most victims.

Sleeping pills and other sedatives left where children can get at them are major menaces, too, and that's where poor old grandma takes the rap, so to speak. Grandmothers, more than mothers, for some reason, are apt to leave their handbags in cribs and perambulators, or on tables where babies can get at them. And grandma seems to carry more drugs with her than any other member of the family. The center men say they get calls over and over again that show that infants got their poison dose from grandma's pocketbook. The poisons usually include aspirin, barbiturates, weight-reducing pills and digitalis. Taken discreetly, these don't harm grandma, but a baby will swallow a fistful, knowing no better, and in large amounts these helpful drugs become poisons.

It's grandma again—though it may be any other adult in the family—who seems most likely to use part of some clear household liquid like boric acid, household bleach, cleaning fluid or kerosene product, then transfer what's left to a pop bottle and stick it into the refrigerator or on some low shelf where small crawlers can get at it. Transfer of potentially toxic fluids from a labeled container to a soft-drink bottle or to some other unlabeled vessel is common—and dangerous. The control-center men keep getting such cases almost every day. Adults as well as children often become victims that way.

The men who handle accidental poisonings soon come to know that there is a definite time factor in the home-poison scheme. Accidents seem to begin in the early morning hours when two- to three-year-olds start crawling out of cribs and trundle beds. The graph falls sharply after they've been tucked in for the night. Mornings seem to bring the most cases. The two-year-olds and the three-year-olds, adventuring and exploring before sleepy mothers know that they're up and about, blunder into cleaning closets, medicine chests, into their fathers' paints, solvents, glues and hobby-kit chemicals. The evening calls that come over the center's line are more apt to involve deliberate adult suicide attempts or overdosing of infants by illiterate mothers who don't understand that while one aspirin may soothe a child, six or seven may poison it, and greater doses may kill.

The term "poison" can be tricky. The poison-control centers, for example, are compelled to list a number of oil preparations as poisons, though they would rarely kill an adult. It seems that infants are apt to breathe in oils in medicines, or in furniture polishes, which means that the oil gets into the lungs rather than into the stomach. A large amount of oil in a child's lungs can bring on pneumonia, a pneumonia that will not respond to antibiotics because there are no bacteria involved. The oil cannot be removed from the lung. In most cases it is gradually absorbed or dissipated and no great harm comes of it, but in some cases it eventually kills. This was fairly common, center men tell you, when oil-based nose drops were used. Now almost all nose drops use water base.

One of the household menaces is leaded paint. Most paint victims are two- to

Party Spirit

The conversation is slowing up,
It's dwindled now to a yawn,
But there'll be more to talk about
When some of the guests have gone.

Stephen Schlitzer

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Ummm! Slip between sheets cozy as sun on sand, bask in uninterrupted warmth till morning. Westinghouse bed covering *automatically* adjusts to changes in room temperature, warms as little or as much as you need, hour by hour. It's the easiest way to outsmart a fickle thermometer!
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three-year-olds and even younger crawlers at teething stage. They nibble paint from toys, from crib railings, window sills; from scabrous walls in old tenements. The doctors call the paint eaters' ailment "lead intoxication," or "pica," a term defined as, "depraved or perverted appetite or craving for unnatural foods, such as chalk, paint, clay. . . ." The effects are scary—a weird paleness; brain, bone and nerve deterioration that brings zombie expressions and, in extreme cases, death. In New York no leaded paint can be used on children's furniture or toys, but the lead-intoxicated still turn up. The children in poor dwellings somehow get down to undercoats of old house paint and destroy themselves with it.

The very ornaments some children wear can kill them. Harry Raybin learned that after he got a call some weeks ago from the emergency room at New York's City Hospital. "Just brought a man in here," the intern told him. "He's bent with violent cramps. He took sick after he ate some castor beans he was unloading from a ship's hold." Raybin called the Botanical Garden in the Bronx. A curator there told him that the castor bean holds ricin, a poisonous protein. Raybin thanked him, flipped open his Handbook of Poisons and looked up "ricin." The castor-oil manufacturers process ricin out of their product, but people who have chewed and digested even a single bean have been known to die from it. California, one of the places where the bean grows, has reported quite a few ricin deaths.

Anyway, Raybin looked up the proper treatment, passed the dope along to the intern and the stevedore came through all right. Now Raybin has some of the beans in his museum. In the same collection he has a pretty castor-bean necklace he bought at a church fair in Patterson, New York. "Didn't want it lying around to kill someone," he explains. Yet castor-bean necklaces are not uncommon among West Indians and Puerto Ricans in New York. The castor bean is used where they come from for making rosaries and for ornamenting costumes. It's sometimes called the rosary bean. The akee, another tropical berry used for beads, is in Harry's collection too. The akee is a killer in Cuba and Jamaica, where it grows. Quite a few have been brought into New York, too, though he's had no akee cases so far. He has had to help doctors with mistletoe and holly eaters and is prepared to give information on other plants that make children sick; things like chinaberry, nightshade, burning bush, some of the ivies, wisteria, buckeye, honeysuckle fruit, wild-cucumber seed. He keeps quite a bit of literature on plant poisons.

Doctor Jacobziner, Raybin and the heads of poison-control centers everywhere keep pleading with manufacturers of drugs, medicines and household items that contain potential poisons to be a bit more open and informative in their labeling. The producers of those items are reluctant to label their stuff POISON when it isn't outright poison. They don't want to use the old skull-and-crossbones signal on a label, because it lowers sales. Some won't indicate a harmful ingredient for fear of giving away the formula. Some suggest to the buyer that a certain polish, cleaning fluid or deodorant "may be fatal if inhaled or swallowed," but too many put it in the tiniest type, which few users ever read.

No law compels a drug or insecticide manufacturer to name product ingredients on his labels. That leaves the doctor in the dark when a patient comes in violently sick, convulsed or in coma. Raybin spends hours, sometimes, trying to track down a manufacturer on weekends, or even on working days, to learn what is in a new cleanser or antirust compound, so that a possible treatment can be used. He has used the FBI and the state police on some of his telephone hunts for the maker of some new lethal household liquid or paste.

Not long ago Greenpoint Hospital in Brooklyn called Raybin. Emergency there had a child who had swallowed a new liquid lipstick remover. The police had brought the bottle in, but the only warning it carried was that the contents were flammable. The child was pumped out and sent home, but Raybin, hefting a sample of the stuff, was aware that it had unusual weight for a liquid; it was heavier than you'd expect water or alcohol to be. He knew that meant that the liquid was probably carbon tetrachloride, which is used in a hundred different brands of cleaning fluids and spot removers. Carbon tet is always heavy. It is most deadly when mixed with alcohol. Incidentally, there have been a number of instances of teen-age gangsters sniffing carbon tet for imagined "lift." It can kill if enough is inhaled that way. Raybin got the manufacturer on the telephone and reminded him that *(Continued on Page 80)*

Fashion experts state that women dress to express themselves. Apparently some have very little to say.

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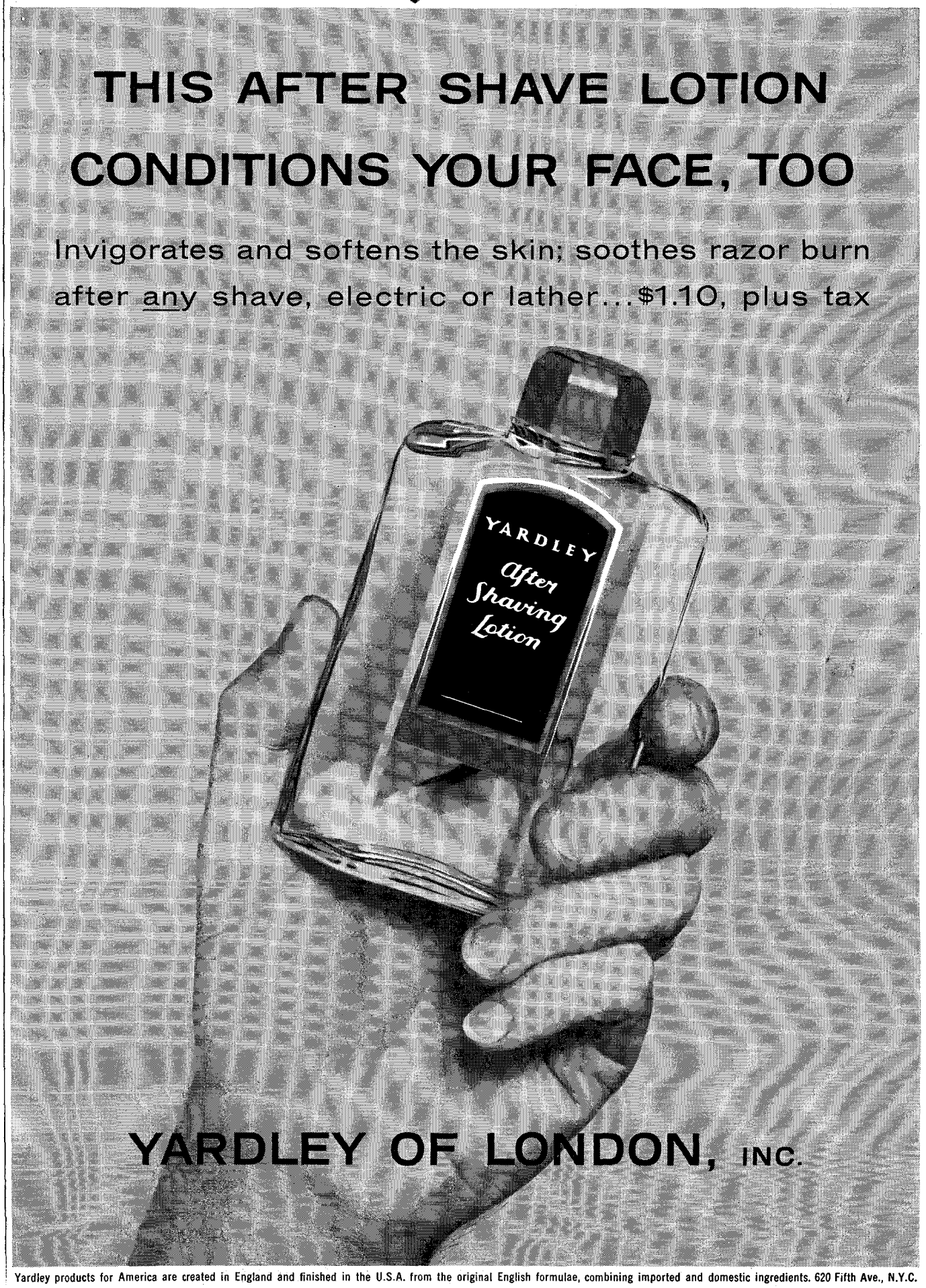

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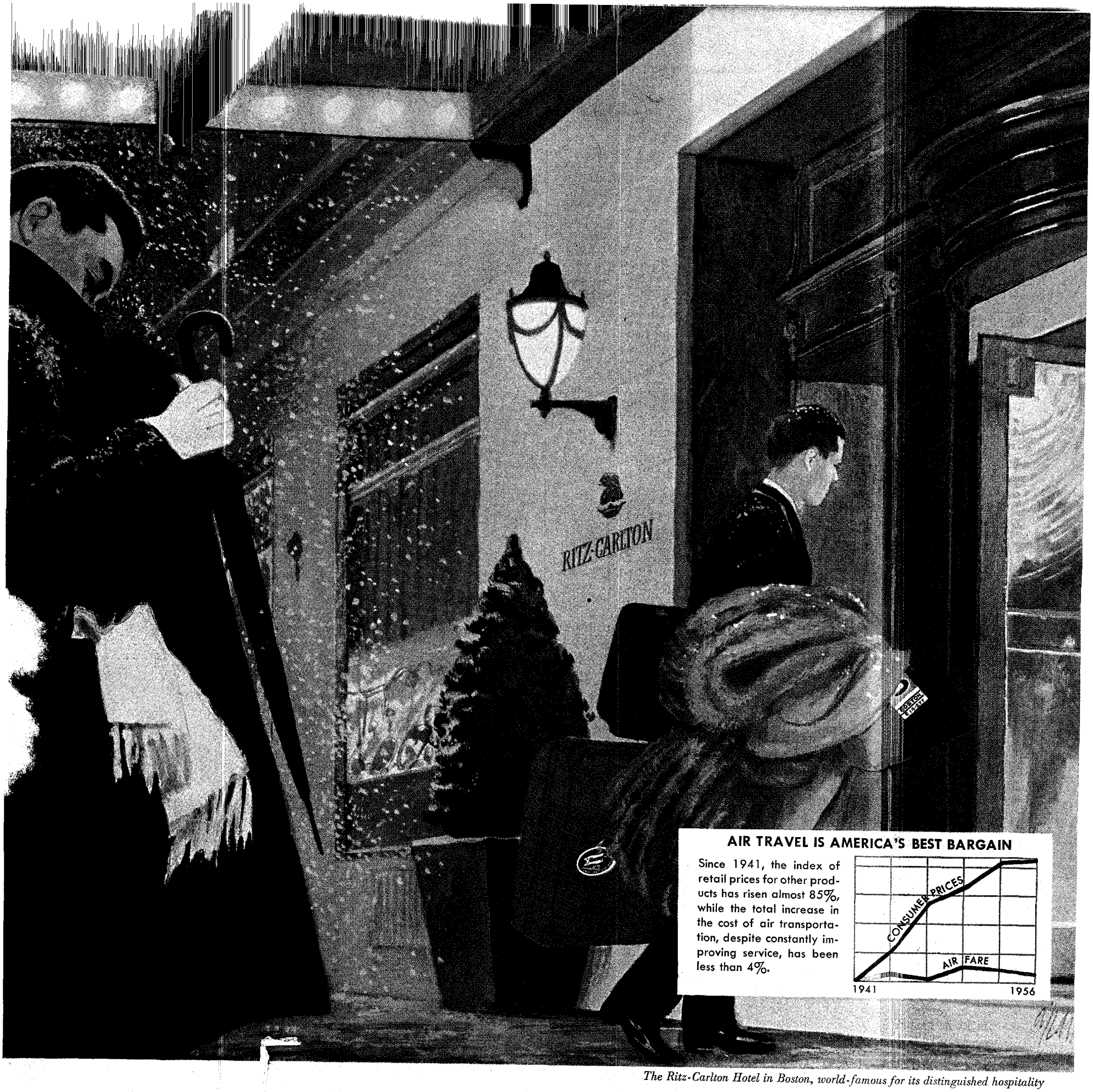
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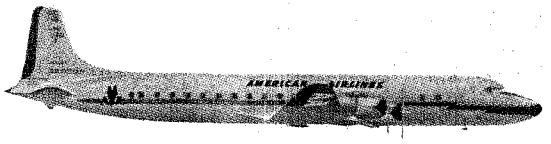

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AMERICAN AIRLINES

America's Leading Airline

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(*Continued from Page 77*) under the health law in New York any product containing carbon tet must carry the warning, "May be fatal if inhaled or swallowed." The company didn't argue. The label was changed.

On the other hand, Raybin has run into labels that indicated lethal content where there was none. A call came in two months ago from a panicky mother. Someone had given her little boy a toy doctor's kit, a wooden stethoscope, a wooden thermometer and a small black bottle filled with little red pills. Her boy had swallowed some of the pills. Mr. Raybin asked if there was any label on the black bottle. There was. The woman spelled it out: "Orthotoluidine Testing Tablets." The chemist thought, *Holy smoke, that's one of the anilines.* The anilines, it seems, can be deadly. What madman would offer those in a toy kit? Raybin had the kit manufacturer's name. It turned out to be a nice old lady and her husband in a tiny Fifth Avenue loft. They made the kits by hand. They had bought the little black bottles, empty and unused, from War Surplus. The containers were originally intended to hold tablets for armed forces' testing of the chlorine content in drinking water. The "pills" in the toy kit were high-grade sugar candy. Raybin breathed easier. He called the mother back and told her the boy could suffer no harm from the candy. She wept—for joy.

Many calls that come through the center's lines seem serious at first, and then turn out to be amusing. Some time ago, around dinner hour, the man on duty was called by a doctor in Queens. The doctor was a hospital executive. His daughter had cooked the evening meal, and the soup had rather a strange taste. It turned out she had cut up hyacinth bulbs instead of onions for the soup flavoring. The bulbs had just happened to be lying around the kitchen, and they looked enough like onions to lead her into error. "I'll call you right back, doc," the center man said. He got one of the Botanical Garden curators at home. "Nothing to worry about, doctor," he was able to tell the Queens hospital man a few minutes later. "They tell me at the Garden that during the war a lot of Dutch prisoners ate hyacinth bulbs to keep from starving and came through all right." The doctor, intrigued, finished his hyacinth soup.

On another evening, when the night man was at the center's phones, staring out at darkness in deserted downtown Manhattan, a panicky call came from a family physician uptown. "Baby daughter of one of my patients, a clarinetist's wife, has just swallowed the contents of a bottle marked 'Oil for Woodwinds,'" the doctor reported. "Can you tell me what's in that oil that might be harmful?" The center man searched through the index. Nothing on "Oil for Woodwinds." He called Raybin. Raybin called one of his own inspectors, who was an amateur woodwind player, but the inspector had no idea of what was in the oil.

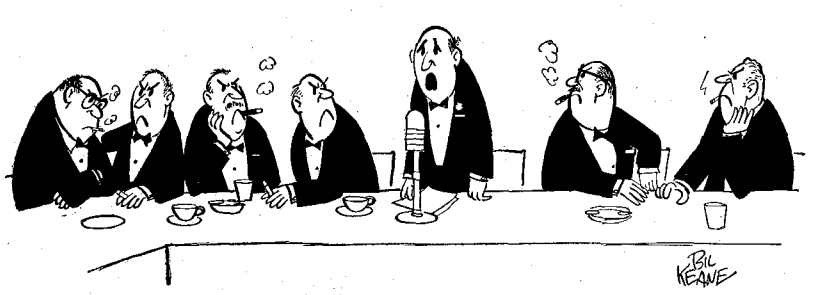
Raybin never gives up. He remembered then that a Philharmonic concert was scheduled at Carnegie Hall that evening. He swiftly outlined the emergency and begged the man on the phone to ask the Philharmonic woodwind players if any knew what the woodwind preservative was made of. As he waited, he heard background squealing and tootling of musicians warming up. Finally the man came back. No one knew what was in the oil, but several knew what shops sold it. It took some time, but after a few more calls, Raybin caught up with someone from a musical-instrument company. The man said, "Oil for Woodwinds is just mineral oil with a touch of aromatic oil added, that's all." Raybin knew this was harmless. He had his night man tell the doctor so.

There was a happy ending, too, to a call from a doctor who had been hysterically summoned to a house in Brooklyn. A baby there had somehow pried apart one of its plastic blocks and had eaten one of the white crystals that lay within it. The crystals were there to make the block rattle. There was no manufacturer's name on the blocks, so Raybin ordered a crystal rushed to a chemist. Test showed it was only rock salt and barely pebble size. The baby suffered no harm from it.

Generally the center is prepared to suggest to doctors how to treat any given poison case. In a great majority the stomach pump, the universal antidote, or emetics remove or reduce the danger from poisonous swallowings. In some cases, however, the pump itself may add to the injury. That's usually the problem, the center people tell you, where corrosives or caustics have gone into a patient's stomach. The corrosives and caustics eat at esophagus and stomach tissue, leaving them raw and tender. Pump hose might break through such tissue. Usually milk or emulsions are used in those cases, but doctors know how to handle these. Mainly, they just want to establish what harmful chemical was in whatever a child swallowed, and the center is equipped to give the answer or will dig it up.

When there's no doctor within ready call, the mother can get a start, in most poisoning cases, by administering water and raw egg-white, a glass of milk, or both. She must be careful, though, to keep out of the child's lung whatever it gives back after an emetic has been administered. The best position for holding a baby, then, is in the lap, in spanking position, with the head lower than the hips—say, eight or ten inches lower.

The latest book on accidental poisoning, curiously, grew directly out of a child poison case. Thirty years ago, Mrs. Gleason's son, Peter, came close to death when the maid gave him a strong dose of disinfectant in mistake for cod-liver oil. Peter is thirty-one years old now, and a radiologist. Mrs. Gleason is sixty-six and still lives in Rochester, New York, where she almost lost Peter. Her book, inspired by the maid's mistake, an 1160-page, yellow-covered tome, is Clinical Toxicology of Commercial Products, put out by Williams (*Continued on Page 82*)



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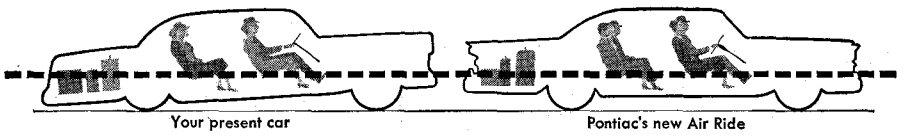

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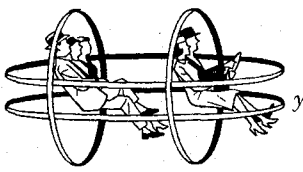

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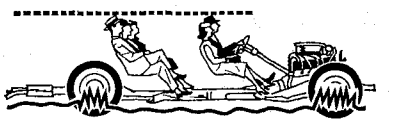

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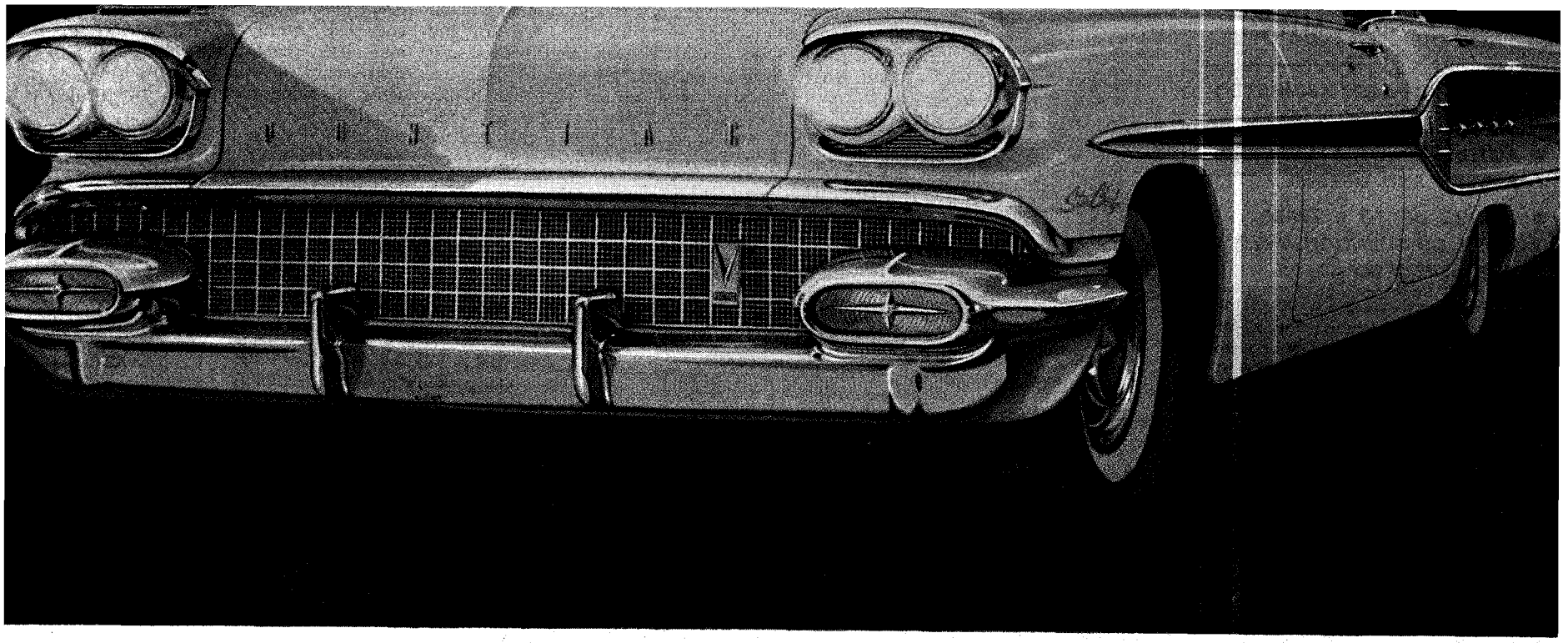

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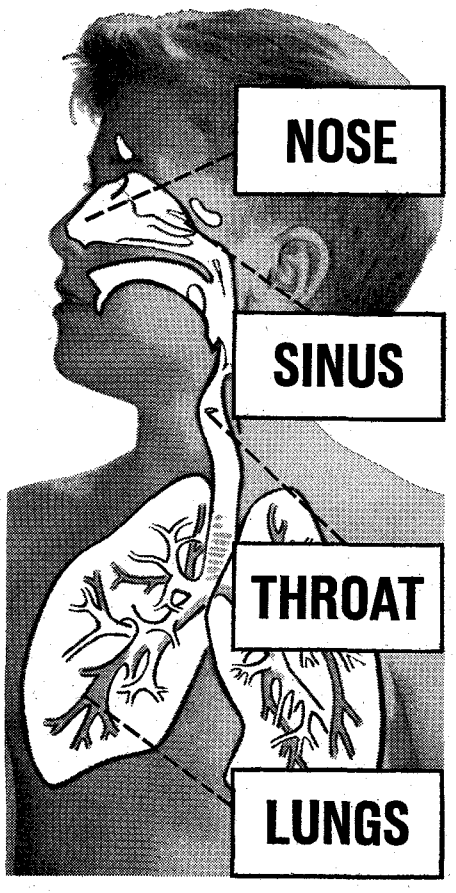

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SUPER® ANAHIST
Instant Acting
CHEST RUB

A Remarkable Medical Development from Anahist Research Laboratories

(*Continued from Page 80*) and Wilkins, in Baltimore. It was written primarily for physicians, first-aid centers and for poison-control units. It lists 15,000 products by trade names, tells chemical content and suggests treatments for each. Raybin treasures his fresh copy.

Doctor Jacobziner and other center heads have drawn up a broad safety code for the home that all parents should know and keep ever in mind. He points out, for example, that 40 per cent of all accidental poisonings were traced to harmful items of one kind or another left out in the open—on the floor, in the sink, on tables, dressers or open shelves. Another 16 per cent traced to unlocked cabinets, to unlocked drawers in dressers and desks, or under kitchen sinks. "Accidental poisonings," he says, "happen in direct proportion to the degree of accessibility of toxic substances."

The doctor's studies seem to establish that the two-to-three-year-old group is the most unpredictable when it comes to searching out poisons. First of all, he points out, they're beginning at that stage to learn something about the world; they're extraordinarily curious and inquisitive. Parents don't always know beforehand when a child has suddenly learned the fascinating trick of climbing. At two to three years they'll test anything and everything. They've already acquired a kind of cunning, too, and a guilt sense. That's why, instead of just tasting or smelling something new, they'll bolt it right down, especially if they suspect there's a chance of being caught in the act. They do it with diaper-can deodorants, which are mostly camphor, and with the vilest-smelling and with the most awful-tasting stuff—bleaches, benzine, insect sprays and lye—concoctions they wouldn't tolerate if they'd stop long enough to taste or sniff before the swallow. Another thing the center people have learned about these canny two- and three-year-olds is that when they snitch on a baby brother or sister as having swallowed something forbidden, they're very apt to have taken some themselves, but want to cover up. Director Raybin says that happens so often that he and his men always suggest that the little informers be examined for possible poisoning along with those against whom they inform.

The little two-to-three-year-olds are common scavengers too. Doctor Jacobziner says they dig all manner of poisons out of trash cans—paint tins, antirust compounds, brake fluid, paint remover, or almost anything else the family thinks it has safely discarded. They pick stuff up in empty lots and around buildings under construction. More children are poisoned during spring-planting and spring-cleaning time than at any other season. There seem to be a lot more chemicals in use then, in one form or another. A favorite item for the omnivorous rover in springtime—though he'll go for it almost any time—is furniture polish. It looks golden and pretty, in most cases, and often includes lemon oil. Babies love the odor of lemon oil.

Doctor Jacobziner and Harry Raybin are rather mild-mannered men, yet both come close to scolding parents as a group for the poisonings that happen every day throughout the country. Doctor Jacobziner says, "So-called accidental poisonings are not accidental. It would have been accident indeed if poisoning had not taken place in most of the incidents studied. All the prerequisite ingredients for the occurrence of an accident were present—a toxic substance, an inexperienced host, an unsafe environment. In no instance, when you study these cases, could it be established that the incident was unavoidable."

I Found Out What Supersonic Means (Continued from Page 23)

take a deep breath—puts its visiting firemen through quite a preliminary course of sprouts. There is a physical exam and a "preflight indoctrination lecture." These are followed by "pre-oxygenation" in a small, unpleasant tank called an "altitude chamber," where, for reasons I shall explain later, you learn a new kind of breathing, and spend twenty minutes sucking in pure oxygen at a simulated altitude of 35,000 feet. Finally you are led out to the plane, festooned, like the White Knight, in oxygen mask, crash helmet, radio headgear, Mae West jacket, parachute, and heaven knows what all, your head crammed with confusing instructions, already half forgotten, about what to do if something goes wrong.

The plane was an F9F-8T, a two-seater version of the Navy's Cougar fighter. Its pilot was Lt. Virgil Hancock—he prefers, naturally, to be called "Hank"—a cheerful, brown-faced, reassuringly competent young man, who fussed over me amiably as I climbed into the cockpit.

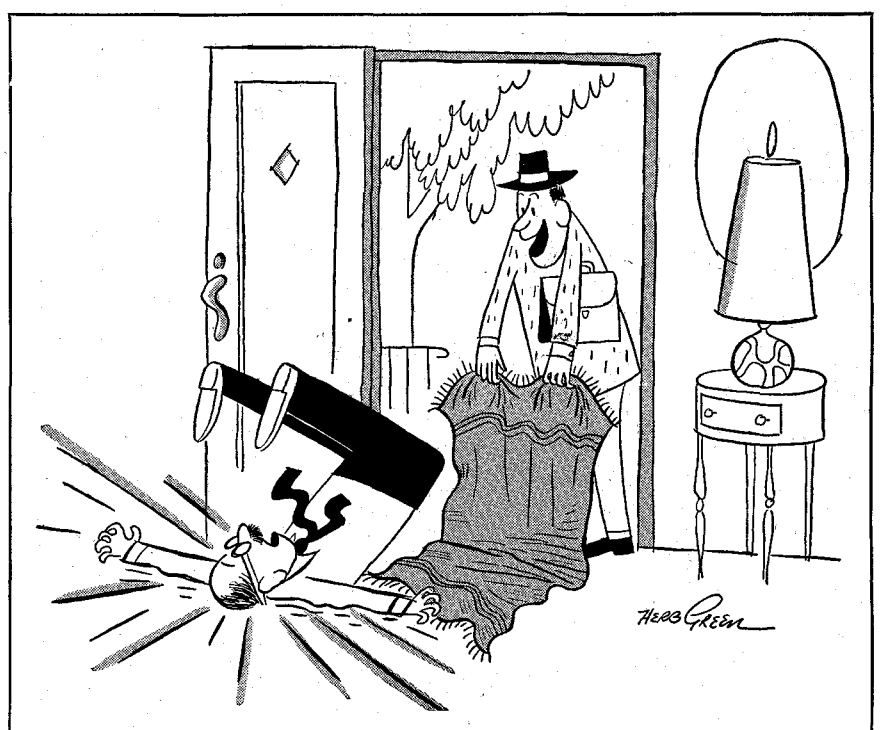
Sitting in a supersonic jet fighter, even on the ground, you feel a bit like a witch on a broomstick. A jet is really nothing but a flying stovepipe with a fire in its belly, and it is an entirely different order of animal from the propeller-driven plane. As we taxied to take off, the fire in the belly of the plane made all sorts of disturbing roars and squeals, but once in the air the engine seemed to make no noise at all.

The take-off is about what you would expect—a tremendous surge of power, a breathless shooting up through the clouds. The unexpected part comes a little later. For, as you climb up to 30,000 feet and beyond, you suddenly and completely lose all sense of movement. You know you are climbing steeply at about 500 miles an hour, because the instruments say so. But your senses don't say so. Through the earphones, you hear nothing but the confused radio gabble. You smell nothing but the sweet, rubbery smell of the 100 per cent oxygen in your mask. Far above the weather and the winds, there is no movement in the plane at all, not a tremor. Above all, there is no reference point for your eyes as you peer through the canopy at the limitless, ever-darkening blue. The cloud layer miles below you is a motionless and unchanging blanket, and there is nothing else to see. So you feel suspended, unmoving in the sky, a tiny, timeless, heavenly body, alone and curiously removed from human life.

"Hello, we have neighbors," Lieutenant Hancock remarked over the intercom. I caught, far off to the right, the quick flash of a couple of other planes passing on an oblique course, and for an instant my sense of immense speed was restored. Hancock explained that they were a Navy tanker and another Cougar practicing air refueling. "Let's stop and have a look," he said. And that, or so it seemed, was precisely what we did.

For when I spotted the other planes again, Hancock had drawn parallel and slowed his speed to theirs. So there we were, the three of us, stopped, cut off from the world below, seemingly motionless, except when the second Cougar would lunge forward uncertainly, feeling with its nose for the fuel line, like an anxious piglet nuzzling for the sow's dug. Then we started up again, and the altimeter climbed steadily past 35,000 feet to 40,000. We were well out over the sea by this time. "We've got to be awful careful where we make the boom," Hancock explained—the "supersonic boom" which a plane makes when it flies at the speed of sound will sometimes do serious damage to ground structures, and civilians don't like the noise anyway. Then Hancock said cheerily, "O.K., here we go," and nosed the little plane over into a near-vertical dive to gain speed, and all sense of being motionless disappeared utterly.

The little plane quivered all over as it raced for the sound barrier. I felt the skin being pulled (*Continued on Page 84*)



"See how easy it is to have an accident in the home? . . . Now then . . . the insurance I sell . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 82*) back over my skull, and I had a feeling that my stomach had been left somewhere very far behind, and an odd sensation also of weightlessness. Slowly the meter crept up to the magic figure of "Mach One," the speed of sound. As the needle edged past the magic point, reaching a ground speed of just over 700 miles an hour, Hancock pulled out, and I felt as though my stomach were being shoved back into place in a rude and heavy-handed manner.

That was about all there was to it. The man in the plane never hears the supersonic boom—the plane, after all, is going faster than the sound. And modern aerodynamic design has almost wholly eliminated the merciless buffeting at the sound barrier which was felt by the first explorers of the new world of supersonic flight. And yet, that is not all there is to supersonic flight, as I discovered a few days later in an Air Force plane. I made this discovery as a result of a number of mistakes.

My first mistake was to mention to an Air Force friend that I had broken the sound barrier in a Navy plane. He immediately arranged for me to take a flight in an Air Force F-100-F, or Super Sabre, at the Andrews Air Force Base outside of Washington. Then I made the same mistake all over again, when I mentioned my Navy flight to Maj. Robinson Risner, pilot of the Super Sabre. Major Risner is a "tiger," as hot pilots are known these days. He is also as proud of his Super Sabre as any knight of his charger, and I thought I detected a certain something in this tiger's eyes when he heard the word "Navy." He would like, he said, to show me what the Super Sabre could do. He did.

First he took the Super Sabre almost straight up, at supersonic speed, an indescribable sensation of which I can say only that it feels somehow against nature. At 43,000 feet he leveled off, and I made a third mistake. Recalling my Navy flight, I remarked over the intercom that there was no sense of movement at all at that height. The remark seemed to stimulate Major Risner. He asked me if I'd like to see what the Super Sabre could do in the way of dive bombing, and I allowed as how I would, which was a lie. So Major Risner turned the nose of the plane straight down, and rushed for the earth at the incredible speed of more than 1200 miles an hour, which made the ground look like a custard pie about to be shoved into our faces.

Then he showed me, to my dismay, all sorts of other tricks—bomb lobbing at supersonic speed and tree-top level; turning on the afterburner for increased speed in the getaway, which feels exactly as though you had been kicked in the rear by a powerful mule; a roll in the stratosphere at supersonic speed—what, you ask yourself, is the earth doing in the sky?—and the slowdown to stalling speed. This last trick is accomplished by lowering a big trap door in the bottom of the plane, which makes you feel as though you had unexpectedly hit a stone wall, and which, I confess, scared me most of all.

And yet, although my expedition with Major Risner was a good deal more lively than my trip with Lieutenant Hancock, the flight in the Navy plane remains most vividly in my memory, perhaps because it was my first experience of the breakaway phenomenon.

Before we took off, some thoughtful person had strapped a pad to my trembling knee and given me a pencil. When I landed, I found a note—"Ha, lovely"—scribbled uncertainly on the pad. Maybe I was stimulated by the diet of 100 per cent oxygen. But I think I caught a glimpse, at least, of the strange elation which is produced by stratospheric flight. This elation is a recognized psychological reaction which the specialists in aviation medicine have dubbed "the breakaway phenomenon."

A good description of the breakaway phenomenon has already appeared in The Saturday Evening Post, in an advertisement for the new Douglas DC-8 Jetliner: "But your rewards in the jet age will be measured by more than time and space. Startling beauty will unfold for you. . . . And for your spirit, an unearthly sense of serenity."

The word "unearthly" is the key word. The breakaway phenomenon is the sense of being cut off from human existence, of having escaped utterly from the world. The phenomenon has its psychological dangers. One is disorientation. When I was whirling about in the stratosphere with Major Risner, I never did figure out which end was up, and at very high altitude some pilots always have difficulty in sensing correctly their relation to the earth. Another danger is "space myopia." Since there is nothing else for his eyes to focus on, a pilot tends to see only the cockpit and the instruments, so that he loses his distant vision, and is all but blinded to the limitless distances around him. A pilot suffering from space myopia is obviously in no shape to fight enemy planes.

Some pilots, moreover, good men and fine pilots at lower speeds and altitudes, do not feel the peculiar elation of the breakaway phenomenon. On the contrary, they hate the sensation. "What," they ask themselves unhappily, "am I doing up here all by myself?" and they cannot wait to get down again. I had a glimmer of this feeling too—"Men belong below" was another note I found scribbled on my pad. But most pilots adore the breakaway phenomenon. Some crave the sensation like a drug. Specialists in aviation psychology count the breakaway reaction as a major factor in the very high morale of jet pilots.

It is a bit surprising that the morale of jet pilots is so high, when you consider the nature of the environment in which they operate. The human problems involved in supersonic, stratospheric flight revolve around a simple fact—that man, as I noted on my kneepad, does indeed belong below. The human body simply was not designed by God to fly at very great speeds and very great altitudes. Therefore, ways must be found to keep a man's body functioning in an environment infinitely more hostile than the fierce cold of the poles or the terrible heat of the Saharas.

We live at the bottom of a vast ocean of atmosphere, which covers the globe as thinly as the skin of an apple. The outer skin of the apple is at about 120,000 feet—beyond that, there are only the faintest traces of atmosphere. The nearer you get to the outer skin, the more threatening to human life the thinning atmosphere becomes.

There are, in fact, four distinct ways in which the hostile environment of very-high-altitude supersonic flight can kill you, if you are not protected from that environment.

In the first place, there is the awful cold. As the altitude increases, the temperature drops steadily, until the base of the stratosphere is reached. The base of the stratosphere varies between 30,000 and 50,000 feet. After it is reached, the temperature remains constant at an average of about minus 67 degrees Fahrenheit until, at very high altitudes, near the outer skin of the apple, the temperature begins to increase again as the sun's rays pierce the very thin atmosphere.

Yet, in this terrible, cold, the friction of the atmosphere on the surface of a supersonic jet causes enormous heat. At twice the speed of sound, for example—already within reach of modern jets—a plane's skin temperature reaches 275 degrees Fahrenheit. At five times the speed of sound, a speed at which the planes of tomorrow will fly, hardened steel melts like butter in the summer sun. Thus the threat to human life comes from heat as well as cold.

But the pressure problem is really worse than the temperature problem. At sea level, the pressure of the atmosphere on the human body is fifteen pounds per square inch. At 40,000 feet, the most efficient operational altitude for most modern jets, the pressure on the body is less than three pounds per square inch.

Dr. Herbert Kelly, the earnest young specialist in aviation medicine who gave me my "preflight indoctrination" before the flight in the Cougar, remarked very seriously that it was "most inadvisable" to eat baked beans or other gas-producing foods before a high-altitude flight. The reason is obvious. Because nature abhors a vacuum, everything inside you tends to expand as the altitude increases. In an unpressurized cabin, for example, a pocket of gas in the stomach will expand four times over at 35,000 feet. Doctor Kelly described the sensation as "one of extreme discomfort." A Navy pilot put it more vividly when he said that "it's sort of like you were going to have a baby."

But denying yourself baked beans will not save you if you are exposed unprotected to the low atmospheric pressure at about 50,000 feet or a bit over, by no means an unusual altitude for modern jets. For at that altitude you would "decompress explosively." To put it more bluntly, you would blow up.

At over 50,000 feet the nitrogen in your blood would expand in such a way as to cause your blood, almost literally, to boil. This is why the Navy prescribes twenty minutes of "pre-oxygenation" for anyone who is to fly at high altitude. During those twenty minutes you breathe pure oxygen through a mask, which has the effect of sharply reducing the nitrogen content of the blood. But even this will not save a man exposed to "explosive decompression" at much over 50,000 feet.

As the pressure falls, the oxygen content of the air also falls—and this, too, can kill you. At 18,000 feet you get only about half as much oxygen into your lungs with every breath as at sea level. At 40,000 feet, you get less than a fifth as much. At 18,000 feet, you are likely to pass out in about ten to twenty minutes, without a special oxygen supply. At 40,000 feet, you pass out in fifteen to thirty seconds, and die shortly thereafter.

Oddly enough, the interval between full consciousness and oblivion is not unpleasant. On the contrary, you may feel wildly elated. The effect is very similar to drunkenness. "You feel," one Navy pilot explained, "as though you had had about nine double old-fashioneds in a row."

Obviously, the judgment of a man who has had nine double old-fashioneds is impaired. This suggests the devilish nature of the upper-air environment. For a man whose oxygen supply has been interrupted may be quite unaware of it, and is likely to feel that he has never done a more brilliant job of flying. One Navy pilot, who took a seaplane up to a mere 16,000 feet without an oxygen mask, began singing dirty limericks over the microphone, and almost killed himself trying to loop his unloopable plane. But a pilot has one visible warning of this fleeting, and probably final, moment of hilarity. His fingernails turn blue. All Navy pilots are taught: "If your nails turn blue, get downstairs quick."

Finally, there is still a fourth way in which the environment inherent in high-altitude supersonic flight may kill a man. This way is related, not to altitude, but to speed.

There was a time, hardly more than a decade ago, when many specialists in such matters believed that the new world of the upper air and supersonic flight was closed to human visitors. They believed, specifically, that for complex aerodynamic reasons the speed of sound—around 700 miles per hour, depending on the altitude—constituted a barrier which no plane could cross. It was only a short eleven years ago that Geoffrey de Havilland, son of the great British aircraft designer, seemed to prove this theory tragically correct.

In September, 1946, De Havilland took off in the Swallow, a jet plane of revolutionary design, to beat the then-existing speed records. Spectators on the ground heard, for the first time, the ominous supersonic boom, and the Swallow disintegrated in midair, so completely that only tiny slivers were later found in the mud of the Thames estuary.

It was only ten years ago that Capt. Charles Yeager, United States Air Force test pilot, climbed into the cockpit of the tiny experimental Bell XS-1, and hurled himself past the sound barrier, the first man to do so and live. The late Air Force Chief of Staff Hoyt Vandenberg remarked that Yeager's flight should "rank with the bravest acts of American history." And so it should, for Yeager was quite aware of De Havilland's fate.

But thanks to modern design, the sound barrier does not really exist any more. To prove it, Major Risner flew his Super Sabre at just below Mach One, at precisely Mach One, and then just above Mach One. There was no sensation at all, not the (*Continued on Page 86*)

Mountains and Lowlands

By Diana Kearny Powell

I am afraid of high mountains,
Who am heiress to the long,
low stretching of sea,
To sandy places,
And lowland cities with heavy
air.
I hear death in the mountain
silence,
Who have heard the wharf
noise, the sound of traffic.
Life is full-throated and noisy.
It dwells in noisy places,
On rivers and marshes, and on
the sea bottom.
It seeks the water,
That is blown up quickly in
waves,
And breaks quickly.
Life runs down from the stony
peaks,
The high peaks that are
pressed up slowly by the
ages,
And that fall slowly under the
ages.

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NEW! The only toaster that's an "oven", too!

The new General Electric Toast-R-Oven makes perfect toast "upstairs" or "down." Heats bread and rolls, toasts buttered bread right at the table!

NEW
TOAST-R-OVEN
$29.95*
*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price
Toasts 2 slices
Warms 6

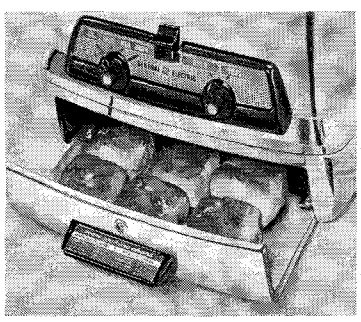
HERE'S SOMETHING really new in toasters. The General Electric Toast-R-Oven does just about all your toasting, warming, browning jobs *right at your table.*

Makes toast "upstairs" to any delicious shade you want. Keeps it warm "downstairs" in the oven. Just set the oven dial for warming rolls, buns or muffins.

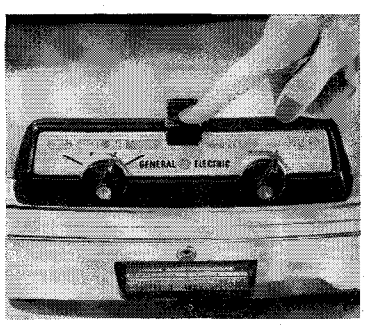
And it's all so simple! You'll love the easy convenience of the General Electric Toast-R-Oven. Love its compact beauty, too.

Why not see it at your General Electric dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

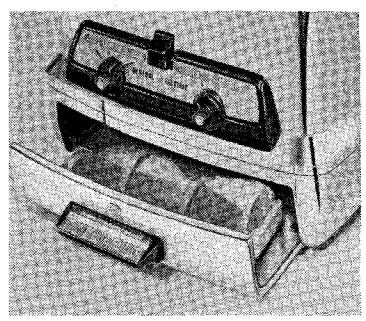
1. Make toast as you like it . . . light or dark or in between with the upper part of your new General Electric Toast-R-Oven. Toast pops up extra high—no digging . . . no burned fingertips.



2. Toasting oven warms up to six rolls, heats muffins, buns—many baked foods that used to mean using the range oven. Holds 8 pieces of toast at one time . . . 6 keeping warm, 2 toasting on top.



3. Press a button to lower toast and start heat. To get the oven temperature you need, set dial at left. Chart on oven door shows you the "just right" heat for whatever you're preparing.



4. Like to toast buttered bread? And how about garlic-y French bread and crunchy oven toast? Just dial the shade you want. You can fix all these treats at the table with this really *new* toaster.

5. Toasted or melted cheese sandwiches, too . . . topped with a slice of tomato for good eating! Oven drawer slides out for easy cleaning. Chromium finish dazzles at the flick of a soft cloth.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(*Continued from Page 84*) faintest trace of the buffeting that killed de Havilland. Moreover, very high speed is not, in itself, dangerous to the human body. Flying at 1200 miles an hour in level flight, you are no more uncomfortable than if you were driving in your car at forty miles an hour. It is change of speed that is dangerous.

Rapid change of speed causes a bodily reaction measured in "positive G's" and "negative G's." One G—for Gravity, of course—equals the weight of your body. Suppose you were sitting on a scale during flight, and accelerated very rapidly. If you weighed 150 pounds, your body pushing down on the scales might register 750 pounds, which would mean that you were experiencing "five positive G's." The effect is to drain the blood from your brain, shoving it down into the extremities.

On my flights, when I felt as though my stomach had been left behind and then urgently replaced, I was experiencing the "G-effect."

For all human beings a point is reached where the G-effect, by draining blood from the brain, causes a blackout—and a blacked-out supersonic pilot is likely to be a dead pilot. For most pilots, the limit is somewhere between five and seven G's.

Thus there are four distinct threats to a pilot's existence inherent in his environment during stratospheric supersonic flight.

As long as the man is in the plane, the plane is undamaged and the altitude is less than 50,000 feet, dealing with these threats is not as impossibly difficult as you might suppose.

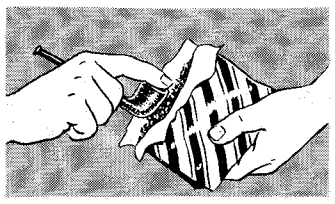
Take the G-effect first. A simple mechanical contrivance—the G-suit—solves that. The suit is equipped with inflatable rubber bladders which bring pressure to bear on the extremities. Thus the pilot's blood is kept in his head, where it belongs, simply because it has nowhere else to go, and the pilot doesn't pass out. It sounds too simple, but it works.

Air-conditioning takes care of the heat-and-cold problem. I was a lot more comfortable when I was flying in the stratosphere than I was on the ground, which is apt to be a pretty unpleasant place to be in summer in the Washington area. There is enough air-conditioning on a modern jet to heat or air-cool a small theater. On the Super Sabre, the apparatus is so efficient that a pilot can make it snow inside the plane, if he is eccentric enough to want to do so.

Partial pressurization of the cabin takes care of the pressure problem—although we flew at over 40,00 feet, the "cabin altitude" was never over 18,000 feet. And the oxygen mask takes care of the oxygen problem—throughout, I was breathing 100-per-cent oxygen, which is said, incidentally, to be a sure cure for a hang-over.

These solutions sound simple, but there are complications. Take, for example, that new way of breathing that I learned in the Navy's altitude chamber. It is called "pressure breathing." On your next breath, notice how easy it is to breathe out, expelling the air from your lungs. It is easy because there are fifteen pounds per square inch of pressure on your diaphragm to help you. But if the cabin pressure fails for some reason or if you are flying (*Continued on Page 88*)

Don't "borrow" other men's Kentucky Club—
BUY YOUR OWN



IN KENSEAL POUCH • GUARANTEED FRESH

YOU'RE SO RIGHT TO SWITCH TO A PIPE—It's the wise and satisfying way to enjoy tobacco. And you're doubly right to switch to one of Kentucky Club's nine choice blends. They are all top quality. All are packaged in moisture-proof, genuine Kenseal Pocket Pouch that's filled at the factory—comes ready to use. Keeps your tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking to the last pipeful. Kentucky Club, Wheeling, West Va.

KENTUCKY CLUB

CHOOSE YOUR PERSONAL TOBACCO FROM

KENTUCKY CLUB'S 9 BRANDS—ALL IN KENSEAL POUCH

AROMATIC KENTUCKY CLUB MIXTURE—Blended for modern tastes from six choice imported and domestic tobaccos. Cool-burning, mild, refreshingly aromatic.

LONDON DOCK—Internationally famous mixture favored by sportsmen and serious smokers. Five top-quality imported and domestic tobaccos.

WHITEHALL—Especially popular with active men. Six different imported and domestic tobaccos but no Latakia. Highly aromatic. Rough cut for easy, cool smoking.

WILLOUGHBY TAYLOR—The personal mixture of Willoughby Taylor, famous tobacco blender. Choice tobaccos sized for cool, even burning.

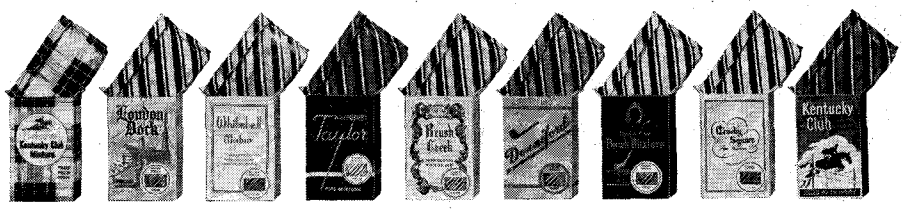
BRUSH CREEK—Just about the most expensive tobacco on the market; and worth it. Blended from top-quality leaves of the best imported and domestic tobaccos. There can be nothing finer.

DONNIFORD—Very smooth English-type mixture. Five choice tobaccos cut five different ways. Generous quantity of rich-flavored Latakia.

CHRISTIAN PEPER'S POUCH MIXTURE—Popular middle-of-the-road blend. A little Latakia and Perique with 3 domestic tobaccos. Real smoking joy.

CROSBY SQUARE—A mixture of 100% domestic tobaccos expertly blended for smokers who like natural taste and aroma. Delightfully mild and mellow. Even-burning.

KENTUCKY CLUB WHITE BURLEY—An honest blend of choice leaves. Famous for its smooth, mild flavor and grand aroma. Never tires taste.



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Bombshell Bertha had a scissors on Myrtle the Mauler when a policeman charged into the ring and arrested both women wrestlers. They were charged with violating a new law prohibiting females from professional wrestling.

"Women have equal rights with men under our laws," Bertha and Myrtle furiously asserted in court. "So if men can wrestle in public, why can't we? This law discriminates against females. It is unconstitutional and should be thrown out."

"Our legislature recognized the comparative frailty of women," the prosecutor replied. "It passed this law to protect them as a matter of public welfare and to preserve the proprieties of womanhood. It sought to safeguard the ladies, not to discriminate against them."

If you were the judge, would you let the gals wrestle?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The ban continued. The court commented on "the ever-increasing feminine encroachment upon what for ages has been considered strictly as manly arts and privileges." It suggested that the legislature "obviously intended that there should be at least one island in the sea of life reserved for men that would be impregnable to the assault of women." And in any case, the court said, the law was justified as a public-welfare measure.

Based upon a 1956 Oregon case.

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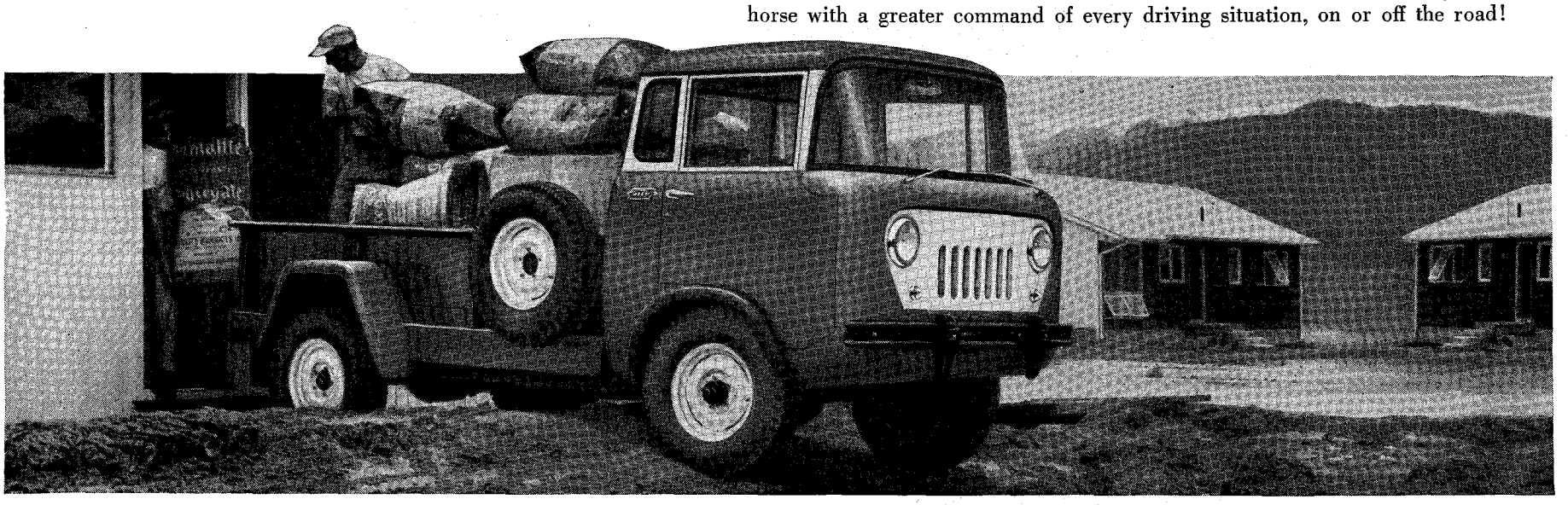
Takes bigger loads!

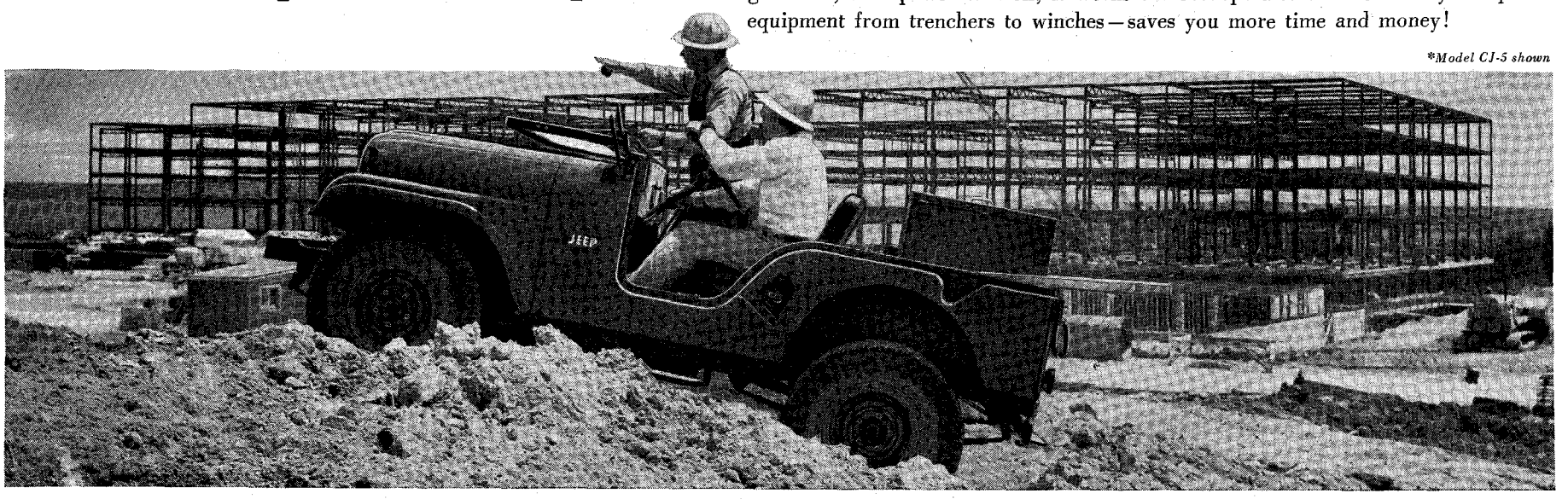
Bulky payloads of up to 3500-pounds! This new and bigger 4-wheel drive Forward Control 'Jeep' FC-170 Truck has no equal for efficient space utilization. Here's why! The new, space-saving Forward Control design places a big 9-foot pickup box on a wheelbase only 103½-inches long. You sit up front in this 7,000-pound GVW workhorse with a greater command of every driving situation, on or off the road!



Does "impossible" jobs!

A test-drive will show you why! The Universal 'Jeep'* has the extra stamina and "dig-in" traction that gets you to the job with sure dependability—through loose fill dirt, over deep-rutted roads, or through thick underbrush where other vehicles can't go. Then, with power take-off, it works there... operates a wide variety of special equipment from trenchers to winches—saves you more time and money!

Model CJ-5 shown



Makes its own roads!

Virtually nothing stops a 'Jeep' vehicle! Where no roads exist, the rugged 'Jeep' Utility Wagon makes its own! It has the extra 4-wheel drive traction to take you through deep mud, sand, soft earth or up 65% grades, in good weather or bad. Then, for economical highway performance, it shifts easily into conventional 2-wheel drive for travel at top legal speeds. There's a "go-anywhere" 'Jeep' vehicle for *your* jobs!

'Jeep'® 4-WHEEL-DRIVE VEHICLES BY WILLYS KEEP AMERICA ON THE MOVE

Drive a time-tested 'Jeep' vehicle at your Willys dealer

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(*Continued from Page 86*) at very high altitude even in a partially pressurized cabin, you get much less of this help. Therefore you have to learn to force the oxygen out of your lungs by a conscious movement of your diaphragm against the pressure of the oxygen supply, in order to make room for the next breath.

It sounds easy. In fact, it is a hard trick to master, because it is always hard to learn to do consciously, and in a different way, what you have learned to do unconsciously. Try, for example, standing in front of a mirror and tying your tie in the opposite way from your usual method. Pressure breathing also becomes very exhausting after a few minutes.

But the need to learn pressure breathing is really a very minor complication. The really major problem, which is still not wholly solved, derives from the fact that pilots of modern military jets must fly at altitudes far over 50,000 feet, the danger mark of explosive decompression. If they are suddenly exposed unprotected to the low outside pressure at that altitude, the best they can hope for is permanent brain damage, and a few thousand feet higher they will certainly be killed instantly.

A military pilot, after all, expects to get shot at. As long as his oxygen supply is not interrupted, and as long as he is flying under the 50,000-feet danger mark, a pilot can continue to function even if his canopy is shot away and he loses the partial pressure in his cabin. That, incidentally, is one reason why the cabins in military planes are never fully pressurized—the shock of the sudden change from full pressure to the low pressure outside might knock a pilot out or kill him, even at less than 50,000 feet. By the same token, as long as he has his oxygen supply, a pilot in an ordinary flying suit can still escape from his plane at under 50,000 feet.

Scared as I was on my flight with Major Risner, I didn't make the mistake of a friend of mine who took a Super Sabre flight the same day. As his plane went into a supersonic dive at 40,000 feet, he grabbed instinctively for the ejection-seat handles beside his seat, and pulled. He realized just in time what he was doing, and stopped. Suppose he had pulled the handles all the way. He would have been in for a memorable experience. Let's trace what happens to him.

First, an explosive charge goes off under his seat, giving him a terrific kick in the pants. Then he sails, seat and all, right through the canopy, to be gripped by the terrible cold of the outer air. The seat automatically leaves him, and an emergency oxygen supply begins to pump air into his mask. But his parachute does not open. Instead, he falls free, for 30,000 feet, until, at 10,000 feet, an aneroid barometer on his parachute gear opens the chute. Thus he escapes, as quickly as possible, the hostile environment of the upper air. When he lands, he may be a trifle green around the gills, but he is otherwise unharmed.

But suppose my friend had pulled the ejection-seat handles at 50,000 feet or a bit over. Then he would have decompressed explosively. His body, when it reached the earth, would have been streaked with blue, as though it had been bruised all over, and he would have been quite dead.

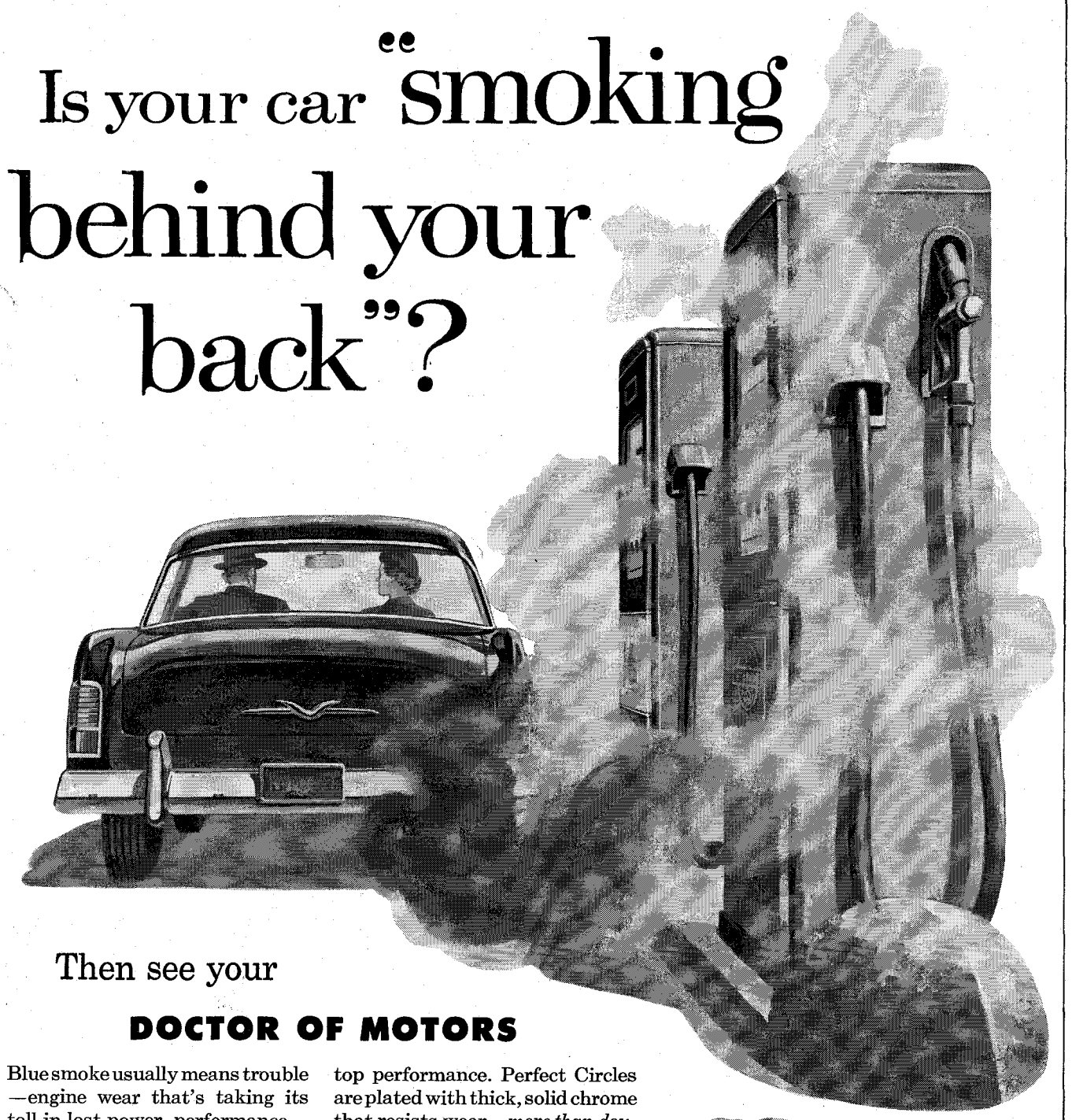
Pilots flying over 50,000 feet need something to protect them from the lethal environment to which an enemy shell—or, for that matter, a canopy leak—may suddenly expose them. In a picture accompanying this article, I am shown standing beside that something—a seated, faceless, rubbery man. The faceless man is a "full-pressure suit," or more formally, "an omni-environmental garment." The full-pressure suit is a little world of the pilot's own, providing him with oxygen, protecting him against decompression, pressing on his body to prevent the G-effect, warming him against the cold of the upper air, and capable of being wholly separated from the plane, so that he can escape at any altitude at all. A man, I was told at the Patuxent base, could survive on the moon in the full-pressure suit.

But the suit presents problems too. It must be individually fitted to every line of the pilot's body, which is expensive—the suit in the picture cost more than $8000. Moreover, most pilots hate the suits. A "tiger's" ideal flying costume is a G-string and an oxygen mask, and the full-pressure suit destroys his glorious sense of freedom. Nor is that all. It takes twenty minutes or more for a pilot to crawl into a full-pressure suit, even with expert help. Gen. Earle Partridge, Continental Air Defense commander, once offered me a medal if I could find a solution to this problem—for, after all, twenty minutes could make the difference between life and death for a great American city. I suggested zippers, but got no medal.

The most likely answer is a sealed capsule, a kind of cabin-within-the-cabin which is detachable from the plane, and in which the sealed-in pilot can escape to safety. Both the Air Force and the Navy are hard at work on a sealed capsule.

Obviously, the flying grandmothers of the future cannot be expected to climb into a sealed capsule before a flight or even to wear an oxygen mask or fly in

Is your car "smoking behind your back"?



Then see your

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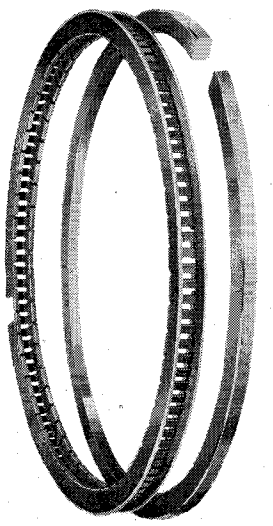
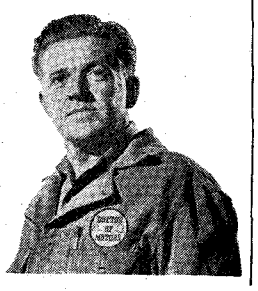
Blue smoke usually means trouble—engine wear that's taking its toll in lost power, performance—wasted oil, fuel and money! What to do? See your Doctor of Motors—your skilled mechanic—the man who knows how to restore engine efficiency and that satisfying "New Car Feel."

Doctors of Motors everywhere install Perfect Circle 2-in-1 Chrome piston rings to assure top performance. Perfect Circles are plated with thick, solid chrome that resists wear—*more than doubles* the life of cylinders, pistons and rings.

For long life and responsive power with positive oil control, ask your mechanic to install Perfect Circle piston rings! Perfect Circle Corporation, Hagerstown, Indiana; The Perfect Circle Co., Ltd., 888 Don Mills Road, Don Mills, Ont.



You'll be surprised how quickly and economically your dependable Doctor of Motors can bring back a "New Car Feel" to your car. See him now!



PERFECT CIRCLE

2-IN-1 CHROME PISTON RINGS

restore that New Car Feel

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partial pressure. Nor will they have to, and for a simple reason—the commercial jet plane is not supposed to get itself shot at. Thus, for commercial jet planes, the cabin will always be maintained at full pressure.

The need for full pressure in commercial planes explains the tragic fate of the British Comet I, the world's first commercial jet. The outer metal skin of a commercial jet must repeatedly adjust to the tremendous difference between the full pressure inside the plane and the low pressure of the upper air, which means that the metal skin must breathe in and out, like a human diaphragm. The metal of the Comet cracked under the strain, and the whole plane decompressed explosively in the air. The passengers never knew what hit them.

Passengers in the commercial jets of the future need not worry, however, about suffering the same unpleasant fate. New metal alloys have been devised, and Britain's newest version of the Comet has actually been submerged in water, where pressure is far greater than in the atmosphere, to test the durability of these metals. The new American jet transports have been subjected to similarly rigorous tests. As for the sound barrier, it hardly exists any more, as we have seen. When, inevitably, faster-than-sound commercial jets take to the air, not a drop will be spilled if the flying grandmother of the future happens to be drinking tea when she breaks the sound barrier.

In short, commercial-jet passengers of the future can look forward to safe, as well as fast and comfortable flights, with that "unearthly sense of serenity"—the breakaway phenomenon—thrown in for good measure. But flying in the first commercial jets will be an adventure all the same, because doing something new is always an adventure. There are many new things to do and many great adventures to be had before the new world of flight at tremendous speeds and enormous heights is conquered at last. The time will certainly come when the jet plane will be as old hat as the propeller plane is already becoming. For a jet can operate only within the earth's envelope of atmosphere—the fire in the belly of the stovepipe, like any fire, needs oxygen to stay alight. And foolhardy man has no intention of remaining trapped within the apple skin of atmosphere.

One man, indeed, has already poked his nose beyond the atmosphere. In September, 1956, Capt. Iven Kincheloe gunned his experimental plane, the Bell X-2, a descendant of Captain Yeager's XS-1, to 126,000 feet. That altitude is true space. Like Captain Yeager, Captain Kincheloe will have his followers. Work is already going forward on planes like the experimental X-15, which will carry its own oxygen-containing fuel, and will thus be, like the ballistic missiles, independent of the atmosphere. The X-15 will fly at five times the speed of sound, at 200,000 feet or more. After the X-15 looms the X-30 which will fly at even more unimaginable speeds and altitudes, and in the not-too-distant future.

Great problems remain to be solved before human beings can fly outside the atmosphere at many times the speed of sound, for space is even more hostile to human life than the upper air. For example, outside the protective layer of atmosphere the cold of the stratosphere is replaced by terrible heat, as high as 400 degrees centigrade. But the problems will be solved. Make no mistake about that. Already the solutions—new types of metal and special coolants—are known in theory. Scientists are working on the use of plant life to manufacture oxygen in space—a special type of fern is presently favored for the purpose. There is even a serious Navy project studying "the problems of personnel rotation on a manned satellite."

Capt. William Snowden, of the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, who is a jet pilot as well as a fine doctor, was one of my chief mentors in the new world of supersonic, very-high-altitude flight. When I saw him last, he remarked that he would be willing to bet me a good drink and a good meal that I would be taking another trip soon.

"Where to?" I asked him.

"Up there," he said, pointing to the ceiling, "beyond the air."

I said I thought he had made a very bad bet. But a lot of people, braver than I am, will certainly soon be following Captain Kincheloe up there, beyond the air.

For better or for worse, the time of true space travel is coming, and it is coming sooner than you think. Meanwhile, the world of supersonic flight in the upper air, with its curious problems of human survival and its "unearthly sense of serenity," will be strange and interesting enough for most ordinary mortals. THE END

A junior executive is an employee who carries his lunch in a brief case instead of a paper bag.

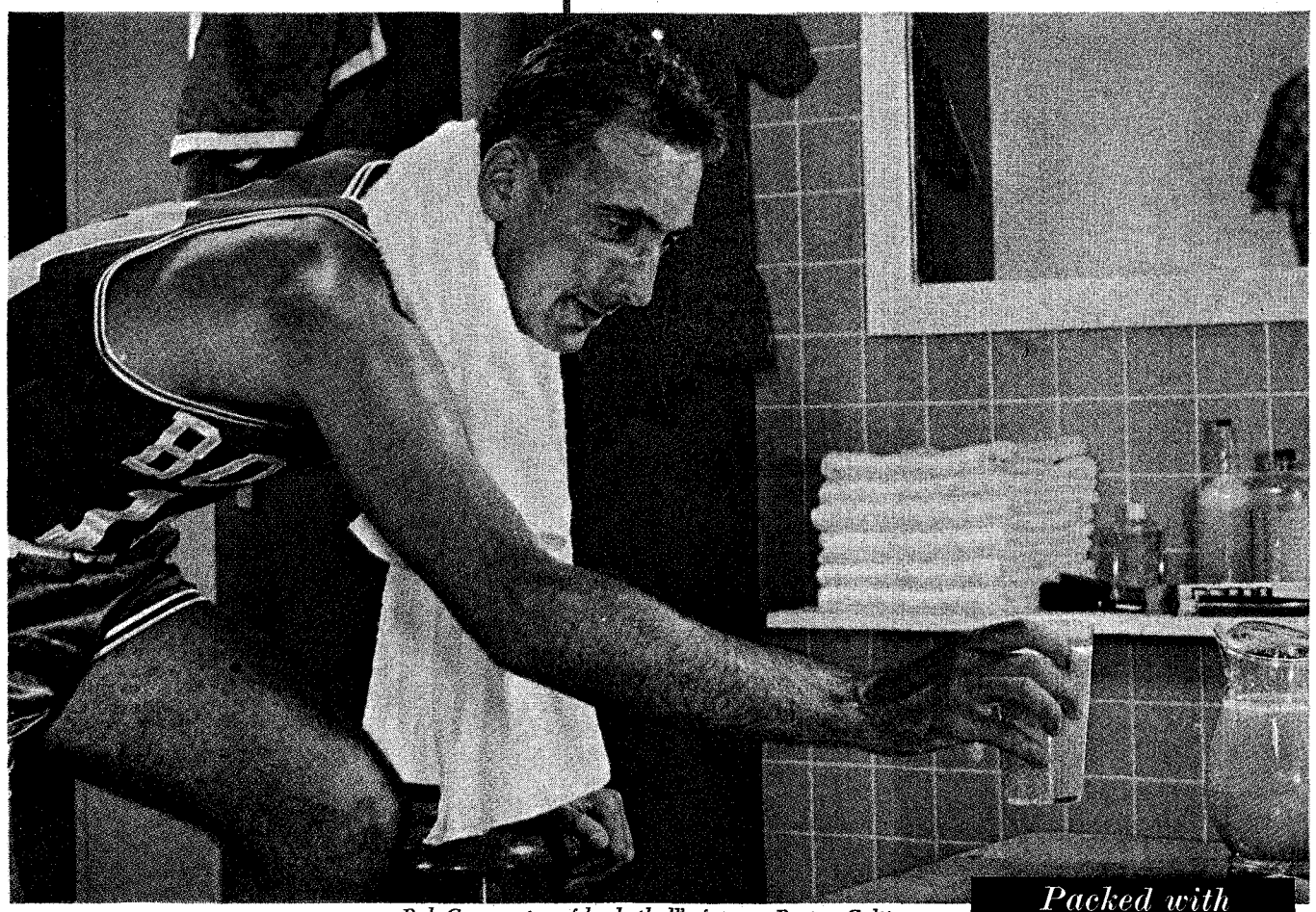
STEVE STILL

Question:

Why does Bob Cousy crave Orange Juice after a tough game?

Answer:

His Body Wisdom tells him he needs extra Vitamin C and quick energy!



Bob Cousy, star of basketball's famous Boston Celtics

Are you one who needs a second glass of Orange Juice today?

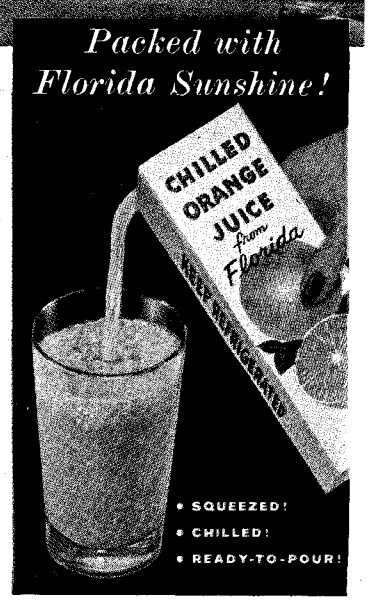
You needn't be a star athlete to use up Vitamin C and energy faster. *All* active, busy people do . . . homemakers, men on the job, youngsters on the go. And for them, a glass of orange juice with breakfast just isn't enough. They need a *second* glass of orange juice during the day for a refreshing energy pickup and to replace the Vitamin C the body can't store.

Chilled Orange Juice from Florida tastes wonderfully good. Delivered daily at your store or at your door, it's pure Florida orange juice, all squeezed for you, chilled and ready-to-pour.

BUSY HOUSEWIVES need a second glass of orange juice.

INFANTS require extra orange juice for essential Vitamin C.

STUDENTS must replenish burned-up energy and Vitamin C.



Packed under strict conformity to standards set by the Florida Citrus Commission.

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CHILLED ORANGE JUICE *from* **FLORIDA**

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Feet on the go—to school, to work, to market, or feet at play—all stay dry and comfortable in shoes protected with SHOE SAVER. Like magic, SHOE SAVER keeps rain and slush from soaking into leather, yet permits the ventilation vital to foot comfort. Protects suede footwear, too!

SHOE SAVER keeps shoes soft, flexible, easier to clean—prevents curling and stiffening caused by repeated wetting and drying . . . even guards against harsh salts used to melt ice. Result — shoes treated with SHOE SAVER stay new looking much longer.

Protect your whole family's shoes with SHOE SAVER . . . go places with dry feet in comfortable shoes. SHOE SAVER applies in a jiffy . . . one bottle treats up to 4 pairs. Get SHOE SAVER now wherever you buy shoes or have them repaired. $1.00

Also available in economical family size can . . $1.95

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CANADA: DOW CORNING SILICONES LTD., TORONTO

Daredevils of the Golden Gate

(Continued from Page 39)

caught a flange of one of the lowermost beams from which the scaffold had hung. There he dangled, his pipe still clenched in his teeth, as the white, contorted faces of his falling fellow workers dwindled to tiny dots far below him. The moment of shock dragged on like a horror movie in slow motion; then rescuers spotted Casey and dropped a loop of rope down through the bridge.

Casey shook his head so violently that his pipe wobbled. "I could see it was a pretty small rope and it didn't look good," he explained later. "I didn't want to risk my life on that thing."

His arms were weakening, but he hung for eight long minutes before he was brought up in a stronger loop. Safe on deck, he removed his pipe a little shakily and said, "Thanks, boys; that was a nice ride."

A good rigger, like Casey, never trusts an unsafe rope, the painters point out. They've been as careful as Casey ever since.

Only one painter has died as the result of an accident in the twenty years since the bridge opened, and he was injured in an eight-foot fall in the Toll Plaza, not on the bridge. His injuries had seemed minor, but a fatal blood clot developed.

On the bridge, where painters work as high as 746 feet above the water, the battle against carelessness is continual. Not only must the rigging of every temporary scaffold be solid enough to satisfy a Casey, but every painter must also be secured by a line to his safety belt—in case any of the rigging should fail.

It has, on rare occasions. The failures come in fractions of a second. One instant, everything is safe. The next, death is inches away.

"There was no warning at all the day old Chris almost got it," said Jim Biondi, the slim, graying ex-boxer who is one of the foremen. Chris Belich was Biondi's partner at the time, and the two were working on a plank scaffold 190 feet above the roadway, on the side of one of the bridge's two tall towers. There was a heavy rail, waist-high, at the rear edge of the scaffold, and the front edge was firmly against the side of the huge steel tower—held there by tie-in cables. It didn't seem possible that anyone could fall off that plank.

Yet as Chris leaned against the tower in his work, the tie lines slipped. The plank on which the two men stood kicked out, away from the tower, opening a deadly gap.

Biondi turned to see Belich leaning out over the gap, feet on the edge of the plank and hands flat against the tower to keep from falling forward.

"The gap had widened, so that he was almost flat out, bridging across that one-hundred-ninety-foot drop," Biondi said. "He couldn't straighten up without falling. He couldn't move. And his safety belt wasn't tied to the scaffold rail as it should have been.

"I was almost afraid to move, afraid any vibration would let that tie line slip farther. I eased over until I could get a good grip on his belt. Then I brought him back up onto the scaffold with one big heave. We looked at each other a minute, and then we got the rigging tightened up and went back to work."

There have not been many such near accidents in the whole twenty years the bridge has been in use, but the danger is always present and the men know it. Booby traps are everywhere. The incessant gusty winds that make the array of vertical cables hum like an eerie, muted harp can easily nudge a man off balance. A little blob of spilled paint on a plank or beam could mean a fatal slip. The normally safe flood of forty-five-mile-an-hour traffic can be a deadly hazard even to painters who stay on the sidewalk.

"I remember one day when nine of us could very easily have been beheaded," said Biondi.

All nine were kneeling in a row on the sidewalk, leaning forward to paint the roadway face of the high steel curbing that separates roadway from sidewalk. Biondi saw a truck whizzing toward them, and from its rear a heavy timber protruded sideways over the curbing, "coming right at our necks!"

"I yelled, 'Duck, fellas, look out!' and flipped backward," he recalled.

"Everybody fell back except one man, who didn't hear me. He had leaned farther forward and his head was way down, but that big timber didn't miss it more than a quarter of an inch. We never got the truck's license number, either. The plate was all muddy."

Automobile drivers have sometimes been angry enough to pursue painters across the sidewalk too. They blame the painters when the devilish winds whip spatters of paint onto passing cars—an accident that sometimes occurs despite all precautions. It's not necessarily the result of spilled paint. The wind can literally strip it from a brush.

Two brawny painters, William Gavre and Hale Sharrett, once reeled themselves upward to get out of reach of one purple-faced driver. The two were painting vertical suspender cables of the bridge and were down almost to sidewalk level. They worked in a pair of little cages, facing each other, with the cables which they were painting passing up between them. The cages were lashed together, but each was raised or lowered on its separate wire rope by a small hand winch mounted on the cage.

"We see a fancy convertible stop, and the man driving it jumps out and starts toward us, mad as hell," Gavre said. "Hale and I figured we should stay out of fights, so we started cranking our crabs (hand winches) like crazy. It's hard work to reel cages up with those winches, but we run ourselves up fifteen feet or so by the time he gets there. He doesn't say anything—just stands there and gives us a long look, then goes away. He must have thought we spattered his car on purpose."

Workmen in the bridge shops adjoining the Toll Plaza remove the paint splatters free of charge, and in the process soothe the angry drivers.

Modern equipment and procedures have cut the number of such incidents to a minimum, however. In the early days, painters hung in individual bos'n's chairs, exposed to the full force of the winds. Later, the cages were built to lower the men slowly in pairs as they painted the long suspender cables, and sheets of canvas that wrap entirely around the cages were added. In addition, it is now a regular rule that no painting shall be done above the roadway when the wind rises above twenty miles an hour.

The canvas cage walls that stop much of the paint spattering also serve another purpose. They keep the bone-chilling wind off the painters, who already are wearing as much clothing as they can get on and still remain mobile.

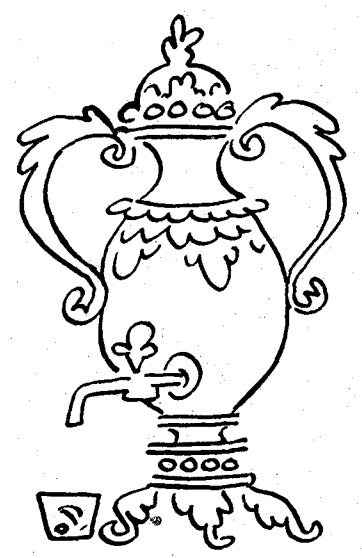
Compressed-air motors that reel the cages up or down at sixteen feet per minute have also been installed to replace the hand-cranked winches by which Gavre and Sharrett made their laborious ascent.

It was the era of the bos'n's chair which made Sharrett's wife resolve never to go near the bridge while her husband was at work. She refused to look when he dangled at such dizzying heights.

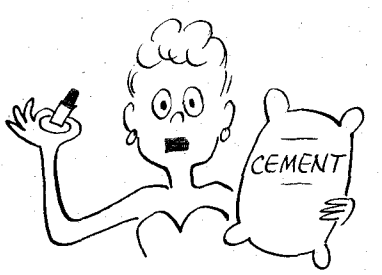
"I did see him just once," she explained. "I had to cross the bridge with some friends, and I spotted him. He must have been several hundred feet above us. I just broke down and started to cry, and I haven't been back since."

Sharrett doesn't understand this anxiety. He regards his job as perfectly safe, as long as he's careful. For one thing, he has a partner he knows he can trust. The painters normally work in pairs, and the Sharrett-Gavre (*Continued on Page 95*)

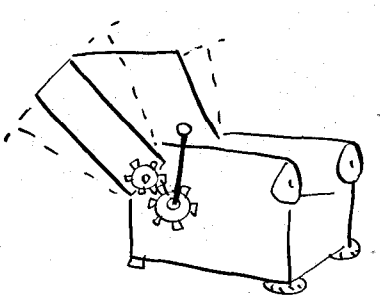
HAL BLOCK'S INVENTIONS FOR A BETTER TOMORROW



Old-Fashioned Dispenser
(Dispenses one old-fashioned after another.)



No-Sneer Lipstick With Cement Base
(Once the lipstick hardens, no expression of any kind is possible.)



Hydromatic Easy Chair
(For shiftless relatives.)

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On the bandstand—hi-fi in Duraphonic Fiber Glass, Model 3H24. Two-tone case in Jamaican Sand and Antique White. Specifications subject to change without notice.

Hi-fi that "goes places". Anywhere *you* go, our new portable hi-fi in Duraphonic Fiber Glass goes along to make a party. Looks (and carries) like expensive luggage. Won't scuff, scratch or stain. *Sounds* like you brought the band along: 3 high fidelity speakers, full 8-watt amplifier, 4-speed automatic changer, separate bass and treble controls. A bright (and exclusive) new example of *More to enjoy* from Motorola.

MOTOROLA

Motorola® hi-fi

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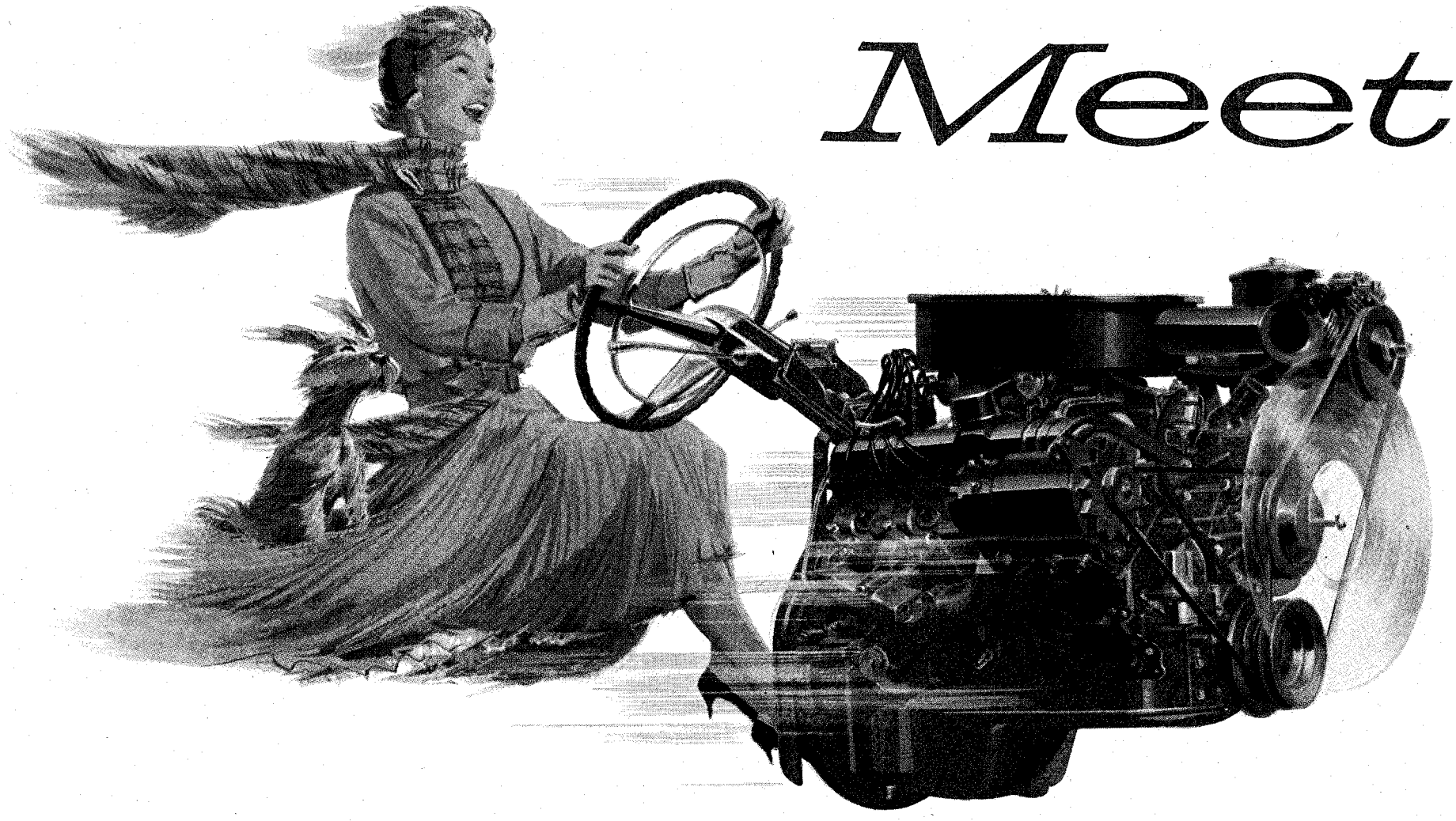
Meet



The car of magnificent change

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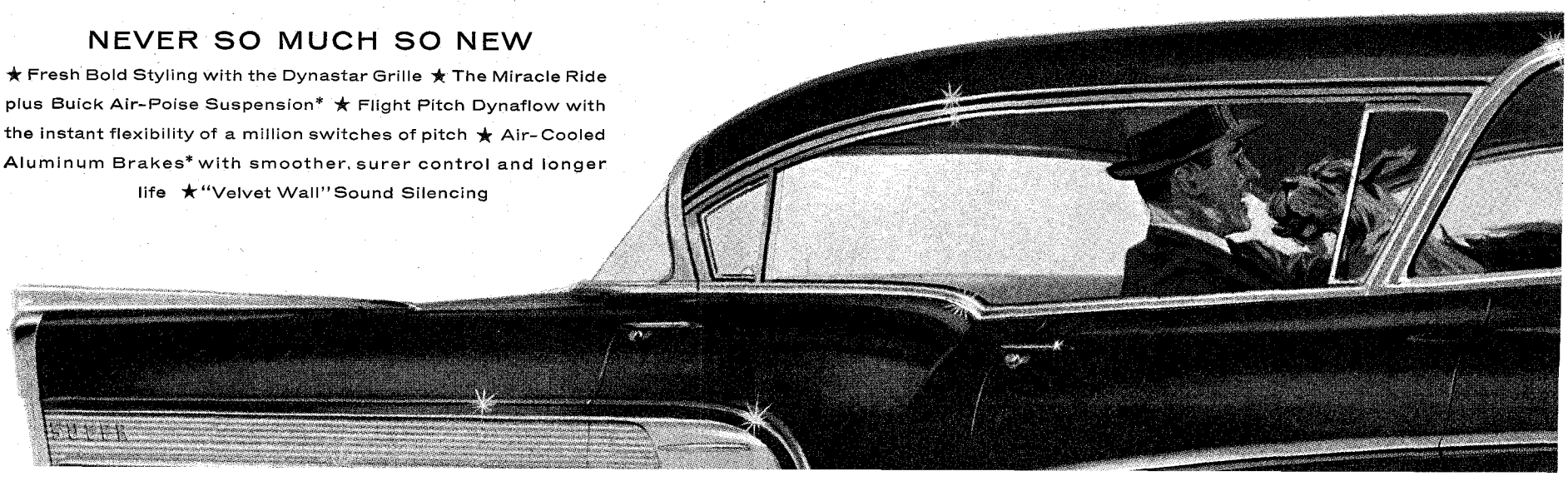
★ Fresh Bold Styling with the Dynastar Grille ★ The Miracle Ride plus Buick Air-Poise Suspension* ★ Flight Pitch Dynaflow with the instant flexibility of a million switches of pitch ★ Air-Cooled Aluminum Brakes* with smoother, surer control and longer life ★ "Velvet Wall" Sound Silencing



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The B-12000

— most modern engine it is possible to build for today's fuels

THIS spectacular V8 engine takes its name—B-12000—from the fact that *it develops a thrust of 12,000 pounds behind every piston's power stroke.*

It gives you the power of complete authority—and the precision brilliance of Buick quality raised to a stern new standard.

With this remarkable engine, you're beyond the challenge of any road situation on every inch of every route. With this, you handle the two-tons-plus of Buick luxury as a giant hand guides a feather.

Equally outstanding is the *transmission* of this power to the rear wheels.

It's through a drive unlike anything known before—Flight Pitch Dynaflow*—where the "power propellers" go through a million angles of pitch with the smoothness and rapidity of a beam of light. You get perfect ratio for the need at hand—*instantly*.

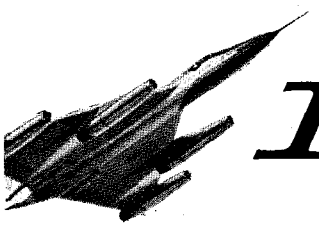
This power train—and the new ride, the new handling, the new braking and steering—make the 1958 Buick the first car to utilize so many aircraft principles in its design—the first big car that's really light on its feet.

See it—drive it—at your Buick dealer's this day.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

**Flight Pitch Dynaflow standard on LIMITED and ROADMASTER 75, optional at extra cost on other Series. Air-Poise Suspension optional at extra cost on all Series. Aluminum Brakes standard on all Series except SPECIAL.*

See TALES OF WELLS FARGO, Monday Nights, NBC-TV and THE PATRICE MUNSEL SHOW, Friday Nights, ABC-TV



B-58 BUICK

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

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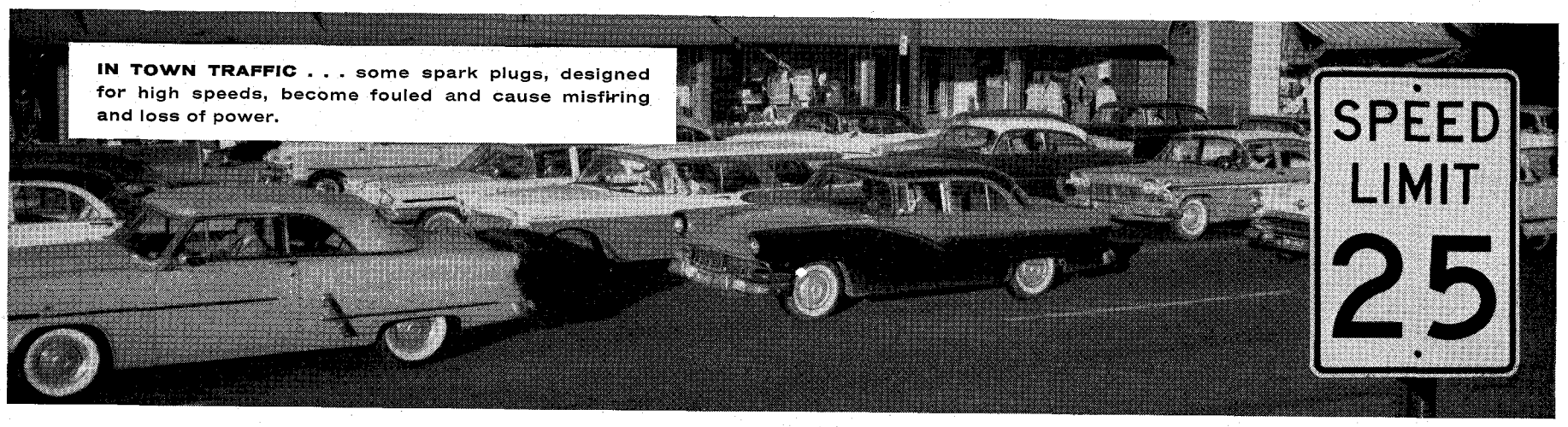
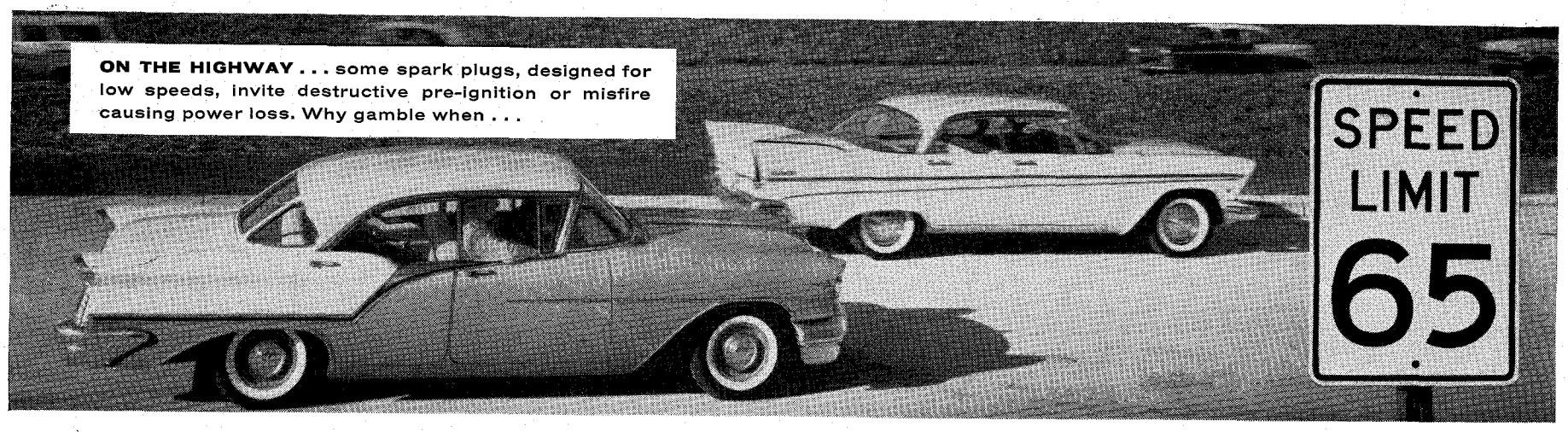
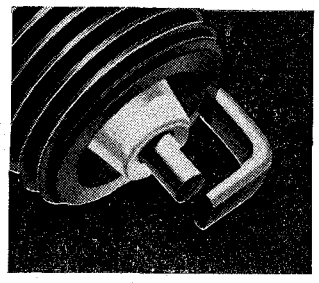

IN TOWN TRAFFIC . . . some spark plugs, designed for high speeds, become fouled and cause misfiring and loss of power.
SPEED LIMIT 25


ON THE HIGHWAY . . . some spark plugs, designed for low speeds, invite destructive pre-ignition or misfire causing power loss. Why gamble when . . .
SPEED LIMIT 65

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs with POWER TIP

"Fire Up" your engine* at all speeds!



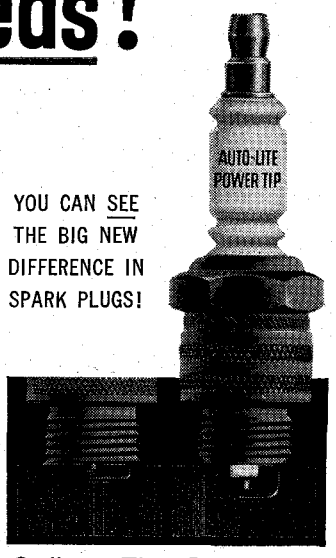
If you drive both at town-traffic and at highway speeds, here's why you should use Power Tip . . . the first spark plug ignition-engineered for today's engines and today's driving

At low speeds, the projecting Power Tip is in the thick of combustion where it gets hot quicker and stays hot to burn fouling deposits away *clean*. At higher speeds, the projecting tip is in the path of the incoming air-fuel mixture where it operates cooler to effectively *check* power-robbing high-speed pre-ignition.

Ask the man at your garage or service station to install Auto-Lite Spark Plugs, the *only* spark plugs with Power Tip, and start enjoying top performance and economy from your car at *all speeds*.

*Power Tip, with or without Resistor, is ignition-engineered for overhead-valve V-8 engines and for most overhead-valve 6-cylinder engines in all these cars — Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, De Soto, Dodge, Plymouth, Ford, Hudson, Imperial, Lincoln, Mercury, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard, Pontiac, Rambler, Studebaker.

YOU CAN SEE THE BIG NEW DIFFERENCE IN SPARK PLUGS!



Ordinary Tip Power Tip

Power Tip protrudes farther into the combustion chamber for better ignition. Fuel burns more evenly and completely to give top performance and economy at *all speeds*.

AUTO-LITE® SPARK PLUGS WITH POWER TIP

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(*Continued from Page 90*) team is typical of these more or less permanent partnerships.

"When your life depends on a knot, you don't want to guess. You want to know that your partner has tied it right," Sharrett explained. "Bill Gavre and I have been partners over nine years, and when he ties a knot for me I know it's safe. The Russian—he's a native son here, but the guys all call him The Russian—used to be a merchant seaman, and he knows his rigging."

Sharrett himself, now thirty-four, was a high-steel painter for Pacific Gas & Electric Company before he joined the bridge crew.

Gavre, who is thirty-nine and a brawny six feet two, has never slipped, never fallen, never had any trouble except that of keeping warm in the cold winds.

"People find out I work on the bridge and they ask about 'the real thrillers,'" he said. "That's baloney. What thrillers?"

Sharrett, however, was nearly dropped over the side once. One of the small cage scaffolds was being hoisted up from the sidewalk of the bridge, and Sharrett was pulling in to keep it from banging the bridge railing as it rose. As the cage went up, a hook dangling from it caught in the gauntlet of his heavy work glove. Sharrett felt himself suddenly hoisted six feet from the sidewalk and swung out above the railing—then his glove ripped.

"I fell inside the railing," he said. "My legs scraped it on the way down. Obviously I wasn't in any real trouble. If I had been, I wouldn't be here telling about it."

His foreman, Biondi, said the gang was pretty shaken for a minute or two, "and I lit into 'em again about never handling a line with a hook on it—or even a knot. Even a knot on a line passing through your hands can jerk you off balance."

Biondi, whose crew has been doing most of the high work, is one of four busy accident preventers on the bridge.

Safety begins with the veteran maintenance superintendent, Spence J. Dickson, a no-foolishness bridge executive for thirty-five years. Working under Dickson as boss on the job is the general foreman, Austrian-born, athletic, sixty-eight-year-old Peter Bann. Bann's prime concern is the safety of his men, but he also sizzles into a full sputtering boil whenever the work lags. Working under Bann as his "pushers," or crew foremen, are Biondi and Vincent Norris, who, like Biondi, is a graying old hand on the job.

Bann, Biondi and Norris head separate crews of seven to nine men each, and Bann in addition has general responsibility for the entire job. A somewhat startling combination of grave caution and arm-waving excitability, the sturdy silver-haired Bann has been painting big bridges for forty-six years, including some of America's greatest spans. He bossed the job on New York's George Washington Bridge before coming to the Golden Gate in 1933, when its steel work was just beginning.

The danger? "It's no danger when you know," he insisted. Yet whenever anyone mentions that not a single painter has been lost from the bridge since it opened twenty years ago, Bann always adds a prayerful "Thank God!"

"We tell every guy, 'First, watch yourself—the next thing is the work,'" he explained.

Half of Bann's painters have received all their training on the job. They came from a variety of occupations, ranging from grocery clerk to plumber to day laborer. Two, wearying of Sunday and holiday work and wanting to "get away from the public," switched to the paint gang from toll-collecting jobs.

Each of the three crews includes one "paint boy," or helper ($102.40 per week). These are the training jobs, and the beginners admit that they're probably the most terrifying jobs in the world, at first.

"Any man says he isn't scared the first time he goes over the side and down into those beams under the deck, then there must be something wrong with him," said Charley Leigh. "But we all get over it pretty quick."

George Forkner, who took a thirty-three-dollar-per-month cut from his toll-collecting job to get on as paint boy, said, "The first day I had to go over the side I was about ready to give up the whole idea. I stepped down on that chord outside the railing—a beam as wide as a village sidewalk—and I could hardly move. But I'd look over, and there would be Vince Norris, standing easy, right on the edge of the chord, looking down."

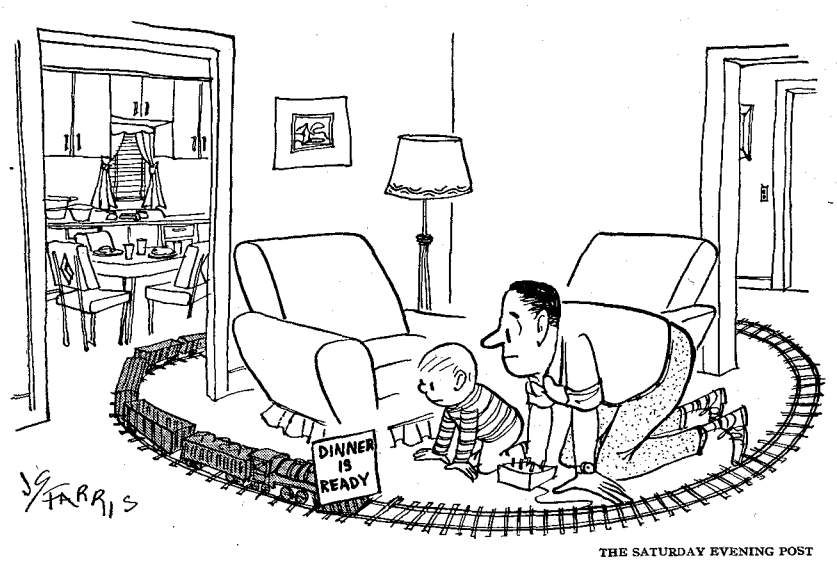
Although hired as paint boys, Leigh and Forkner are not boys. The bridge doesn't hire cocky youngsters. Leigh is thirty-four, Forkner thirty-nine.

Forkner said he's never had a close call. Leigh, trying equally hard to avoid carelessness, slipped once while walking a beam beneath the bridge deck. His careful training in how to walk—the sailor's relaxed, bent-kneed walk—saved him.

"When I slipped, I was able to flatten to the beam instead of falling off," he said. "I just hugged the beam for a minute, tight. Then I was all right again."

The width of a beam isn't necessarily a safety factor, the foreman, Norris, explained. "I've got down and crawled, even on wide ones. It depends on the winds. If you're standing up, gusts can knock you over pretty easy."

Kenneth E. Chaney, a forty-one-year-old ex-plumber who joined the bridge

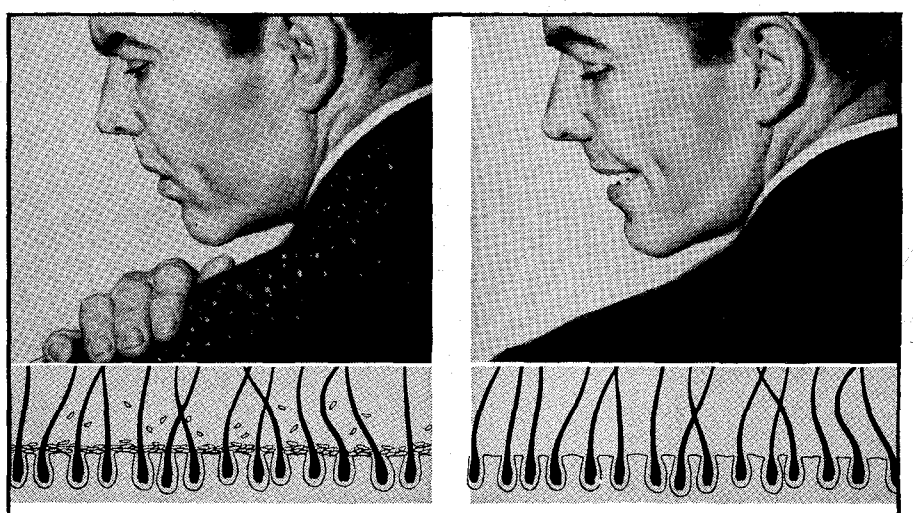


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Theradan clears up severest dandruff and itchy scalp

...with just 3 applications!

It works because Theradan is a medicine ...not a shampoo



Shampoos, tonics, ordinary preparations remove *loose* dandruff but leave a scaly crust of dead cells on your scalp to form new flakes in less than a week.

Theradan with Sarthionate penetrates the scaly crust and lifts it off—leaves your scalp free from dandruff and related itching for *1 month to 4 months!*

Bristol-Myers' new Theradan works *beneath* the surface, not just *on* it . . . penetrates and removes layers of dead, dandruff-forming cells to leave the scalp free from scales and related itching . . . to stop new dandruff before it starts!

LIKE ANY MAN OR WOMAN who suffers from dandruff, you may doubt that it can be *controlled*—much less *eliminated for long periods.*

But Theradan is *not* just a tonic—*not* a preparation you use every day or every week—*not* a shampoo you wash right out. It's a new kind of medical treatment, containing penetrating *Sarthionate.*

Unlike so-called "dandruff-treatment" shampoos, Theradan stays on long enough for the medicine to do its work—usually from ½ hour to 1 hour before shampooing. In a very severe case, it can stay on up to 8 hours if needed.

Theradan goes far beyond ordinary preparations that only remove *loose* dandruff. Such preparations can't penetrate the scaly layer of dead cells that sticks to the scalp and keeps forming new dandruff flakes. Theradan gently loosens this layer and removes it from your scalp. Thus Theradan leaves your scalp free from scales and itching—kills scalp germs, stops dandruff before it starts!

In 20 months of testing by skin specialists, Theradan was completely effective in dandruff cases so severe that even strong prescription remedies failed to give adequate relief. With Theradan, none of these men and women had dandruff again for 1 month to 4 months.

When you have cleared up itchy dandruff with Theradan, use it occasionally—as many people do—just to prevent recurrence. Get Theradan today.

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS: The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For a *report of these tests, write Medical Director,* Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-1172, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

Theradan

TRADE MARK

with exclusive penetrating ingredient, Sarthionate®

From the laboratories of Bristol-Myers, makers of Bufferin®

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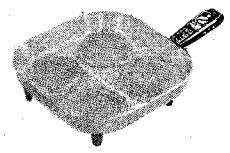
Give her easier meal-making—
always with perfect results

Sunbeam
FRYPAN

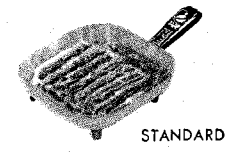
...with Controlled even Heat

Be among the happy homemakers enjoying savory foods perfectly prepared in the original and genuine Sunbeam Automatic Frypan with Controlled Even Heat. The Frypan's cooking heat is so evenly distributed and so perfectly controlled that you can Fry, Braise, Bake, Stew or Pan-Broil with never a cooking failure. Makes delicious eggs, omelets, pancakes, french toast, chicken—even heats "frozen dinners" all with delicious perfect results. Only Sunbeam gives you perfect Controlled Even Heat. From $16.95*

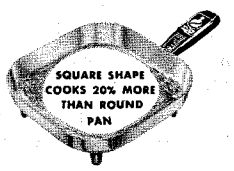


CONTROLLED EVEN HEAT

Sunbeam thermostat is located under cooking surface for better temperature control.
Heat is distributed *evenly* over entire cooking surface to give perfectly Controlled Even Heat.

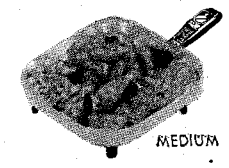


STANDARD

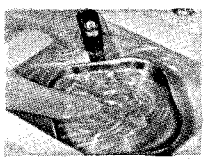


COOKS 20% MORE

Sunbeam's square shape gives you 20% more capacity than round pans of the same size.

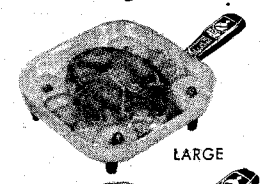


MEDIUM



EASY TO CLEAN

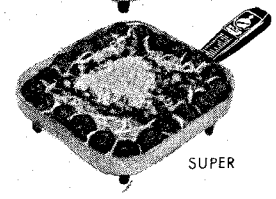
Water-Sealed Element allows Frypan to be immersed to signal light for easy washing.



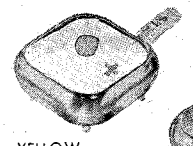
LARGE

COLORS AND SIZES

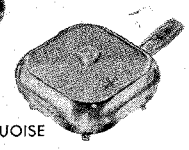
Sizes to meet the needs of every family. Medium size also in choice of colors. Glass or vented high dome metal covers available.



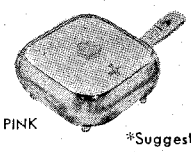
SUPER



YELLOW



TURQUOISE



PINK

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painters as a trainee ten years ago, said, "Me, I straddle the narrow ones, or sit on 'em and slide or shimmy along. You can straddle an I beam. We have some about two and a half feet from top to bottom and about six or seven inches wide, so you put one foot on each three-inch bottom flange, walking sort of pigeon-toed with the whole height of the beam between your legs. We learn as we go. Self-preservation makes us learn. A half second of carelessness and you've had it."

Oddly, there has been one near accident that didn't occur quickly at all, but it could have killed two men. Biondi was one of the two. He was standing on one of the huge cross members, or struts, of a tower, 379 feet above the roadway. A big fellow painter was being lowered in a bos'n's chair from the topmost cross member, 478 feet above the roadway. The rope from the chair went up over a single pulley and back down, and both he and Biondi, far below him, were gripping that "tail line," easing it up to lower the chair.

"He was heavy, and with only one pulley the full weight was on the tail line—and all at once he let go, leaving me with the full load," Biondi explained.

Slowly, majestically, Biondi began to rise into the air as the heavier weight on the other end of the line made itself felt.

"I didn't dare let go and didn't dare hang on," he said. "If I let go, he'd fall. If I held on, I'd be snapped up to the sheave (pulley) and ripped off the line, and we'd both fall.

"I let the line start to slide through my hands and ran to the edge, where there are short horizontal sections of angle iron fastened about an inch above the surface, for tying ropes. I kicked out and got one toe wedged under there, then clamped my hands tight on the rope again. If I hadn't gotten that toe hold right away, he'd have been gone. When a rope slips fast enough to get really hot, nobody can hold it.

"I got both feet wedged under the angle iron and managed to hold, and finally got a loop of the line around the end of the angle. After that, with that extra purchase, I made out all right and let the guy down. All he could say was, 'Wull, I thought you were lowering me.' I guess I really blew my top that time. My God, that was one I'll never forget!"

Biondi, a fifty-four-year-old grandfather who has been a Golden Gate painter for nearly nineteen years, doesn't often lose his temper. Both he and his fellow crew foreman, the forty-seven-year-old Norris, speak softly, although both get the work done.

Norris said he did have to struggle to keep from blowing up almost daily when he first started on the job twenty-three years ago, before the bridge was completed. His men, he explained, kept getting lost on the bridge. Literally. They couldn't find their way out at quitting time.

The two 746-foot towers are not simply hollow shells. Each supports a load of more than 123,000,000 pounds, and to provide the necessary strength the tower is divided into hundreds of little cells like a honeycomb. At the base of the tower each of its two "legs" is made up of 103 of these cells, three feet six inches square and varying in height. At the top, the leg has tapered down to twenty-one cells. As an additional strength factor to make the towers earthquake-proof, they are of split-level construction; adjoining cells have different floor levels.

All these interior walls, floors and ceilings must be painted regularly. Steel ladders and small oval openings give access from cell to cell, but it is a bewildering up-and-in, right-or-left, over-and-down-and-up pathway, like a mystic maze. For every turn that could lead a painter back outside, there are many that could lead him farther into blind alleys. It is also totally dark in the maze, and painters wear battery-powered miners' lamps on their caps.

"During construction," Norris recalled, "I'd sometimes get my paint gang checked out at quitting time, and the timekeeper would say, 'Where are your other three men, Vince?' I'd say, 'Oh, no! Not again!' and I'd start that long quarter-mile hike back out the walkway to fish them out of the maze in the tower. I'd get close and I'd hear their yells echoing around in there."

Bann, the general foreman, said that because of the terrible, echoing clamor, compressed-air chipping hammers cannot be used inside the cells. "The noise would certainly drive a man insane, and I think it would kill him," he said seriously.

SEP x G = 52 x (VMC)

● Puzzled? Here's that formula in simpler terms: "A SATURDAY EVENING POST Christmas gift means 52 'Very Merry Christmases' a year."

You can use that formula to solve many of your Christmas-gift problems—and now's a good time to start! The POST is one of America's most-wanted Christmas gifts, it's economical and it's so easy to order.

You'll find a convenient order form bound in this issue . . . fill it out and mail it today. Close to the holidays we'll send a beautiful gift card, hand-signed in your name. And you won't be billed until next year. Order now!

Some new men try making penciled maps of the basic cell pattern to avoid getting lost. George Forkner, the ex-toll collector who turned paint boy, said, "I had a guy take me in several times until I kind of got the pattern fixed in my mind. Then I didn't have any trouble."

Forkner, like most of the painters, is a homeowner and a family man. Like them, he begins his workday by reporting to the warm locker room beneath the Toll Plaza at 7:45 A.M. There he dons paint-stained overalls and jacket—over two layers of underwear, two wool undershirts or sweaters and a work shirt—and stuffs a rag "around my neck, to keep out the cold."

Panel trucks with benches take the men to their jobs at eight A.M., dropping the three crews at different points along the 8981-foot length of the bridge. The trucks also return the men to the warm locker room for lunch. The warmth is welcome, and washing carefully before eating is an essential precaution against lead poisoning. Trucks bring them in again at 4:15 P.M., so they'll be ready to leave for home at 4:30. By that time, they're all shivering again. Daytime summer temperatures in San Francisco are usually quite cool, and winds in the Gate are downright cold.

One of the crews is usually working from the new mobile scaffolds which hang beneath suspended portions of the bridge—the 4200-foot main span and the two 1125-foot side spans. The scaffolds,

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which cost a total of nearly $700,000, are operated by engineers. Each of the four separate sets of scaffolding moves more or less like a train, although it is ninety-two feet eight inches wide and hangs upside down from its rails.

Tools, brushes and everything else the painters need are kept on the scaffolding and delivered to them by the paint boys, who also mix the paint as needed. The scaffolds even have rest rooms.

Except for short sections at the ends of the spans, all the steelwork under the suspended portions of the bridge can be reached from these mobile scaffolds which Norris calls "as safe as your living-room floor."

"We have very, very little turnover nowadays," Manager Adam said. Normally the three paint-boy jobs train enough men to fill all vacancies that arise, and applications from outsiders are rejected.

Chaney, the ex-plumber who joined the bridge painters ten years ago, said, "One thing is, you get steady work at good pay all year, with paid vacations—three weeks, or four weeks for old-timers—and life insurance and sick leave and pensions. Sure, it's hard work. If you weren't used to it, you'd break your arm putting on that thick, heavy red-lead prime coat, and sometimes your arms ache at night from using air guns all day. But they take good care of their men on this job."

Fortunately, most of the paint used is lighter and more fluid than the heavy red lead, which is used only on spots chipped to bare metal to remove rust. The international orange selected by an advisory board of architects and artists as a finish coat is no harder to handle than house paint.

The men treat the heavy steel with an almost superstitious gentleness. Fellow workers say men like Clyde Laidlaw, a burly ex-seaman, and his husky partner, Lee R. Patrick, "can go all day long with compressed-air chipping hammers, and they go like a house afire." But Laidlaw said, "You have to be very careful. You try never to chip off any paint except rusted spots."

Rust and corrosion spread like cancer whenever the steel is "bruised," all three foremen say. One of the old hands of the paint gang, Owen H. Dittmore, fifty-seven, said he thinks it's simply because moisture and salt attack any spot of bare metal instantly, before new paint can be applied to protect it.

Chipping in confined quarters, like the inside of hollow beams, also demands caution for reasons of health. Paint dust, as well as fumes, can cause lead poisoning.

Painters get free physical examinations every three months to check for any evidence of this ailment, among others. Because of the carefully regulated working conditions, there hasn't been a single case of lead poisoning on the bridge since Danny Galvin was hospitalized for fifty-three weeks, fully eighteen years ago. Galvin, now a robust fifty-two, is still on the job, in his thirtieth year as a bridge painter.

Safety instructions extend even to the methods of dealing with suicide jumpers: "Don't be a dead hero." At last reports, there had been 170 confirmed suicide leaps from the bridge. The painters naturally try to stop such jumps when possible, "but we instruct all our men not to jeopardize their own lives," Manager Adam explained.

Most of the crew have seen jumpers go, "and it makes you feel kind of sick inside," Forkner, the paint boy, said.

There was one incredible jump that none of the painters saw and that a few of them still refuse to believe happened—the 250-foot leap of the one jumper who survived. She was an athletic twenty-two-year-old girl whose doctor later called her "my miracle girl." The terrific impact as she struck the water literally shredded her clothing, ripped flesh on her legs and thighs, broke both her arms and fractured vertebrae in her back and neck—but she eventually recovered. She never could explain why she jumped: "It was an irresistible impulse."

There have been other unusual motives. The note left by a plumber who was suicide No. 144, for example, explained, "Absolutely no reason except I have a toothache."

Then there was the woman, approaching the rail, who burst into tears when one of the foremen who was nearby remarked, "You look depressed on such a fine day."

She was a mother who had lost her only son in the war and had decided she had nothing left to live for, she said. The foreman talked with her earnestly. "You do a thing like this, ma'am, and you'll never see your son again anywhere. It would be a sin."

Finally she patted his shoulder, kissed him warmly on his paint-flecked cheek, said, "You're a good man!" and walked briskly back to shore. THE END

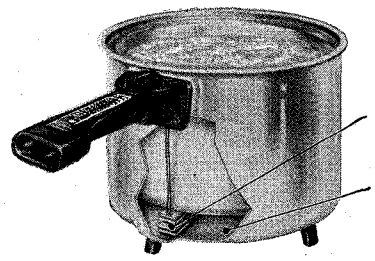
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"On the other hand, he's very good at Chinese checkers."

You'll discover New cooking magic
... seven different ways

Seven appliances in one
...with Controlled even Heat

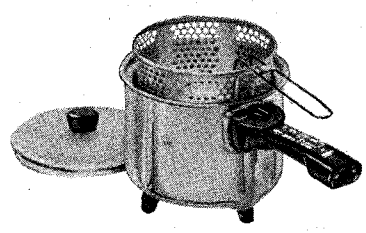
The amazing New Sunbeam Electric Saucepan with Simmer-Safe Controlled Even Heat will open a whole new world of cooking magic. Seven utensils in one—completely replaces the ordinary saucepan, deep fryer, double boiler, dutch oven, corn popper, chafing dish and bun warmer. Has the most accurate thermostatic control ever developed for a utensil of this kind. Reaches Simmer-Safe temperatures quickly and maintains them with amazing accuracy. Meat shrinkage is reduced up to 23%! All foods taste better. In 3 and 5-qt. sizes. Complete with cover. From $27.95*.



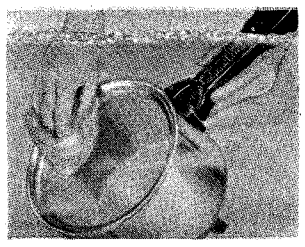
COOLER COOKING
WITHOUT POT WATCHING

Sunbeam's thermostat is so perfectly accurate and precisely located that cooking heat is evenly controlled to prevent boiling over.

The exclusive double wall construction confines heat in the Sunbeam Saucepan to give you cooler, more economical cooking.



PERFECT FOR DEEP FRYING
Fry basket is available for preparing all your favorite deep-fried foods.



EASY TO WASH
New water-sealed element allows Saucepan to be immersed up to signal light for easy washing.

*Suggested Retail or Fair Trade price.

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So good it even filters the filter-tip cigarettes

This Dunhill De-Nicotea holder with this tube of crystals inside it

reduces tars by 31.8% and nicotine by 33.3%

when used for a full pack

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The more De-Nicotea filters you use, the more protection you get. It's like cutting down on smoking without giving up a single cigarette!

Number of Cigarettes smoked through one De-Nicotea filter	Tars Removed	Nicotine Removed
20 cigarettes	31.8%	33.3%
15 cigarettes	35.9%	37.0%
10 cigarettes	39.0%	37.0%

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De-Nicotea
crystal filter cigarette holder

$2.50 INCLUDING EXTRA FILTERS ★ GOLD-TONE LADY DE-NICOTEA $3.50 ★ AT STORES EVERYWHERE

Trouble at Midas Creek

(Continued from Page 51)

"Very well," Ravenhill said, shrugging. "Under the circumstances, I'll not haggle. In return for your continued co-operation—which means you'll do nothing at all to delay me any longer here at the Forks—all of whatever's been promised to me is yours."

Devereaux gave Pat a searching look. "You agree to this?"

"Yes," she said without hesitation. "Whatever Mr. Ravenhill agrees to is satisfactory to me."

"O.K.," Devereaux said. "That's it, then. And consider yourself lucky, Riv."

"And now," Sergeant Graham said ominously, "will you kindly explain this exchange, Devereaux? Is there an inference here that you're withholding certain testimony—for a consideration?"

"Oh, no," Devereaux returned, in his best manner. "We were discussing a previous deal. Sorry. Will you repeat your question, please?"

The sergeant was not convinced. "Mr. Ravenhill, will you state that your exchange with Devereaux has no connection whatever with the testimony Devereaux may or may not have given?"

"No," Ravenhill replied. "I can't state that. But may I suggest, sergeant, that you hear Devereaux's testimony first? Then I'll be happy to explain."

"Very well," the sergeant said grimly. "I must warn you, Devereaux, that while this is an informal hearing and you are not under oath, you will be held to account if any discrepancies in your testimony develop later. Understand that?"

"I do," Devereaux returned.

"You were with Ravenhill on the ridge when the avalanche started?"

"Yes."

"Standing beside him?"

"Behind him," Devereaux said. "Ravenhill was in front of a big rock. I was around its corner watching him."

"In your opinion, did Mr. Ravenhill start the avalanche deliberately?"

Devereaux shrugged. "Anything could have started it."

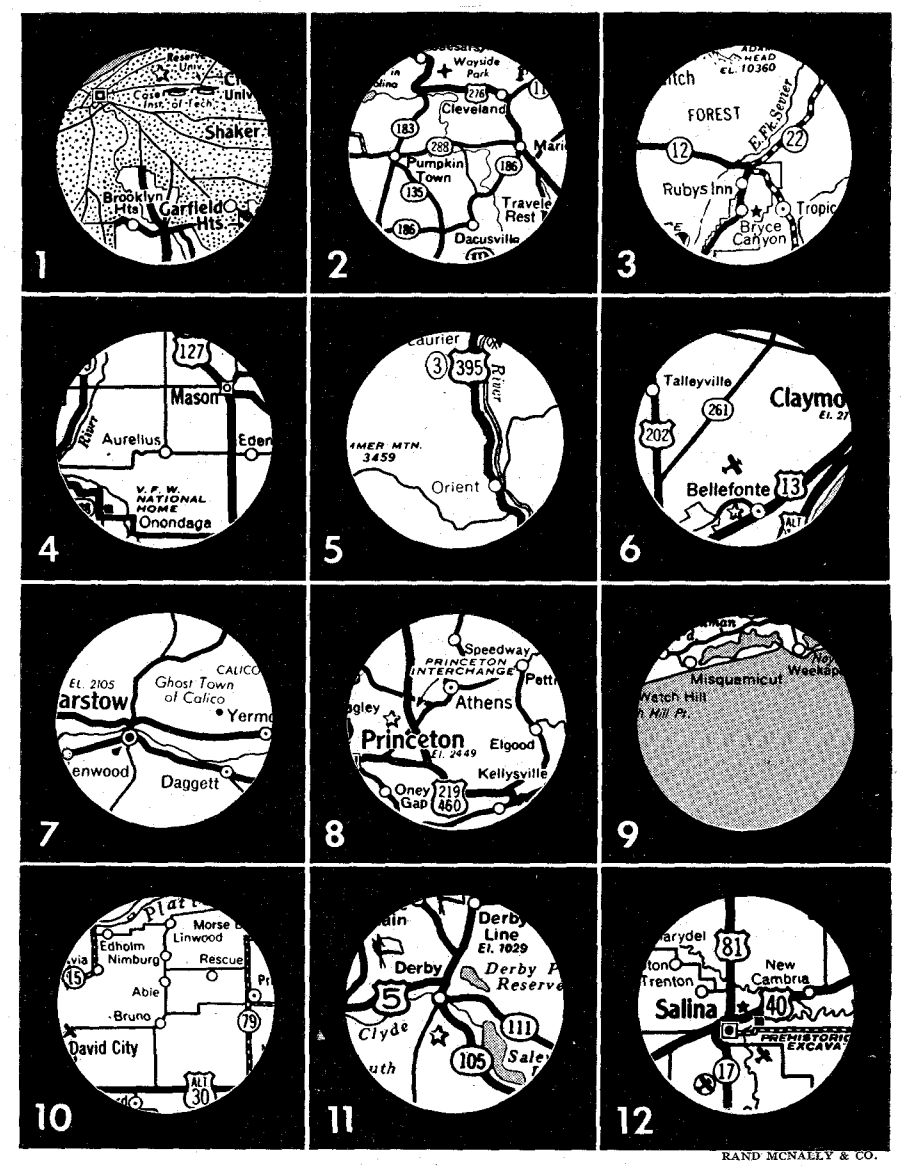
"Be specific, please," the sergeant directed. "You are the only eyewitness. What started the avalanche?"

"I don't know," Devereaux said.

"In other words," the sergeant said coldly, "you have no reason to believe that it was other than accidental?"

"That's it," Devereaux agreed.

For an instant Ravenhill almost—but not quite— (*Continued on Page 104*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(*Answers on page 106*)

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Falling leaves mean falling temperatures—so see your friendly Mobil dealer now! He'll take the worry out of winter driving by performing all these Mobil Care services . . .

COOLING SYSTEM: Drain and check for rust, leaks, stoppages. Refill with Mobil Permazone. Prevents freeze-ups, lasts all winter!

ENGINE: Drain crankcase—refill with Mobiloil Special—the famous *all-season* motor oil. Flows freely and instantly even in *sub-zero* weather—assures easy starts, complete protection against wear. More knock-free power, greater gas mileage, too!

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BATTERY: Check condition with Mobil Start-O-Scope. Replace, if necessary, with new Mobil Mark II battery—built to give *twice the life, twice the starts* of even the top quality Mobil batteries of the past. See your Mobil dealer for details of his guarantee.

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An Edsel can shift itself—while yo[illegible] keep both hands at the wheel. Ju[illegible] touch a button on the steering-whe[illegible] hub and exclusive Edsel Teletouc[illegible] Drive does the rest—surely, smoothl[illegible] *electrically*.

Even your brakes are different an[illegible]

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mong the Edsel's long list of availble new features are: contour seats; handsome new instrument panel degned to be custom-fitted to your own ersonal tastes; a single dial that sets eat, ventilation, even air conditiong, at a twist of the wrist; a unique warning-light system that can tell you when you need a quart of oil or when fuel is down to four gallons.

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1958

EDSEL

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(*Continued from Page 100*) felt sorry for the arrogant youth. He was riding for a fall. He could not now change his testimony. In the next breath, thinking of Homer Wilson huddled in the chill ship's cabin, with his life and all its dearly won treasures here hanging by a thread, Ravenhill was ashamed of his momentary qualms. Devereaux had simply gambled for huge stakes—unfeelingly, with utter disregard for the lives and liberties of those opposing him—and had lost.

"Very well, sir," the sergeant continued. "Will you now explain why, earlier in this hearing, you suggested by innuendo that Mr. Ravenhill had started the avalanche deliberately?"

Devereaux shrugged again. "You must have misunderstood me," he said blandly.

"I'm quite sure I didn't," the sergeant said. "We won't debate it, however. The record indicates at this point, Devereaux, that Ravenhill could have no possible motive for attempting to do away with Homer Wilson. His friendship for Wilson is self-evident throughout. By his own admission, Ravenhill was prepared to jeopardize his standing with the Mounted Police in this district by aiding Homer Wilson, then a fugitive from justice. He has protected the interests of Wilson's daughter in every particular. Do you, Devereaux—does any person in this room"—he looked about him deliberately—"now have any slightest suspicion that Homer Wilson's death was other than accidental?"

There was no reply. Devereaux stood silent. The hermits' faces were blank and expressionless. Pat stared at the floor.

"Miss Wilson," Graham prompted, his voice gentle now, "you are the person most deeply affected. Are you satisfied that your father's death was accidental?"

"I have no accusations to make," she returned. "I am certain that Mr. Ravenhill would not deliberately murder my father."

The sergeant nodded. He sat for a moment tapping his pencil thoughtfully, looking from Ravenhill to Devereaux. Then he closed his notebook and returned it to his pocket.

"There will be an inquest, of course," he said, and Ravenhill's heart missed a beat. "If the body is recovered," the sergeant continued. "Meantime, I will report this as accidental death in the wilds, the body impossible to recover. The point is, none of you will be detained. If the authorities decide to hold an inquest here on the ground, all of you will, of course, be required to attend as witnesses. And now, if you will sign your statements, please, as I have recorded them. . . . Yours is first, Miss Wilson." He handed her his pen. "Read it carefully before you sign it. This is a legal record."

This required a few minutes. Ravenhill was last. His hand trembled a little as he affixed his signature. Gad, was it really over? But no, not until the Norseman was in the air, Mackenzie-bound. Anything could happen yet.

And here it came, so it seemed. The sergeant's voice stilled the general shuffling of feet. "One moment, please. There's a final detail I'd like explained. Not for the record, but for my information. . . . By you, Mr. Ravenhill."

"I'm at your service," Ravenhill assured him.

"Clarify this point, then," the sergeant directed. "If you had nothing to fear from Devereaux's testimony, why pay him to 'co-operate'?"

Ravenhill shrugged. "Devereaux has a minor nuisance value. He knows I'm eager to get on to the Mackenzie. By merely giving adverse testimony—regardless of its merit—he could prolong this hearing and delay me here."

The sergeant gave Devereaux a cold, speculative glance. "You admit this? That your testimony was for sale?"

"I admit nothing," Devereaux returned affably. "My testimony's in the record. Let it ride."

"Very well. . . . But I'm still not satisfied, Mr. Ravenhill," Graham insisted. "Surely your getting under way at once can't be that important! Why pay Devereaux such a heavy price for his alleged 'co-operation'?"

Ravenhill breathed an inner sigh of relief. This was a stroke of luck. Devereaux was committed now. He had signed his eyewitness testimony and had here reaffirmed it. Might as well wipe the slate clean.

"To borrow a leaf from the politician's book, sergeant," Ravenhill said cheerfully, "I'm glad you asked that question. The truth is, I didn't offer a heavy price. Devereaux was doing what the gamblers call 'shooting the moon.' I merely offered to turn over to Devereaux any share or proceeds from her father's claim which Pat may have promised to me. . . . Right, Devereaux?"

"That's right," Devereaux returned, his smile fixed. "And don't try to renege, fella!"

"I resent that, sir," Ravenhill reproved. "I claim but one virtue—I never renege." He turned to Pat with a raised eyebrow. "How much was promised me, my dear?"

"Nothing," she said promptly, and with more warmth than Ravenhill had anticipated. "You demanded nothing at all. You said in the beginning—and I apologize again for not believing you, Riv—that you just came to lend a hand."

"No demands?" Ravenhill prompted. "No promises?"

She shook her head. "At no time, by the slightest hint, did you even suggest that you were entitled to a share. . . . I want that to appear in the record, sergeant. . . . This doesn't mean, of course, Riv ——"

Ravenhill quickly halted her there. "Please, that covers it. You promised nothing. I demanded nothing. But if my efforts ——"

"What's this?" Devereaux broke in fiercely. "D'you think anyone will believe for a minute ——"

"Quiet, sir!" Ravenhill reproved. "I'm not through. I'm clearing up a point for Sergeant Graham. . . . Pat, my dear, if my humble efforts helped you in the least, I have your—er—gratitude, perhaps?"

"You do, indeed," she assured him.

"So there it is, Devereaux," Ravenhill said. "The lady's gratitude is my payment—and rich payment it is, to be sure. For your co-operation, old chap, and solely because you've demanded it, the lady's gratitude is yours."

Four of the hermits quaked with silent mirth. The unforgiving Shorty guffawed aloud. "Good deal, Devereaux!" he applauded. "I've been a good guy; now give me half of your cut. Don't mention it, gambler. Happy to oblige."

Devereaux stood motionless, his features glistening, his heavy-lidded gaze shifting murderously from Ravenhill to Pat. For a moment Ravenhill was afraid they'd overshot their mark. Devereaux had been thwarted at every turn. He had here been held up to ridicule. Unless headed off quickly—diverted, put on his guard—his ungovernable temper could still cause a disturbance and fatal delay.

"Is your point clarified, sergeant?" Ravenhill asked.

"In a rather devious way, yes," the sergeant returned, with a gloomy twinkle.

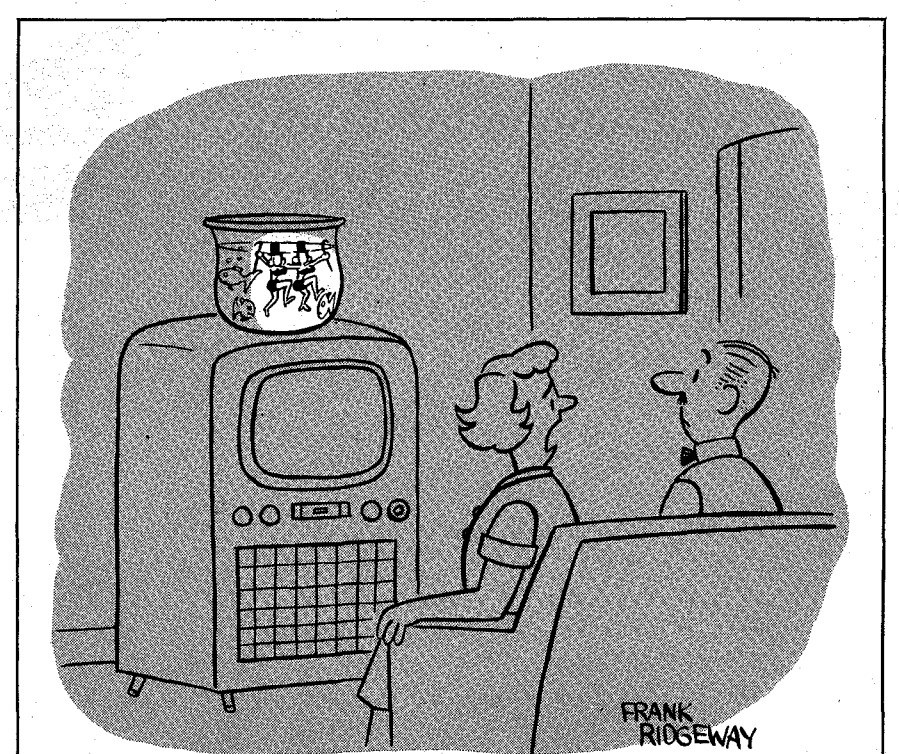
"Then you'll be taking off with Miss Wilson at once, I presume," Ravenhill said. "I'll head for the Mackenzie as soon as my engine's warmed up. That leaves Devereaux and the hermits here. What's Devereaux's status?"

The sergeant appraised Devereaux coldly, his twinkle fading. "You're here in the territory on probation," he told that glowering youth. "That probation's now revoked. I am notifying Immigration to that effect. And incidentally," he went on, frowning in his turn, "is there something in these proceedings to which you take exception, Devereaux? If so, I shall place you under arrest now, and take you with me to Whitehorse, where you can obtain legal counsel to determine if any of your rights have been invaded."

"Arrest me—for what?" Devereaux asked sullenly.

"A number of charges. One, you entered the territory under false representations. You were seeking no relative at the Falls. Two, you were carrying concealed weapons. Three ——"

"That's enough," Devereaux growled. "What's the score? What do you want from me?"



"Better call the repairman."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Graham turned to Shorty. "Will you lads feel in personal jeopardy if Devereaux's permitted to remain here or at the Falls until his case is disposed of by the Immigration men?"

"Jeopardy?" Shorty repeated. He turned to Ravenhill for his cue, pretending not to understand. "What's this jeopardy business?"

"It means, are you hermits afraid to be left alone here at the Forks with Devereaux," Ravenhill explained. "That's an amusing thought, isn't it? In fact, I'd suggest that Graham make you promise not to treat Devereaux too roughly."

"Don't worry," Shorty told the sergeant. "He had us buffaloed before. Now he stays at his own risk. No, we won't treat him rough. Just so he says 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir'—and keeps out of LaDue's way."

This reminded Ravenhill of something he had looked forward to for two hours past, but which had slipped his mind in the tension of the preceding moments.

"LaDue, old chap," he said. "Your attention, please."

The breed stiffened. "Yes, m'sieu?"

"I've good news for you," Ravenhill said. "In one particular, at least, Devereaux brought a ray of sunshine to this lonely camp. Claudette wasn't killed, LaDue. She survived. There's no murder charge. She's waiting for you at the mission at Nome."

Astonishment, disbelief and a dawning wonder swept the emotional breed's face in succession. He darted a venomous look at Devereaux. "You let me believe this so long, Devereaux?" Then the miracle of it engulfed his rage, swept it away. His eyes filled with unaffected tears.

"You have brought me hope, m'sieu," he told Ravenhill brokenly. "Devereaux would not tell me—but you have come, and you have told me."

"It's all right. Good luck, LaDue," Ravenhill brushed the breed's gratitude aside hastily. . . . "There's one other loose end, sergeant, if you don't mind. These lads"—indicating Shorty and his brother hermits, who had huddled instinctively together in their good fortune, as they had always in bad—"are sterling citizens. I am sure they will cash in substantially on the claims below Homer's on the new gold creek. They will undoubtedly have enough capital to clear their records. You'll aid them in this?"

"Of course," Graham promised. "They have good records here—at least until Homer Wilson showed up. But we're not holding that against them now."

"Where'd you get the notion we don't like it here?" Shorty asked Ravenhill, blinking. "D'you think any of us will ever leave these blessed environs? Like bats out of hell," he answered his own question fervently.

Graham rose to his feet, glancing at his wrist watch. "And now, Miss Wilson and gentlemen, are there any more loose ends?"

No one spoke up. There was one item of unfinished business in the minds of Devereaux and the hermits, Ravenhill knew: the exact location of Homer Wilson's strike. But this must be imparted to Shorty alone.

"Very well, then." Graham turned to Pat, who had also come to her feet. "How soon can you leave?"

"Immediately," she returned. "I'm all packed—except for the radio. I'm leaving it for you," she told Shorty.

Shorty was overjoyed. "Gosh, can we use it!"

"And you can divide dad's equipment among you," she said quietly. "You hermits, I mean," she added pointedly.

There was a general milling about as Pat got her meager luggage assembled. Devereaux was (*Continued on Page 106*)

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(*Continued from Page 104*) apart from the others, leaning against the fireplace, but watching Ravenhill's every move.

Pat was soon ready to go. She had but one bag and was carrying her vanity case. She was already muffled in her parka. "I'm pointed south, with my engine warmed up," Graham told Ravenhill. "So I'll take off first. My tracks will give you a better take-off too. Your destination is Norman Wells, I take it?" he asked in almost jocular vein. "No further variations of your flight plan?"

"Weather permitting," Ravenhill returned, with an answering twinkle.

There was a general movement forward, with Devereaux bringing up the rear. Now Ravenhill saw how he could impart his information to Shorty, unknown to Devereaux. After the sergeant and Pat took off it was imperative that he, Ravenhill, be alone on the Middle Fork.

When all were outside, and the hermits had donned snowshoes to tramp down a better trail for Pat through the deep snow to Graham's ship, Ravenhill said to the sergeant, "I'd like a private word with Pat. If you and Devereaux don't mind?"

Devereaux gave him a brief glance, checked the hermits ahead, and took off, following the sergeant.

Ravenhill waited until the others were out of earshot. The world was brilliant in the low sunlight, the snow dazzling, the mountains sharply etched against the sky.

"You were wonderful, Riv " Pat said, her face upturned. "It looked impossible, but you carried it off. My knees are still shaking."

"Sh-h!" he said. "So are mine. But you should have the credit, my dear. You played the trump exactly at the right time."

She glanced toward Ravenhill's ship. "Can you get off safely with dad?"

"I hope so," Ravenhill returned. "You can help. When you say good-by to the hermits, leave Shorty to the last. Graham's engine will make it hard for him to hear, so whisper to him. Remember, Devereaux will be alert and watching."

"For what?" she asked, shuddering. "What can that terrible man do to us now?"

"Nothing to us, I hope," Ravenhill returned. "But I want to protect the hermits. They're entitled to stake the ground below discovery. Listen closely, my dear. Tell Shorty the strike's below the blue glacier. He'll know where it is at once. Tell him I said to pass the word to the hermits. Tell him they must take off unobtrusively, one by one, the moment you and the sergeant are in the air. So they can get up there at once and stake their claims before Devereaux knows what's afoot. Do you understand?"

"Yes. Yes, I understand," she said hurriedly. "I'll manage it. . . . What about dad? Can you hide him safely over at the Great Slave?"

"I'm quite sure I can. You've arranged with him where to meet?"

She nodded. "He'll wait for me Outside—until I can arrange to have the mine developed and we have capital. He'll explain it to you."

"Sorry about LeVeq's letter," Ravenhill apologized. "If it weren't for the risk to your father, I'd try to wangle it yet. But I must get into the air. Even yet, if Devereaux's suspicions are aroused ——"

"Dad and I've already discussed that," she cut in softly. "I'll make Devereaux a cash offer later. He can't put too high a value on it now, and dad will stand trial at once. . . . What else, Riv? Look, they're all waiting."

"That's all," Ravenhill said. Looking down at her upturned face, framed so appealingly in the fur of her parka hood, he sensed a greater danger—to Ravenhill—than any which had added zest to the hours just past. "I'll say good-by here," he said hurriedly, taking her mittened hand. "Good luck. Take care of Homer."

She clung to his hand, a dismaying invitation in her dimpled cheeks and smiling eyes. "Nothing else, Riv? This is a primitive environment, remember. Must you be aloof with me?"

"Please!" he begged, taking refuge in his superstitious code. "Your father isn't in the clear yet. Don't hex him by—by ——"

"By discussing the future? Very well." She released his hand, still smiling. "We'll discuss it later. That isn't a promise, sir," she assured him. "It's a threat. You can't abandon us now. The mine has to be developed and all that. By someone in whom I—we—have implicit ——"

"Please!" he insisted, waving her toward the ship. She gave him a final, laughing glance and went meekly.

Farewells were brief at the ship. Pat shook hands gravely with each of the hermits in turn. Following Ravenhill's instructions, she left Shorty to the last, and led him aside. She whispered to him, an arm about his shoulders. Then, to Shorty's astonishment and delight, which he made the most of by pretending to reel drunkenly, she gave him a loud smack on his bearded cheek.

Then she went aboard, with a final wave. The sergeant followed, saluted from the open door, and motioned all to stand in the clear. The door closed, and presently the engine roared. A cloud of surface snow immediately engulfed the spectators. From this mist, far down the broadening Middle Fork, the ship rose up and climbed speedily into the blue of the sky.

"Well," Shorty said, in an offhand way, "that's that. Let's get back to the Midas Creek, boys," he told the hermits. "Stop in at the cabin first. We got a radio to lug over, and"—he paused to whoop delightedly—"two gallons of squareface!"

It was a tribute to the hermits' trust in Shorty that none raised a question about the location of Homer's strike. They headed for the cabin at once, with Shorty at their heels.

Devereaux, ahead of Ravenhill, hung back until the hermits were plodding well in the lead. Then he dropped back abreast of Ravenhill.

"You win, Riv," he said bitterly. "I should have downed you up on the ridge. There's nothing left now but peanuts. Those old goats know where the strike is—otherwise they'd have asked you the minute Graham took off. They're getting ready to stampede to the claim. All I can do is follow them and stake what ground they let me stake."

Ravenhill thought fast. His original plan had been to let the hermits get under way, while holding Devereaux at the cabin under the pretext of discussing LeVeq's letter. It would waste fifteen minutes more, but the hermits must have a

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 100)

1. Ohio	2. S.C.	3. Utah
4. Mich.	5. Wash.	6. Del.
7. Calif.	8. W. Va.	9. R.I.
10. Neb.	11. Vt.	12. Kan.

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head start in their stampede to the claim. They would head up the avalanche-stripped ridge the moment they were out of view of the cabin here.

But Ravenhill yearned to get into the air. He hadn't drawn an easy breath since the avalanche. Devereaux's concession that he was now at the hermits' mercy—a far cry from his contempt of yesterday—raised the obvious question: Why dally here at all? The hermits no longer feared Devereaux. He was powerless to blackmail them now.

"And so?" Ravenhill asked.

"For LeVeq's letter," Devereaux said swiftly, "tell me where the strike is now. If Pat made the round trip last night, it can't be far. I can outrun them and stake Number One below."

"Double-cross the hermits?" Ravenhill shook his head. "No, you'll have to deal with Shorty. He knows the value of LeVeq's letter—which isn't too great now. Perhaps you can persuade him to let you have Six below."

All the hermits but Shorty had now entered the cabin. Shorty looked back over his shoulder at the door. At Ravenhill's signal, he closed the door and stamped back toward them.

"I'm going over to warm my engine, Shorty," Ravenhill told him. "It'll take a few minutes. I'll have to shovel snow away from the skis and turn the ship around by hand."

"I'll help you," Shorty offered.

"Oh, no. I'll manage it while the ship's warming up," Ravenhill told him. "You know where the strike is, Shorty, but Devereaux doesn't. He's willing to trade LeVeq's letter for whatever you think it's worth. Six below discovery would be my suggestion. Deal with him while I'm warming the engine, eh?"

"I sure will," Shorty agreed. "Having seen your brains operate, I can now talk Devereaux's language. This way, sir!"

Ravenhill did not wait for Devereaux's agreement, but strode off at once, following the well-plowed trail toward the ship. Glancing back, he saw Shorty and Devereaux disappear into the cabin.

Ravenhill swung aboard the ship at once. "Quiet, Homer," he warned. "Pat's heading for Whitehorse with Graham. The boys are at the cabin. I'm warming up the engine now. With luck, we'll be off in a few minutes."

"I can take it, I reckon," Homer whispered hoarsely. "This blasted ship's belly is colder than a mackerel. It's no colder than mine. I've been afraid to move."

"Don't move," Ravenhill ordered. "The cabin will soon warm up."

He swung down, removed the nose hangar and blowtorch, mounted again to the cabin and turned the engine over. It barely made it, stiff and chilled as it was despite the blowtorch. Presently it took hold, coughed, stuttered sporadically, then settled down to a sustained, throaty roaring.

Ravenhill took the emergency shovel from its rack and delved briskly in the snow. Presently the skis were clear. He broke them out, then turned the ship by its tail, floundering in the snow. All this required several minutes. Puffing from his labors, he stowed the shovel away again. As he stepped up the throttle a little, he looked toward the cabin and saw Shorty standing alone in the snow by the cabin's step, looking toward the ship. Where were the others?

"While the engine's warming up I'll check on the lads back there," he told Homer. "Just lie doggo."

Shorty came part way to meet him. They halted short of the cabin, facing each other. Shorty fairly exuded a bland, smug air—too bland, too smug.

Ravenhill eyed him narrowly. "Where are the other lads?"

"You mean the partners, and Sanderson and LaDue?" Shorty asked. "Why, they've gone up on the ridge, heading for the blue glacier. There ain't much ground below the glacier, so we fixed it up that we stake all there was, and work the ground together, share and share alike."

"Good," Ravenhill approved suspiciously. He now noted that Shorty's lip was split, a recent wound, and that one eyelid drooped in what was obviously the beginning of a many-hued shiner. "Where's Devereaux?"

"Devereaux?" Shorty echoed. "Oh, yeah, Devereaux. Well, Riv, Devereaux's sitting in the chair at the cabin, comfortable as a stuffed owl. He figures there's lots of time to go up and stake Six below. Don't you worry about Devereaux," Shorty urged, extending a mittened hand. "So long, Riv. Glory be, what a lifesaver you've been! I'll be over to see you on the Great Slave ——"

"One moment, sir!" Ravenhill said. "About face, please, I'll check on Devereaux."

"But doggone it!" Shorty protested, turning himself about unwillingly. "You told me to trade with him!"

"Forward, hup!" Ravenhill told him in the military manner, and Shorty took off, muttering.

Devereaux was not only seated in the chair; he was trussed like a fowl, and gagged. His face was bruised. His eyes glittered malevolently.

"Explain this, fast," Ravenhill told Shorty, hiding his amusement. Rickety old goats, indeed! Devereaux would have occasion to recall those words in the future.

"Well," Shorty said, "I told him he could have Six below. So he gave me LeVeq's letter. Which I burned at once."

"Where was it?"

"Where you'd never guess," Shorty said. "He'd hid it right here in the cabin. Stuck it under the table there with a wad of gum. He's a sharp one, ain't he?"

Ravenhill nodded. This cabin was the last place he'd have thought to search for the letter.

"And then?" he asked.

"Then I told him he'd have to wait till we staked our claims up there," Shorty explained. "This was after I'd burned the letter, and after I'd told him where the strike was, just to prove we were honest Joes. He wouldn't agree, so we leaped on him and tied him up. It was quite a hassle," Shorty admitted, indicating the wrecked cabin.

... ...

It Isn't a Job; It's a Position

By Dick Emmons

The baby-sitter didn't do
The dishes (there were just
a few);
She didn't let the dog go
out
Or tub the kids, or look
about
The kitchen to determine
what
Should be refrigerated, but
Our sitter did one thing, at
that:
She sat.

... ...

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"You shouldn't have picked on him," Ravenhill reproved, poker-faced. "He isn't damaged too severely?"

"Only his dignity," Shorty replied. "He'll get over that. As soon as you've taken off, I'll untie one hand; then lope over to Midas Creek and load my rifle. By the time he gets himself untied completely, he'll figure his best bet is to get down to the Falls and on to Nome. We'll let him get his outfit over to the post, of course."

"Good advice, Devereaux," Ravenhill said briefly. "This is a rough country." It wasn't cricket to go any farther with a fallen enemy. . . . "But aren't you going to permit him to stake Six below?" he asked Shorty accusingly. "Wasn't that the bargain?"

"Sure, he can stake it if he wants," Shorty said. "Let me tell you outside why I don't think he'll bother."

Ravenhill saluted Devereaux gravely; then he and Shorty went outside and a little way toward the ship.

"You ain't seen the blue glacier," Shorty explained. "I have. There's probably only room for a claim and a half below Homer's. Uncovered, that is. Six below would be about as far down as the middle of the main glacier, under maybe two hundred feet of ice. It was when I told him that," Shorty concluded, in an offended manner, "we had to gag him. Such language!"

They looked at each other gravely for a moment. Then Shorty's shaggy features split in a wolfish grin. Ravenhill's mustache bristled in a rare, affectionate smile.

"Cheerio, Shorty. You'll be dropping in at the Great Slave?"

"When all the chores are done," Shorty swore. "Happy landings!"

Shorty was still standing there when Ravenhill gunned his engine and began his run. Ravenhill was about to wave him farewell when he sensed something wrong. He throttled back and the ship quickly slowed to a stop in the deeply rutted wake of Graham's take off. He gunned the engine again, swung sluggishly in a wide circle and returned to his starting point.

"Don't move yet, Homer," he said sternly. "We're overloaded. I forgot to tell you my capacity's limited. We've got to make better than ten thousand to clear the hump. I'll have to give some of your duffel the heave-ho, I'm afraid."

"You mean, we can't take off as is?" Homer asked hoarsely.

"We might, but it would be risky. We've had a final break of luck; let's not ask for more." He explained briefly that the damning letter was gone; that Homer could now hire the best legal counsel and stand trial, with every hope of success. "We can't crowd luck like that," he concluded. "Pick what you want me to toss out. I'll tell Shorty to retrieve it."

"O.K.," Homer said. "See that turkey right behind your seat? It's got around thirteen hundred ounces of gold in it, the pure quill. Better than a hundred pounds. I dug it out under the blue glacier before I moved down to Midas Creek. Half of it's yours. The other half is for me and Pat till the claim's developed. Sure, toss it out."

Ravenhill's lips pursed in a silent whistle. Thirteen hundred ounces—forty-five thousand dollars, give or take a few hundred. His twin-engined ship was hangarbound over on the Great Slave. He was foully broke. "But I can't accept half of it, old chap," he protested.

"Sure, you can't," Homer returned. The man had a truly hellish sense of humor. "So toss your half out. That'll about do it, won't it?"

"But Pat wouldn't understand ——"

"Listen," Homer said. "Pat was afraid you wouldn't take half this dust—even though she was willing to turn the whole blasted claim over to Devereaux, till you took over. I said you would. Make a liar out of me if you want! Toss it overboard—your half, I mean."

"Oh, no," Ravenhill said. "On second thought, Homer, it occurs to me that our gas load will be lighter by the time we approach the hump. Odd that I didn't think of that! If we can just get off, I won't cause you to lose face with Pat. We can't do that, eh, old chap?"

Homer chuckled hoarsely. "On my account, you'll keep it, then?"

"Yes," Ravenhill said joyously. "The nasty, filthy stuff! . . . Sit tight, old son."

He gunned the engine and they got under way sluggishly. Ravenhill waved to Shorty as they passed the cabin. Shorty, standing on legs widely spraddled—a stocky, disreputable, oddly heroic figure—threw a hand high in farewell.

The ship had not yet attained flying speed when they reached the end of Graham's tracks, but the skis were now riding high. The huge, rounded backs of the boulder-strewn lower basin of the Middle Fork rushed toward them. Ravenhill got the nose up in time to skim the first of these formidable barriers, and they were air-borne. He nursed the ship along, climbing slowly, but with increasing confidence.

"Up front, Homer," Ravenhill directed. "We're tail-heavy."

Homer reared up and came forward obediently. The ship rocked as he settled himself, and Ravenhill stooped to give the stabilizer a final adjustment. The great lower basin of the Stewart was broadening below them. As they veered eastward, then northeast toward the break between the iron peaks of the Selwyns and the more lofty and glittering spires of the Ogilvie Range, Ravenhill wondered what Homer's first words would be, as he faced incredulously into his new-found freedom.

They were singularly appropriate. "Lookit!" Homer said, his heavy face alight. "I crawled and crept amongst them blasted mountains. Ain't they a sight now?"

"Yes," Ravenhill agreed. "They are indeed, old chap. They always look beautiful from the sky." THE END

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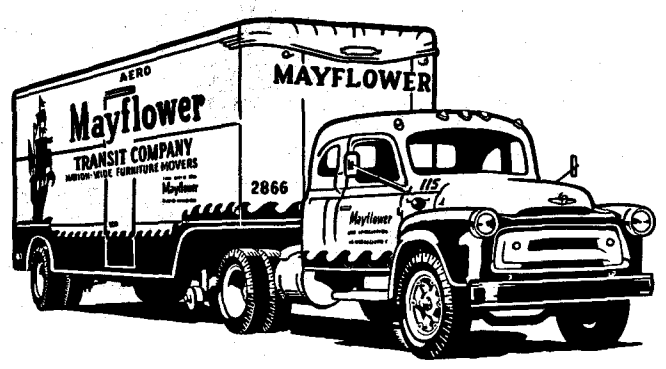

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Murder on My Street (Continued from Page 44)

took the stairs to the detectives' room on the second floor. As he came in the door of the squad room with Laura, he saw Pam sitting on a desk with her legs dangling, grinning happily and eating ice cream on a stick.

"Hi, pop!" she called. "Look at me! I'm a witness!"

He put his arms around her and gratefully kissed her upturned lips, and a detective in his shirtsleeves who had been talking to Pam said, "Glad you're here, Mr. Carter. I'm Detective O'Reilly."

Mrs. Nelson was there, her eyes wide and troubled, and Bruce gave her an encouraging smile. She was a large, capable, strong-boned woman, but she was helpless in this situation outside her experience, and sniffled a little, occasionally dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.

"You must be worn out, Mrs. Nelson," Bruce said. "You can go home any time you want. I'll take care of Pam."

"I'll send you home in a squad car," O'Reilly said. "Come on. . . . And, Mr. Carter, Lieutenant Digby is downstairs. I think maybe he wants to talk to you."

Bruce left Pam with Laura, her head leaning against Laura's shoulder, and followed the detective and Mrs. Nelson down the worn and littered stairs.

O'Reilly crooked his finger and a thin, ...oping man with soft, dark eyes and a ...endly smile came over and said, "I'm ...eutenant Digby. Sorry we had to bring your kid out so late at night. I've got kids of my own. I know how you feel."

"I still don't know what happened," Bruce said. "How did Pam happen to see the man?"

"I understand you know Adele Sharp. At least Pam said you had a talk with ...er."

"That's right. She wanted me to print ... story about her cousin being missing."

"O'Reilly went up to the apartment this evening and found her dead," Lieutenant Digby said. "Strangled with a nylon stocking."

"The poor kid," Bruce murmured. "Why? She just came up from Oklahoma this week. How could she be mixed up with dope?"

"Who said she was?"

"O'Reilly said on the telephone that dope was involved, and you're Lieutenant Digby, of the Narcotic Squad. You were investigating Sylvia King and the Revelry Club."

"That's right, I was," the lieutenant said. "Up until she kind of dropped out of sight. . . . Well, she's not missing any more. She came back. Her overnight bag was in the apartment, her pajamas and toothbrush, and so forth. She came back up there with a man, and I think she was there when your kid went up, although Pammy didn't see her. She saw the man, though, and he's the man who killed Adele Sharp."

"But why, for God's sake?"

"Look, Mr. Carter, you're a newspaperman," Lieutenant Digby said. "All this is off the record. Agreed?"

"Yes."

"You've got a right to know, that's why I'm telling you. We've been watching Charlie Pearl at the Revelry Club and we have information that this girl, Sylvia King, was peddling heroin there. A junkie told us what we wanted to know. The stuff would be folded inside a paper book of matches, taped to the inside of the cover, and she'd pass it out with the cigarettes. We were pretty sure of that, but we weren't after the pushers. We wanted the source of supply. We wanted to catch Charlie Pearl making a buy and we were watching his place and we were watching this kid, Cherry King. My theory is that there was some H stashed in that apartment. God knows I didn't find it, and I know where to look, but I think the Sharp girl stumbled onto it. My idea is that the King girl went there with the big connection to make the pickup and they found Adele had stumbled onto the stuff and they had to kill her. Maybe the guy your kid saw was the big connection."

"Connection?" Bruce said.

"The operator. The wholesaler. Maybe that's the guy she saw." Digby's voice dropped low, "That's what worries me, Mr. Carter. Barney Muldoon, the cop on your beat, checked around the neighborhood and found your kid was sent up there on an errand this afternoon. He talked to her and she said she saw the Sharp girl stretched out on a sofa and saw a man with her. You see what worries me? I want you to get it straight. It's pretty plain she saw the murderer, because that's just how we found Adele Sharp—stretched out on the sofa. What worries me is who that guy is. He'll be tough. He'll be ruthless."

Bruce said, "Yes, I understand."

"I want you to co-operate with us on this," Digby said. "Don't do anything without consulting me. We're going to break this case and we're going to protect that little girl, but we've got to have your help."

"Lieutenant, I'll do anything you say," Bruce said.

"I'm bringing some people in for Pammy to look at," Digby said. "It

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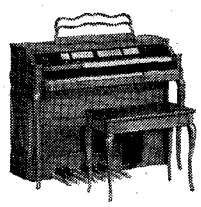

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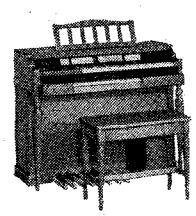

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won't be long. After that you can take her home."

Bruce went back up to the squad room. Pam was sitting on the desk, with Laura standing beside her, and Detective O'Reilly was questioning Pam.

"Now you say the guy opened the door and told you to beat it, but you told him you had an envelope, so he opened a little bit and reached for it," O'Reilly said. "Now tell me what you saw. Quick! The first thing you remember."

Pam's eyes opened wide. "A goldy ring on his finger," she said.

"Was there a jewel on it?"

"No, it was flat and gold, with that fancy kind of letters on it."

"Like a signet ring? Like initials?"

"Yes."

"Could you make out the letters?"

Pam shook her head and the detective said, "But you saw his face. Once again, Pammy. Quick now! What about his face?"

"His eyes were shiny," Pam said. "He had his hat pulled down low."

"What color were his eyes?"

Pam shook her head.

"What was his hat like, then?"

"It was gray. Kind of like your hat, Mr. O'Reilly, only newer looking."

"Now let's get back to his face. Let's get the general picture of what he looked like."

"He looked a lot like Guy Mollet," Pam said.

"Molay?" O'Reilly said. "G. Molay, did you say? Just who is G. Molay?"

Bruce smiled. "He's the premier of France, or was last time I noticed. Pam has lived most of her life in France."

O'Reilly grunted, wiped his face with the back of his hand; then grinned and said, "I'll get hold of a picture of this G. Molay, then. It might give us a lead, at that."

"I guess he doesn't really look like Monsieur Mollet, though," Pam said.

"Look, kid, you've got to make up your mind."

"I mean he reminded me of Monsieur Mollet," Pam said. "You asked me who he looked like and I couldn't think of anybody but Monsieur Mollet."

"Did you notice anything particular about his face? Did he have a long nose, a short nose, a flat nose, a hooked nose?"

"Kind of long," Pam said. "But not very, I guess."

"How about his mouth? Would you say it was large or small?"

"He was talking," Pam said. "I didn't notice. Mostly I just saw his eyes. They were real shiny."

"Sugar, tell me one thing," O'Reilly said. "If you saw that man again, would you recognize him?"

"Maybe."

"You're not sure?"

"I wouldn't be sure unless I saw him," Pam said. "Would I?"

Laura looked at Bruce and smiled. It was such a gentle, sharing smile, and carried in it so much emotional alliance that he felt an odd resentment. His answering smile was slow to come, and forced and grudging when it came, and her eyes showed that she felt its rebuke. She glanced quickly away.

Lieutenant Digby was at the door, calling, "Pam, I want you to come downstairs with me. There are some fellows down there I want you to look at." He held out his hand and she took it trustingly. The detective had an air of friendly assurance that inspired confidence, Bruce thought; he was glad Digby was working on this case. He had started to follow, but Laura moved up beside him, laid a hand on his wrist, and said, "Are you sure you wanted me here tonight, Bruce?"

"Of course," he said. "You bet."

"I wonder," she said. "You gave me such a strange look a moment ago. It almost seemed like dislike."

"Oh, no," he said. "You imagined it."

They moved on toward the stairs and she said softly, "I think Pam is a simply lovely little girl. I think she's just wonderful. The moment I first saw her sad little face I fell in love with her."

"Sad?" Bruce said.

"Don't you think she's sad?"

"That never occurred to me."

"Maybe you don't even know that you have a sad face yourself," she said.

"I hadn't noticed," he said.

"Pam has noticed."

They were on the stairs, and he paused and looked at her closely. "Why do you say that?"

"Because she's a sad little dolorosa, simply crying out for fun and laughter. I hadn't talked to her two minutes before I knew that. And look at her tonight. She's the center of attention and she revels in it. She keeps looking at you to make sure you notice."

Bruce frowned uncomfortably and looked at Pam, who was standing near the sergeant's desk with Digby. He wanted to tell Laura that it was none of her business, but there was too much truth in what she said. Pam was sad. He had failed her.

As they reached the foot of the stairs he said, "You're right. I'm going to try to be more relaxed."

Her eyes met his and she said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I know you resent intrusions, and I think I know why, but I didn't mean to intrude by speaking about Pam. It's only that she's such an appealing little girl and I wanted to help her. And after all, you did ask me to come along tonight."

He reached out and took her hand, wanting to say something in apology, wanting to explain that his emotions were raw from fear and worry, but he could find no words and only smiled, a slow but embarrassed smile. He knew that he had behaved erratically with her; every impulse seemed to bring an emotional counteraction.

Five men were filing into the room, moving into a casual line near the sergeant's desk, and Bruce saw that the man in the center was Charlie Pearl, the owner of the Revelry Club. His plump face looked strained and his lips were pinched in at the corners.

"Look those fellows over, Pam," Lieutenant Digby said. "Tell me if you ever saw any one of them before."

Pam cocked her head on one side and solemnly inspected each face in turn. Her eyes lingered on Charlie Pearl's face, then passed on. At last she said, "One of them looks a little bit like him."

"Which one?" Digby asked.

"That one on the end," Pam said, pointing.

"O.K.," Digby said. "It happens he's one of the detectives on this squad." He caught Bruce's eye and led him aside. "I want to take the kid downtown in the morning and let her look at some photographs," he said. "O.K. if I pick you up about half past nine?"

Bruce nodded, and Digby crooked his finger and called out, "Mr. Pearl, want to come over here a minute?"

Charlie Pearl approached them hesitantly, his dark eyes flicking from Bruce to the lieutenant. He asked hoarsely, "What are you trying to pin on me, Digby?"

"The kid didn't make you, so quit worrying," Digby said. "What I want to know is when did you last see this girl, Cherry King?"

"Friday night was the last night she worked at my place."

"Did she quit?"

Charlie Pearl shook his head. "I hear she run off and got married."

"Where did you hear that?"

"I don't know. One of the girls said it was something she had to take care of. Know what I mean? She had to get married, the way things was. Know what I mean?"

"Who did she marry?"

"I don't know the guy. I don't know who she was running around with. All I ask of my girls is that they show up on time. I don't ask them no questions about their private lives."

"How much did you pay her, Charlie?"

"Sixty, I guess it was."

"And what else?"

"Nothing else."

"Then how is it she put ten thousand dollars in the bank a month ago?" Lieutenant Digby asked.

Charlie Pearl's eyes opened wider for a fraction of a second, then he shrugged. "Well, she told one of the girls she was coming into some money," he said.

"O.K., you can go," Digby said. "But you'd better watch yourself, Charlie, because we'll be watching you too."

"Takes about thirty minutes for the whole thing—vegetables and all."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Charlie Pearl shrugged and walked away, and Bruce said, "The girl had an interest in an oil royalty, lieutenant."

"Yes, I know about that. I'm checking on that."

"Adele said she herself hadn't received a penny out of it yet," Bruce said. "But the King girl could have sold her royalty interest."

"I'm wondering," Digby said. "Were those two girls friendly?"

"They seemed to be, from the way Adele talked."

Bruce glanced across the room. Pam was sitting on Laura's lap, her head against Laura's shoulder, her eyes closed. The dark head and the russet head were close together, and as he watched, Pam stirred a little and snuggled closer. Laura was pale and her eyes seemed enormous as she looked up at Bruce. Her black linen suit was wrinkled now, and soiled with the dust of the police station; she looked very tired. He told himself that he had misjudged Laura. She had drive, and a sure confidence in the direction of her life, but underneath she was gentle and even vulnerable.

"Lieutenant, it's pretty late for Pam," he said. "Mind if I take her home to bed now?"

Digby nodded. "O'Reilly will see you home and check the apartment. Keep the door on the safety chain, Mr. Carter. Don't take any chances. I'll pick you up in the morning and we'll make arrangements to protect the kid. We want to make sure somebody is with her every hour of the day."

Bruce looked at Pam, curled up in Laura's lap. She looked so helpless, so innocent; he felt a lump in his throat, felt a protective tightening of his muscles. He stooped to pick her up in his arms, and as Laura raised her face with a smile, he gently brushed her lips with his.

"Thank you, Laura," he said. "You've been wonderful."

"Are we through here now?"

"O'Reilly is taking us home. He can drop you off too."

"What happens next, Bruce?"

"Pam and I are going down to the rogues' gallery in the morning, and she's not to be left alone. Lieutenant Digby is going to make arrangements."

"I'd love to spend all my free time with her," Laura said. "We're going shopping tomorrow, remember."

Pam opened her eyes and said, "We are? You and I?"

"If you want to. Your father can bring you up to the office about noon and we'll have lunch, and then we'll go buy out the stores. . . . All right, Bruce?"

"All right," he said. "But right now this young lady is on her way to bed."

He held Pam closely in his arms as he carried her out to the car.

Lieutenant Digby arrived promptly at half past nine, and when Bruce opened the door to his ring, he said reprovingly, "Didn't I tell you to keep that door on the chain?"

"You're right," Bruce said. "I'll watch it."

Seeing Pam, Digby called out, "How's my little witness? Ready to go downtown and look at some pictures?"

"I'm ready," Pam said.

On the way downtown in Lieutenant Digby's car, the detective said, "I was up a good part of last night. We had a regular parade of junkies, but we didn't turn up much. We have an alarm out for the King girl. She's our best lead, except what may come of this morning. It's a cinch the guy didn't leave much in the apartment to help us, except the stub of a cigar. The (*Continued on Page 112*)

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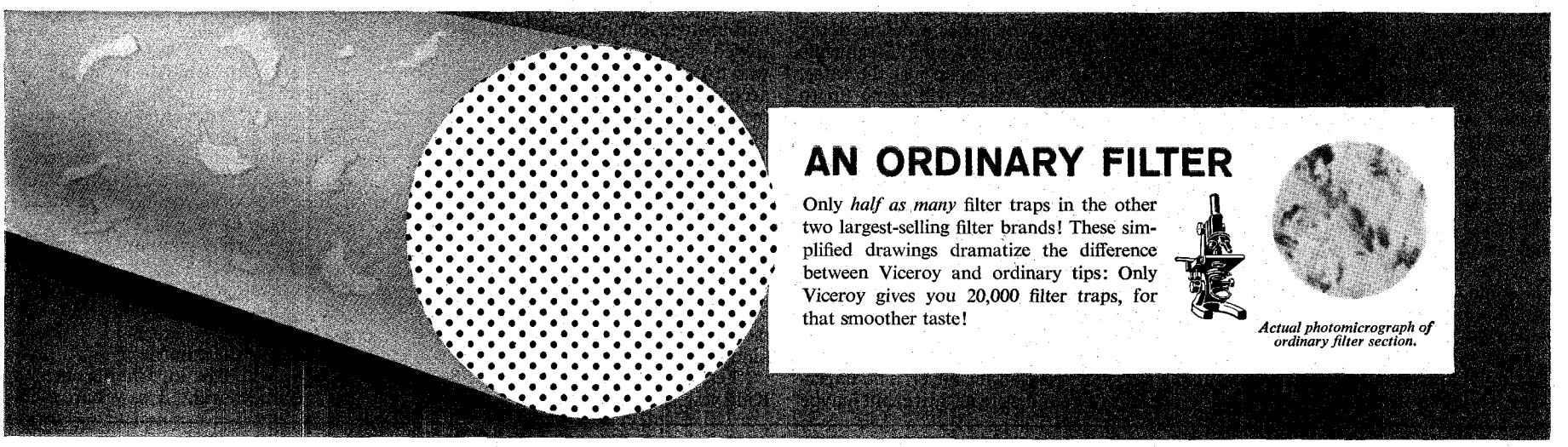
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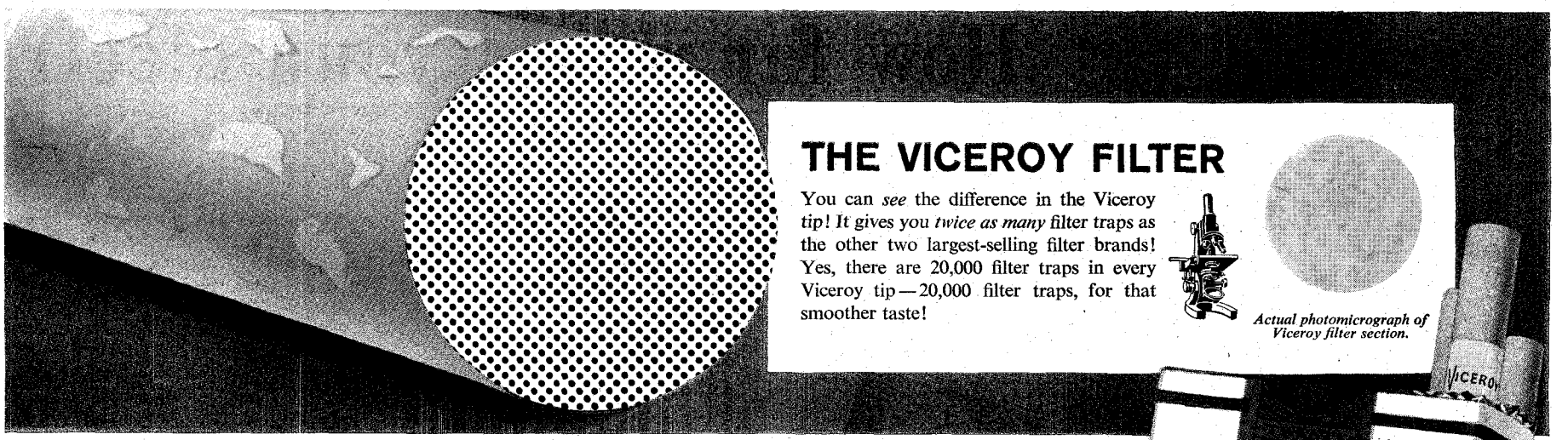
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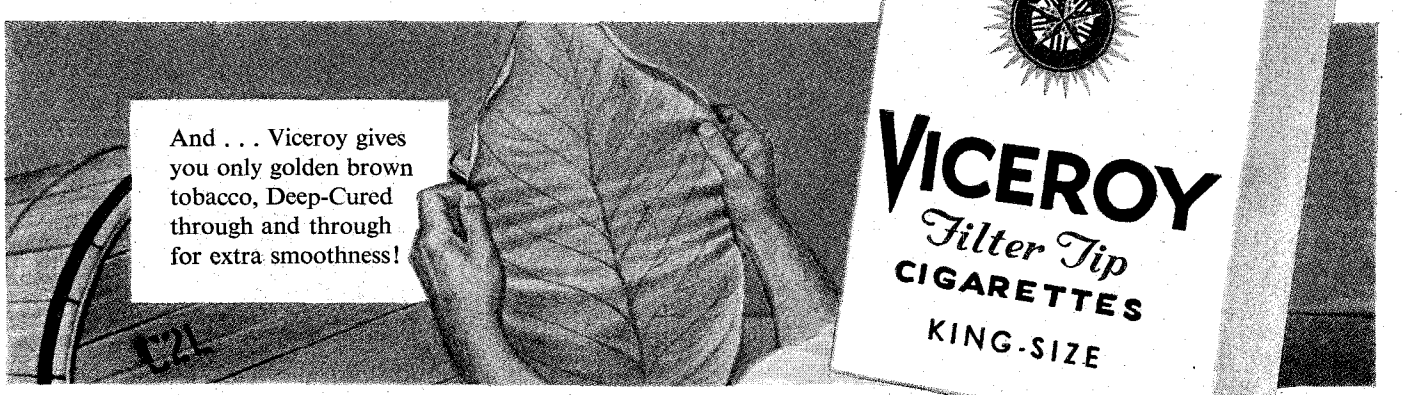
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(*Continued from Page 110*) police lab is busy on it. We found some fingerprints, too, but no record on them."

"They could be my prints," Bruce said. "I was in that apartment. I talked to Adele."

"We'll see," Digby said. "You know, the King girl cleared out in a big hurry. She must have panicked after the murder. Didn't pack anything. Left her overnight case there. Nothing in it but her toilet articles and a bottle of air-sickness pills. Maybe she went on a plane somewhere to pick up a package. It looks more and more like she was tied in with a big connection and was making a delivery." He pulled over to the curb. "Well, here we are."

They were in a section of the city as gray as crime and as shabby as a back alley, from which rose the ornate stone pile and gilded dome of police headquarters. The lieutenant led the way to a plain, grimy building across the street from headquarters, and in the criminal-identification bureau a police clerk took charge of Pam and selected mug shots from the *modus operandi* file for her to examine. She looked at face after face—profile and full face on the same print, unretouched, so that marks and scars stood out starkly. Lieutenant Digby explained to Bruce that the photographs showed men associated with the traffic in drugs, and he stood watching her intent face, listening to her low murmur, "This one looks something like him," and "Maybe," and "Gee, doesn't this one look mean?"

In the end, the search was fruitless. She could not fix on any one photograph, and a dozen over which she had shown hesitation had been set aside.

Lieutenant Digby laid them out like a hand of cards on the table and said, "Take a look. Every one is different. Mostly they don't even look alike, except that some have thick eyebrows, some have a cleft in the chin. Look. Long faces, round faces, square faces. I'm afraid if she saw the man face to face she couldn't make an identification. Of course, that would be asking plenty of an adult, much less a kid ten years old. She only saw him for a couple of seconds, and it was in a hallway, he had his hat pulled down low on his forehead."

"Lieutenant, I'm going to put that in tomorrow's paper," Bruce said, "and I wish you'd give a statement out to all the reporters that a neighborhood child saw a man in Adele's apartment, but was unable to give the police a description."

> Many a middle-aged chap with a crew haircut finds the crew deserting.
>
> JOHN KISELA

"I'll do that," Digby said. "Meanwhile we'll keep our eyes open just the same. One of my detectives will come up to your place about noon and stay with Pam until you get home at night, and the precinct will keep an eye on your house."

"Better have your man pick Pam up at the Express office about three o'clock," Bruce said. "She's going shopping with a friend of mine after lunch."

"O.K.," Digby said. "We've got something to go on, at least. The guy was wearing a gray hat and suit and brown shoes. From what Pam said, he was a pretty good dresser. And then she saw that signet ring on his finger. The fingerprints we found were negative, but maybe the guy is from out of town. Maybe he hasn't even got a record. By the way, Pam said she was going away to summer camp. Better hold off on that until we know how we stand."

Bruce nodded.

"Not that I think there's any real cause for worry," Digby said. "From that angle it's just as well she can't put the finger on anyone. Still, keep your eyes open, and if you see anybody hanging around call O'Reilly at the precinct."

There was time to stop off at the apartment before Pam's luncheon date with Laura, and then they passed by the stationery store to pick up Bruce's newspapers. A group of teen-agers gathered around Pam, and Lester Silver drew Bruce aside and said, with a worried look, "I blame myself, Mr. Carter. I sent her around there, but I didn't mean for her to go up. I told her to stick the envelope in the mailbox. I wouldn't send her on an errand into any house. I want you to know that."

"I'm sure of that, Lester," Bruce said. "It's O.K."

"Look at this a minute," Lester said, and brought out a copy of the Express, folded open to the split page where there was a one-column cut of Harry Banks accompanying the story of the appointment of a new managing editor. He pointed at the photograph and said, "I could be wrong, but I think I've seen that guy with her. It caught my eye and I couldn't place him for a minute; then I remembered it was with the King girl I saw him."

"Saw him?" Bruce asked incredulously. "Saw Harry Banks?"

"I'm pretty sure of it. I remember that face. He's got a mouth like a herring, kind of."

"Lester, we were talking about Sylvia King yesterday and there was the murder story in the paper today and then you saw this picture," Bruce said. "Maybe he reminds you of somebody you saw with her, a sort of association of memories, but it couldn't be the same guy."

"I could be wrong," Lester said. "But he was sitting right there at that table, week or so ago. They came in and sat there and talked for ten or fifteen minutes. I had a pretty good look at him."

No, Bruce thought, it wasn't possible, but he was frowning as he left the stationery store with Pam, and he held in his hand a copy of the Express.

Outside in the sunlight he showed it to Pam and said, "Look at that photograph, Pam. Ever see that man before?"

"Nope," Pam said.

"Look closely, honey."

She bent her head again and read the caption. "Oh, it's Mr. Banks," she said. "I've heard you talk about Mr. Banks."

"But you never saw him before?"

"Nope."

He led the way across the street. Old Hans Schwartz was arranging vegetables in a bin in front of his grocery store, and Bruce paused and said, "Hans, I wonder if you ever saw this man around the neighborhood."

Hans Schwartz peered at the photograph through his bifocals, scratched his chin, and said, "Nope, I never saw him."

On the way to find a cab they encountered Barney Muldoon, the pink-faced cop on the beat, and Bruce showed him the photograph of Harry Banks. "He look familiar to you?"

"I've got a pretty good eye for faces," Barney said. "Yeah, I've seen the guy."

"Who was he with?"

"He wasn't with anybody. He was alone."

"Where was that, Barney?"

"Up at the bar at Charlie Pearl's place," Barney said. "I saw him there

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plenty of times. The Revelry Club it is, but I guess you know that. I saw you there yesterday evening."

"I guess so," Bruce said. "Thanks."

On the way to the Express building in a cab, he sat frowning. The scene yesterday in the city room seemed clearer now. It wasn't that Harry had been deliberately insulting, to provoke his resignation, he thought; no, it seemed now that his objective had been to keep the photograph of Sylvia King out of the paper. He had deliberately destroyed it. Harry knew Sylvia King. He had been seen at the bar of the Revelry Club, where the girl had peddled cigarettes and possibly narcotics. He had been seen with her in Lester Silver's stationery store. Harry Banks knew a great deal about Sylvia King, Bruce thought.

A suspicion crossed his mind and he could not dismiss it. Joe Digby was looking for what he called a big connection, and Harry knew Sylvia King. Harry knew the back alleys of the world, to quote Laura Parker, and he was an unscrupulous man, a man with an eye to the main chance. But he shook his head. Pam had seen his picture, with no flicker of recognition.

He took Pam up to the city room on the fourth floor by the back elevators, which were set aside for employees of the paper. The elevators opened into a small, bare lobby on the fourth floor. To the right were the washrooms for the editorial employees and on the left was a door of frosted glass, a back entrance to the managing editor's office. As Bruce and Pam stepped from the elevator, this door was opened and they came face to face with Harry Banks. He stopped short, eying Pam.

"Hi, Harry," Bruce said.

"Hi. Your little girl?"

"Yes."

"Order anything you want—Chubby."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Showing her where the old man works?" Harry was unable to put a suitably jovial note into his voice.

"That's right," Bruce said.

Harry moved on past, and as Bruce led Pam into the city room, he asked softly, "Did that man look familiar to you?"

"Sure; you just showed me his picture in the paper."

"I meant in the flesh."

She shook her head. "No, pop." She frowned a little. "You didn't mean yesterday, did you?" she said. "Up there?"

"I meant anywhere," he said. "Any time."

Her hand nestled in his and she murmured, "I saw all those photographs downtown and those five men last night and then you asked me about Mr. Banks. I don't think I'd know, pop. Honestly I don't. It was just for a second and I wasn't really paying much attention."

"You just forget it, Pam," he said. "Don't think about it."

Pam saw Laura Parker waiting at the door of her office and ran on ahead, holding out her arms to be hugged. Her greeting was spontaneously friendly and her smiling face showed security in the knowledge of Laura's affection. They had taken to each other, Bruce thought; Pam almost hungrily.

"You and I are going to have us a time this afternoon," Laura was saying in a gay and lively voice. "Do you like to shop?"

"I don't know," Pam said. "I haven't done much shopping, except for things like socks and hair ribbons."

"But where do you get your clothes? That's a very pretty dress you're wearing."

"Pop just calls up the shopper at the store and tells her my size and the color of my hair," Pam said. "She sends the things out."

Laura looked at Bruce and said, "Now, really!"

"It works," he said.

"I'm sure it works, but half the fun of clothes is shopping for them. That's fundamental."

"You two have some fundamental fun, then," he said.

"Oh, we will," she said. "First it will be the Little Folks' Shop, Pam, then maybe a big department store, and if we have time we'll look in Beacham's. Ellen Cole said she saw some very pretty things in the sub-teen shop there."

Bruce saw them to the front elevators and returned to the city room with a lighter step. His first act was to ask Jack Gray to make an insertion in the murder story, high up near the lead, to the effect that a neighborhood child had seen the murderer, but had been unable to identify him from photographs in the rogues' gallery. Jack looked at him questioningly, but only nodded.

Bruce removed his jacket, sat down and went through the newspapers. So much had happened in the past twenty-four hours that he had not given his full attention to his job, and now he applied himself with concentration, comparing the

ıppliances reach?

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Express with the other papers. The story of Adele Sharp's murder had made Page One and the coverage topped that of the rival papers, but there was only a hint that narcotics might be involved and there was no mention that the Revelry Club had been under investigation. A five-state alarm was out for Sylvia, alias Cherry, King.

"Where can a girl with a figure like that hide herself?" Jack Gray asked. "I sent a man around to the studio where that photo was made and we've got another print to run in tomorrow's paper." He tossed it to Bruce. "It will catch the eye, for sure. Maybe it will give us a lead on Cherry King."

"Somebody ought to recognize her," Bruce said. "But there's nothing especially distinctive about her. There must be thousands of girls in New York who look pretty much like her."

It was a face dedicated to complacency and ignorance, he thought as he studied the photograph, not the face of a shrewd and dangerous girl dealing in a vicious racket, an accessory to murder. But you never knew from a face; there was no telling what those lovely, vacant eyes concealed.

Bruce's day got under way. The second-day story of Adele Sharp's murder would still lead the local news, but many things were going on in a great city on this Thursday in June, and he wanted every member of the staff on his toes; the Old Man was in town and the Old Man expected a little extra push from every shoulder. He passed out a word of encouragement with each assignment that afternoon, and he kept an eye on the copy that came in, reading over the important stories.

He was bent over his desk, fat carbon pencil in hand, when a voice said behind him, "You still here, Bruce? You must have a stronger stomach than I suspected."

Bruce turned and saw Gordon Gilman, tall and stooped and grinning, with an unnatural glitter in his eyes. Bruce curbed his resentment and said, "How are those editorials going, Gordon?"

"I have a quiet desk in a quiet corner and I'm writing a stirring editorial about the duckbilled platypus," Gilman said, and his thin lips curved in a cynical smile. "I can sit there and watch the world go by and marvel at the infinite capacity of man to survive."

"You survive in your way," Bruce said. "Let me survive in mine."

Gilman's eyes shone and his laugh was high and nervous. "I'm glad I'm out of it," he said.

"If you are out of it, Gordon."

"You're damn right I'm out of it."

"And are you glad?"

"Brucie, boy, don't take your frustrations out on me."

It was exactly the other way around, Bruce thought, but he only shrugged. From the direction of the front elevators he saw Lieutenant Digby approaching, accompanied by a trim blond woman in a tailored suit and shoulder bag, a watchful woman with alert eyes and a firm jaw. Bruce rose to his feet.

"If you're having trouble digesting your toads, try a little soy sauce," Gilman said. "I understand it's delicious. How were they served out on Long Island last night, raw or roasted?"

Even though Bruce understood that Gilman's venom was directed without particular aim at all the world, he could not repress his anger. He took hold of Gilman's shoulder with his left hand and said in a low, fierce voice, "Don't make another crack like that, Gordon." Then he pushed Gilman aside and turned to greet Lieutenant Digby.

Digby watched Gilman walk away and murmured, "Need a referee, Mr. Carter?"

"He's had some troubles," Bruce said. "He's a little hopped up these days."

"Hopped up is right," the young woman with Digby said, and gave a short laugh.

Digby glanced at her. "You think so?"

"He's a user," she said.

"What's all this?" Bruce said. "No, you're wrong. That couldn't be."

"If Molly thinks he's a user, the chances are he is," Digby said. "She can spot them better than anyone I know."

"You're entirely off base," Bruce said. "That was Gordon Gilman. He was managing editor of this newspaper until yesterday."

"What's that got to do with it?" Digby said. "Anyhow, forget it was mentioned, will you? And, Molly, be careful with that kind of thing."

"Sorry, chief," the girl said.

"Mr. Carter, this is Molly Conley," Digby said. "Detective, second grade. She's going to keep an eye on Pam, and don't let her looks fool you. There's a thirty-eight in her handbag and she can use it."

As Molly Conley firmly shook Bruce's hand she asked, "Where is the little girl?"

"She went shopping with a friend. I don't expect her back before about three o'clock."

Molly Conley was slender, but compact, and her hands looked strong and capable. Her blue eyes were steady, her jaw resolute. Bruce looked at her appreciatively. He was glad Digby had brought a woman instead of some stolid cop putting in his duty hours. He felt that Pam would get along with Molly Conley.

"You'll find all the afternoon papers in that pile on my desk," Bruce said. "Make yourself comfortable while you're waiting, Miss Conley."

"Just call me Molly," she said, and laughed. "Molly, the dick."

"Have you been on the police force long?"

"Ten solid years," she said. "I came in out of the WAC's, been on Joe Digby's squad close to three years now."

A slender, worried-looking girl approached Bruce and said, "Mr. Carter, Mr. Banks would like to see you."

She had been assigned from the business office as the managing editor's new secretary, and had taken over the desk in the railed enclosure outside the managing editor's office that morning. It was her first experience in the city room and she was still unsure of herself. She led the way to Harry's door, which stood open, and called timidly, "Mr. Carter is here, sir."

Harry Banks turned up his cold eyes, and his face remained stolid but unrelaxed as he picked up his cigar from an ash tray that stood beside a matching lighter, leaned back in his chair and said, "Come in, Bruce."

He was very much the managing editor, Bruce thought; he had taken charge. There was not a mote of dust on the shiny desk, and the objects on it were neatly arrayed—among them the ash tray and lighter faced with red leather and initialed in gold letters, a penholder, a silver humidor, and, mounted on an imposing block of mahogany, the Ayer Cup for typographical excellence, on which the Express had recently won a second leg.

Harry rose to his feet, making a gesture of it, and said, "I gave Arthur a full account of what happened yesterday, Bruce. He feels that I owe you an apology, and after thinking it over, I agree. I do apologize."

"Sure," Bruce said. "I understand. Forget it."

Harry looked surprised, then his puffy lips smiled a little. He relaxed on the edge of the desk.

"After all, you were worried," Bruce said. "You know the girl."

Harry's mouth opened, then closed firmly. "What do you mean by that?"

"You hang out in Charlie Pearl's place, don't you? She peddled cigarettes down there."

"Oh, sure, I may have seen her," Harry said. "But cigarette girls and hatcheck girls all look alike to me."

"This girl was unusual in the way of cigarette girls," Bruce said. "She also peddled heroin. Lieutenant Digby had been watching her for quite a while."

Harry's eyes opened wider, almost imperceptibly, and his voice seemed toneless. "So that's why Inspector Harrison asked us to lay off the story yesterday?" he said. "Junk, huh?" He shook his head. "I doubt it. I don't think Charlie Pearl would touch junk. He's a sharpshooter, sure, and they say he used to run booze for the Dutchman a long time back, but junk is something else again."

"There's a stationery and candy store around the corner from the King girl's apartment, Harry," Bruce said. "I guess you know the place. The man who runs it says he saw you in there with Sylvia King."

Harry licked his lips. Sweat shone on his forehead, he turned and his eyes met Bruce's angrily. "What the hell are you trying to prove? I told you I don't know the girl. The guy in the candy store is off his rocker. What candy store, anyhow? Where? When?"

"On Fourth Street," Bruce said. "Just about a week ago."

Harry's face darkened. "I don't think any guy in any candy store saw anybody who looks anything like me," he said. "It kills you because I beat you out for this job, doesn't it? What are you trying to prove, anyhow?"

"You made quite a big deal out of that story about Sylvia King yesterday," Bruce said. "I'm curious why. It occurred to me that you used to work in Oklahoma, and the King girl comes from down there."

"I worked in Mehuskah, and you know it," Harry said. "Didn't she come from Tulsa?"

"They're less than forty miles apart."

"You damned fool, it's two years since I was last in Oklahoma. I never saw the King girl down there and I never saw her up here, except as a girl peddling cigarettes. I never even bought a cigar off her." He dropped his cigar in the ash tray, gave Bruce a steady look, and said, "This paper isn't big enough for the two of us. One of us will have to go, and it's obvious which one that will be, isn't it?"

"I don't know that you have the authority to do anything about it, Harry."

"I can get the authority."

"Maybe."

"You think buttering up to the Old Man will get you anywhere?" Harry's smile was tight and hostile. "Don't kid yourself. He's off to Maine the first of next week. Arthur Cole is boss at the Express, and, for your information, Arthur isn't sold on you. He never has been. He wants a city editor with a little more zing. He thinks the city desk needs a face lifting."

"I get your message, Harry," Bruce said. "But tell me something. What's behind it? As a matter of curiosity, what happened in Paris that's been burning in you?"

"You claim you don't know?"

"I don't know."

"Arthur Cole asked
member that? (*Con*

The Perfect Squelch

Young Reverend Atwood greatly admired his own eloquence and power in the pulpit. So when he was assigned as assistant pastor of a large church, he gave his new congregation a full hour of it at every opportunity. After each lengthy sermon, he would hurry to the rear of the church to greet the parishioners and collect the congratulations he was so sure he deserved.

Following one especially long sermon on eternity, when compliments were very scarce, Atwood finally turned to the older clergyman whom he assisted. "Well," he said with quiet pride, "I really think I gave the congregation a thorough explanation of eternity this morning."

"Yes," the older man said with a faint smile, "and you demonstrated it pretty well too."

Glenn R. Bernhardt

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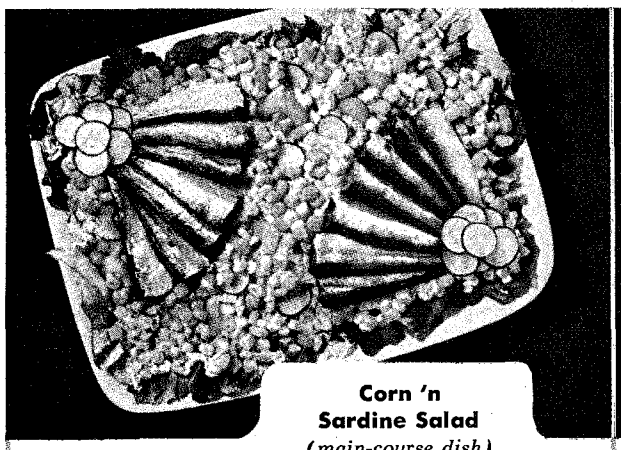
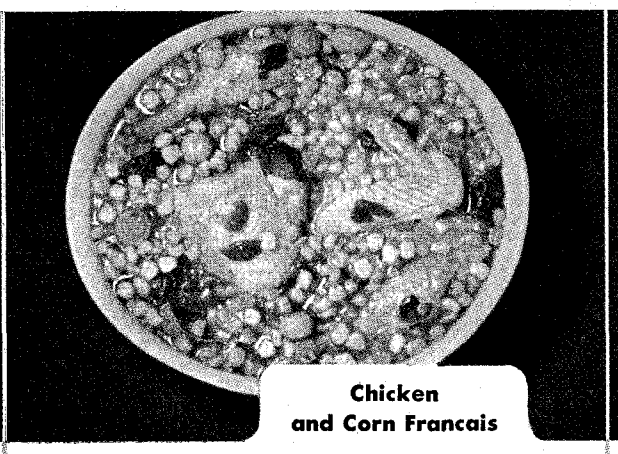


Corn 'n Sardine Salad

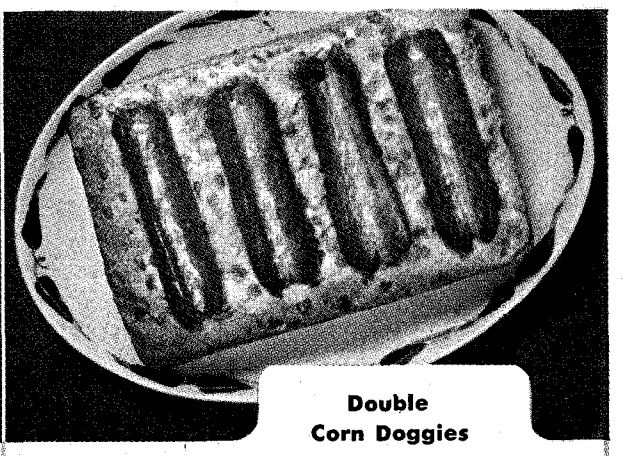
(main-course dish)

Using 3 (3¼-4 oz.) cans Maine sardines, drain oil from 2 cans; reserve oil and sardines. Mash contents of third can sardines and blend in reserved sardine oil, ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 tsp. prepared mustard, 1½ tsp. salt or garlic salt, ¼ tsp. each of ground pepper and paprika. Mix in 2 (1 lb.) cans whole kernel corn (well drained), 1 cup minced celery and 6 sliced red radishes. Toss and chill, if desired. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves, arranging the drained whole sardines on top. Garnish with radish slices. Makes 6 servings.



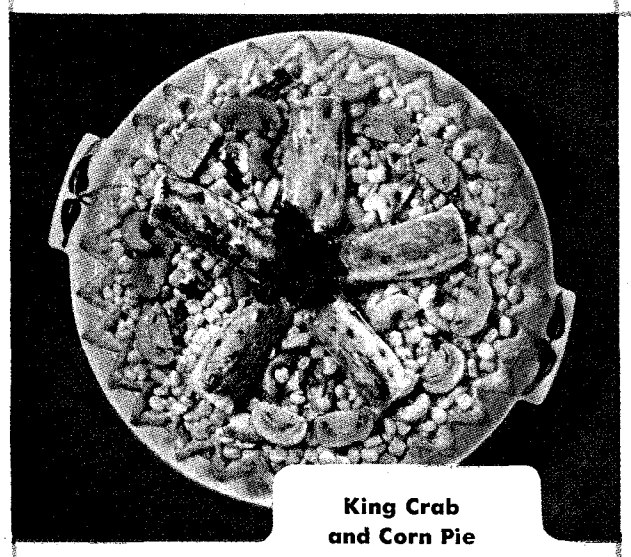
Chicken and Corn Francais

In large heavy skillet heat 2 Tbsp. fat or salad oil and cook (2-2½ lb.) ready-to-cook broiler-fryer (cut in serving pieces) over medium heat until evenly brown. Remove chicken. Cook 1 cup minced onion in same fat until golden. Add contents of 1 (1 lb.) can whole tomatoes, chicken, 1 bay leaf, ¾ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. ground pepper. Cover, cook over medium heat 15 to 20 minutes or until chicken is tender. Add contents of 1 (1 lb.) can whole kernel corn and 1 (4 oz.) can button or sliced mushrooms. Cook, uncovered, 5 minutes longer. Serves 4.



Double Corn Doggies

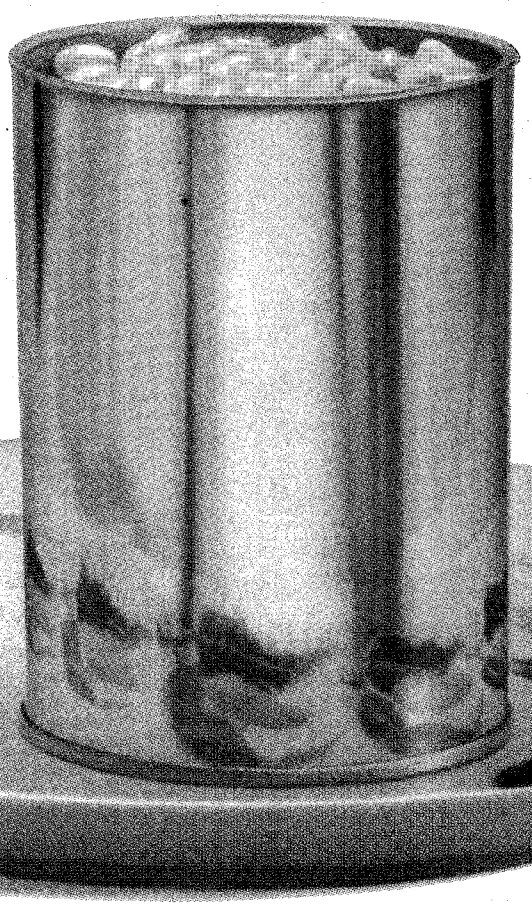
To one package of yellow corn bread Easy Mix, add ½ cup of cream-style corn, ¼ cup milk, 2 Tbsp. minced onion, 1 egg, ¼ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. ground pepper. Mix in mixing bag. Empty mixture into foil pan included in package. Top with 4 frankfurters. Bake as label directs 20 minutes. Spread franks with mustard to taste. Bake 5 minutes longer. Makes 4 servings.



King Crab and Corn Pie

Using 2 (6½ oz.) cans Japanese king crabmeat, remove any cartilage from crab; reserve large chunks for garnish as pictured. Toss remaining crabmeat with ½ cup minced celery, 2 Tbsp. minced onion, ½ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. each of curry powder and ground pepper. Drain contents of 1 (4 oz.) can sliced mushrooms; reserve a few large slices. Toss remaining mushrooms with 2 (1 lb.) cans whole kernel corn (well drained), crabmeat mixture and ¼ cup mayonnaise; place in pie shell. Garnish with ½ cup coarsely cut canned cashew nuts, reserved crabmeat and mushrooms. Bake at 425°F. for 10 to 15 minutes or until thoroughly heated. Serves 6-10.

It all begins with a can of corn



Deviled Ham and Corn Pinwheels

Combine 2 cups packaged biscuit mix with ⅓ cup cream-style corn (use 1 lb. can, reserve rest) and ⅓ cup milk; knead into ball of dough. Roll into rectangle 12″ x 6″. Spread with contents of 1 (4 oz.) can deviled ham; then spread 1 Tbsp. hot dog relish down center of rectangle. Roll jelly roll fashion (from long side); slice into 6 to 10 pinwheels.

In greased 2 qt. casserole combine contents of 1 (1 lb.) can whole tomatoes, 1 (4 oz.) can sliced mushrooms, ½ cup minced onions, remaining corn, ¼ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. ground pepper. Place pinwheels on top. Bake at 450°F. for 30 to 40 minutes or until pinwheels brown and mixture bubbles. Serves 6.

How many of these tasty corn dishes have you served? They're all so easy to make! Just start with a can of corn. Using canned food is smart housekeeping—it's economical, easy to store and always has that just-right flavor. Steel sees to that. Yes, *steel*. For "tin cans" are about 99% steel, adequately protected with fine coatings of tin and enamel. Tin plate, as you know it today, was originated by Wheeling Steel. It's called Ductillite. Say, your grocer has some mighty wonderful sales on canned goods right now. Why not hop over and stock up . . . *today*. Wheeling Steel Corporation, Wheeling, West Virginia. **IT'S WHEELING STEEL**

WHEELING STEEL

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(*Continued from Page 114*) You gave me a bum report. Remember that?"

"As a matter of fact, I don't," Bruce said.

"You told him I couldn't be trusted," Harry said. "You told him I was using my newspaper connections as a license to do business on the black market."

Bruce shook his head. "I didn't tell him that. I didn't know it."

"Somebody told him that. I think it was you."

"Did you clean up on the black market, Harry?" Bruce asked in a mild voice.

"You can go to hell," Harry Banks said.

Bruce walked out of the office and back to the city desk. He wanted to tell Lieutenant Digby all he knew about Harry Banks, but Digby had gone. Molly Conley was sitting alone by his desk, reading a newspaper. He sat down and went back to work. It was not yet two o'clock; Laura and Pam would not return for over an hour.

It had been an exciting afternoon for Pam. They had been to the Little Folks' Shop and to a department store and now they entered the great main floor of Beacham's, on Fifth Avenue. Laura held Pam's hand, as she had almost all afternoon, but Pam did not mind. It was a big and exciting world here on Fifth Avenue and there were so very many people; it was just as well to have a friend and to stick close by her.

And Laura knew so much about clothes. Laura could get so much attention. It was "Yes, Miss Parker," and "Of course, Miss Parker," all the time, and it seemed to Pam that they had spent an awful lot of money, but Laura told her she could get discounts, and naturally some of the things would be sent back. Pam hoped the yellow dress wouldn't be sent back. She hoped pop wouldn't think it was too expensive, but Laura had promised to persuade him to let her keep it.

Laura had a way of brushing problems aside. Like the labels. Pam had mentioned how pop was worrying about getting the name labels sewn in her clothes, and Laura had said, "We'll just get the kind you iron on," and had ordered them; they'd be ready the middle of next week and Laura had promised to iron them on.

And Laura always knew exactly where to go, where each department was. Now she led the way through the maze of counters toward the moving stairs, still holding Pam's hand, but at the last minute she drew Pam aside toward some telephone booths and said, "It's time I called my office, Pam. I still have a job to do, you know, and I'd better check on my calls." She opened the door of a booth. "Come in here with me."

Laura took the small seat and pulled Pam onto her lap, but when she shut the door of the booth the fan failed to work. Laura fiddled with the switch without success.

"It's too hot for the two of us in here," she said. "You stand there just outside the booth. I'll keep the door open. Don't get out of my sight, Pammy."

Pam leaned against the side of the booth while Laura telephoned, watching the movement of the crowd in the store. Two counters away there was a display of neckties. They had bought so much for her today, she thought, it was only fair to get a present for pop. He wore such icky neckties; he needed more color, and she saw a gay yellow tie with dark blue stripes that would look wonderful with a pale summer suit. She moved a step away from the booth to get a better look. Laura was still talking on the telephone, and Pam moved on a little. Laura had said not to get out of her sight, and she was sure that Laura could still see her as she went over to the necktie counter.

It was a very handsome tie. She asked the young man behind the counter to show it to her, and he took it off the rack and let her feel the silk. She looked up to ask the price, but he had moved away to the other end of the counter. She turned to glance back toward the telephone booth, and then she saw him.

He was standing only a few feet away, at the end of a counter on the opposite side of the aisle. His eyes were shining, his lips were moistly parted, and his face looked white and terrible. He stood perfectly still, looking at her, meeting her eyes, and she began to back away. Her heart was pounding and her mouth and throat felt so dry and stiff that she could not cry out. Her knees were weak and she backed against the counter. She slid along it, in a panic, then she whirled and ran toward the telephone booth, calling, "Laura!" screaming out the name, "Laura!"

Laura stumbled out of the booth, dropping her handbag, and Pam ran into her arms, crying. "It's him, Laura! I saw him!"

"My heaven!" Laura said. "Where?"

Deep in Laura's arms, secure in Laura's arms, but with her heart beating like a drum and her breath coming in frightened gasps, Pam looked back toward the necktie counter. The man was no longer there. He had disappeared into the crowd and she saw only the young man behind the counter, looking at her oddly, and other curious faces turned her way.

TO BE CONTINUED

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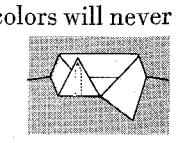

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Stop Us Before We Kill Again!

(Continued from Page 33)

spectator disaster. In a road race there is no practical way to do even that. The possibility of death will always be inherent in automobile racing, no matter what safeguards we adopt, and no one should ever get behind the wheel of a racing car or go to watch a race who does not accept this risk.

You must understand that those of us who are experienced race drivers have a special attitude about death. I think it must be similar, in many ways, to the attitude of the bullfighter, who knows that each time he enters the ring he may be killed or seriously hurt. A man who drives a car over 1000 miles of treacherous highway at speeds that sometimes reach 175 m.p.h. is also aware of that possibility. My Mille Miglia Ferrari could hit that speed on a straightaway and so can other cars, including the Jaguar that won at Le Mans this year. I would estimate that 60 per cent of the drivers who have raced with me since 1923 have been killed in accidents. I imagine the mortality rate of matadors is even higher.

But this factor of death risk must be kept in balance. Several decades ago, bullfighters decided that their ancient sport had become too dangerous and that certain changes had to be made if the sport was to survive. The pure-strain Miura bull had become such a vicious antagonist that the matador no longer had an equal chance against him in the ring. So it was decreed that the Miura had to be crossbred to produce a less dangerous, more manageable animal.

Well, the modern racing car has become like the old Miura bull. It has developed into an animal that is too high-powered; the b.h.p. (brake-horsepower) rating of a Ferrari, for example, is 400 as compared to the 300 of the Cadillac, and its weight is less than half of the Cadillac's. The racing car must be bred-down to a safer speed and spectators must no longer stand along miles of unprotected road, exposing themselves to death. Death has become too easy for both the driver and the spectator. When I started to race back in 1923, sixty-five m.p.h. was considered a breakneck speed. Now we take a 100-yard-radius curve at that speed and with a shift of gears roar out of the curve and get up to 120 m.p.h. in a matter of seconds—and this on narrow mountain roads with imperfect surfaces!

There are three major categories of races today: the track race, of which Indianapolis and Monza are the best examples; the closed-circuit race (Le Mans, Sebring) and the road race (Mille Miglia, Pan-American). There are also three kinds of cars that are raced on these circuits: the racing car, the sports car and the ordinary-model passenger car.

The difference between the closed-circuit race and the road race is that the former is held on a specially selected short loop of road which the drivers lap much as they do a regular track, while the road race covers a long stretch of highway that has been given no special attention. There are four main road races in world competition, and in importance they rank in this order:

The Mille Miglia, 1000 miles, from Northern Italy down to Rome and back up again.

The Pan-American, 2000 miles through Mexico. (Now suspended, but will probably be reinstated.)

The Targa Florio, the world's oldest and most treacherous road race, run over fifty miles of mountain road in Sicily; there are 600 curves on this stretch, ten laps of which are required, which means that a driver must negotiate 6000 curves.

The Tour of Sicily, 700 miles of difficult highway, with about 6000 curves, that completely circles the island.

To a driver who thrives on challenge, who wants to put his skills to their severest test, there is nothing to compare with the demands of these four road races. And yet, by their very nature, these are the races which have been outmoded by the modern power plants of Ferrari, Maserati, Lancia, Jaguar and Mercedes. It is the price of progress.

The best way to trace that progress is to tell you something about my own career, which pretty much spans the whole period of modern road racing. I drove in my first road race in 1923, when I was not quite seventeen years old, too young to have a driver's license. The year before, my father, who was a surgeon, had found me secretly trying to learn to drive the family car, which was an old steam, fifty-horsepower S.P.A. Instead of punishing me, he was delighted that I was so interested in automobiles, and he replaced our S.P.A. with a Fiat 501, which had a 1500 c.c. capacity, fifteen h.p. engine.

When I saw an announcement of a local, fifty-mile road race from Rome to Viterbo, I asked my father if I could enter it with the Fiat. "Why, of course, you can!" he shouted with delight. So on the morning of December 2, 1923, with my father beside me and my sister in the rear seat, I "thundered" away from the starting line. The roads then were dirt and gravel, and the cars threw up such a cloud of dust that you could not see any of the road. You had to guide yourself by watching the tops of the telephone poles on either side of the road. In some stretches I was able to get the Fiat up to sixty and sixty-five m.p.h., and I would shout to my father and sister to lean to one side or the other as we took the curves. Whatever the appeal of speed is, it worked its magic on me in that very first race. I won the speed prize for that, my very first road race, and my father bore home the trophy very proudly.

That night he called me into his study. "Son," he said, "I am very proud of all your athletic achievements, but I am especially proud of the way you won that race today. I think you could be very good at it, but you must concentrate on going faster, always faster. Even when you are not driving, think of speed and always try to drive a little faster than you think you should. If something happens to you, do not worry; I am a good surgeon and I shall repair you."

That was always my father's attitude, and I owe my racing career to him. He taught me to speed just a little beyond caution, in that shadowy zone between care and carelessness. He even bought me a racing motorcycle as a high-school-graduation present, and took an active interest in the races I rode in.

The motorcycle is perfect for learning how to drive a high-powered racing car. The technique one must acquire to drive a motorcycle at high speed in a race is exactly the same for auto racing. The motorcycle requires more physical endurance—the cyclist is at his prime between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, while the auto racer generally hits his best years between thirty-five and forty-five—and it also requires a more exacting technique for taking curves and bends in the road. The speed at which you can take a corner—and this is about the same for motorcycle and automobile racing—depends on the radius you can describe on the widest part of the road. The cyclist must make a split-second judgment of this radius, adjust his speed accordingly and then bend to take the corner in accordance with his judgment. The penalty for a mistake is likely to be a bad spill or death. The automobilist does the same, but thanks to the steering wheel, four wheels and the nature of the automobile, the driver can recover from a mistake of judgment much more easily than a motorcyclist can.

The motorcycle also teaches another very important lesson—if the rider can learn it. The lesson is how to be unemotional in a high-speed race. In my first motorcycle races, I found that I experienced fear in certain tight spots. Thinking about it later, I realized how much these reactions got in the way of the clear, technical thinking that is necessary to ride a good race. A good racing driver has a calm and a presence of mind that are absolutely unaffected by the speed at which he travels. Look at it this way: if you could handle a Ferrari at 150 m.p.h. with the same calmness you have when you drive your car at fifty m.p.h. down the Merritt Parkway, then the chances are you could drive the Ferrari just as well as your car. But speed, with high-speed vehicles chasing you, induces tension—the primary tension being that of fear. This is what must be eliminated in a racing driver's make-up.

In 1930, in a motorcycle race at Monza, Italy, I rode the best race of my life and won the grand prize handily. The great Italian auto master, Enzo Ferrari, was there to see if he could spot any potential auto drivers among the cyclists—most of the great automobile drivers have come from motorcycle ranks. After the race he offered me a chance to try my hand at one of his sleek machines. For me, it was as if I were a sandlot pitcher who had been spotted by a Yankee scout and asked if he'd like to pitch a few innings at Yankee Stadium.

Within a week Ferrari had entered me in a race that circled Lake Bolsena in Central Italy. No one gave me any advice. They wanted to see what I could do on my own. There were a lot of veteran drivers in the race. I decided to push the car and hope for the best. Luck was with me—beginner's luck. I won the race. And I won it again the following year, to retire the trophy, which is the biggest of all the cups in my home.

I had driven well, but felt that I still was not the complete master of the demon, high speed. I wanted to experience speed at a basic level, to find out how to handle it when there was no intervening machine. To achieve this I took up skiing. I found that a man mounted on two polished pieces of wood, going downhill at fifty m.p.h., gets a much greater sensation of speed than does a race driver tearing along at 180 m.p.h. And skiing has a unique way of teaching you to conquer fear of speed, for it is skiing's basic truth that to achieve safety in going downhill you must lean forward into the speed rather than backward, which is man's natural instinct. And taking a curve on skis does not differ very much from rounding a curve in a motorcycle or automobile. The skier must avoid a sharp turn that cuts the snow and slows him down.

After a few years of skiing experience, I decided to enter the French National Ski Races at Chamonix to get the feel of real competition. To my surprise I placed fourth in the giant slalom in which many of the world's best skiers were competing. (Later on, I took on another speed pursuit—flying—and soloed after four lessons. Again I was impressed by the similarity of all these speed media.)

For the next two years I managed to race in all the major motorcycle meets, keep up with my engineering studies at the University of Rome, participate in a score of ski competitions, and drive Alfa Romeos in a dozen races for Ferrari. (At that time Ferrari had not yet produced his own cars.) The trophies were piling up and I was getting better and better assignments, but in Tripoli, in 1934, I got my first and severest taste of the wages a driver pays to high speed.

I was driving a Maserati in a closed-circuit race, holding second position and well placed to overtake the leader. I was making 160 m.p.h. on a straightaway; as I approached a sharp curve I computed my braking distance at 400 yards, but when I stepped on the brakes the wheels locked and skidded. Now it is a basic automotive principle that when you skid you do not slow down at the same rate as when you apply the brakes with the wheels turning—you lock-skid at a higher rate of speed. Thus, to slow down sufficiently for that curve at a skidding rate, I would have needed 600 yards, but there was no way to pick up the additional 200 yards. The curve was on me and I was going too fast to take it. I tried to skid around on the sandy shoulder but when I saw that that wouldn't work, I decided to take my chances and I let the car go straight on into a field. I left the road at about eighty-five m.p.h. The big Maserati hit the rough field and went straight up in the air, smashed against a billboard pole, flipped over in the air and threw me into the field. Then the car landed on top of me. By great good luck I was under the open cockpit, so I was not crushed. However, one of my legs was mangled and my left arm and several ribs were broken. Gasoline was pouring all over me but the emergency crew got me out of there fast.

I was in the hospital for four months. Those were the days before penicillin, and my leg had become badly infected. Several times the doctors tried to persuade me to allow them to amputate, but my father would show up and shout at them, "My son is destined to be a great racing driver! Any butcher can slice off a leg! You should be thinking how to save it! You are not giving him enough attention! Now concentrate on that leg!"

In the end, the leg began to get better. Many times I relived the three or four seconds of the accident, the interminable seconds between the time the car plunged from the road and when it came to rest on top of me. What had surprised me was that I had had no feeling of fear or confusion; I had not prayed; I had not thought of my parents. I had had only one thought: *How can I save myself?* And it surprised me to find how clearly my brain had worked in this crisis. In the many accidents and near-accidents I have had since that first one, I have always been impressed by this phenomenon. Never, in the seconds before a crash, have I thought of death—only of how to save my life.

... ...

About-Face

By Norman R. Jaffray

When my wife awakes
In the morning hush,
Her lips are pale
And her eyes have rings;
But an eyebrow pencil,
A lipstick brush,
Put quite a different
Complexion on things.

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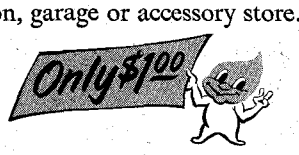

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With my leg on the mend, I was anxious to get back behind a wheel and work off any residue of fear the accident may have left. My sleep had been troubled by recollections of gasoline spilling over me as I lay pinned under the car. So a few days after I left the hospital, walking with two canes, I fitted myself behind the wheel of an Alfa Romeo in a climb race from Vermicino, near Rome, to Rocca di Papa. My leg was still very weak. I was in no shape to be in a race. I drove hard. Despite intense pain, my leg held up and I won the race. It had always been my rule, after an accident, to drive faster than ever, to prove to myself that I am still master of the car and the road.

Only a few months after the Tripoli smash-up, I had another bad accident. I was racing a Bugatti at Nürburgring, Germany. There is a straight stretch in that race that dips and then rises as it goes over a little bridge, causing the cars to jump off the ground. Handling a jump is a routine maneuver in road races and I came off this rise at 150 m.p.h. But as the Bugatti touched ground a pin in the transmission broke and the car went into a furious spin. It hit a stone fence, went up into the air and end over end in a somersault across an open field. I held tight in the cockpit, my head functioning with that curious clarity I mentioned. Then I felt myself go and I didn't resist—a second later I was sitting in a patch of clover, miraculously unhurt. Not a scratch. The car was an unrecognizable mass of metal. Twice in a row I had been the victim of car failure—first defective brakes, now a transmission pin. Walking away from that accident I felt spooked. I had finally learned the basic truth about high speed—you are not master of your fate. No one can predict exactly what a high-powered car will do under stress of high speed. This element of unpredictability is the driver's worst risk.

At this point, you're probably wondering why we drivers continue in the sport. Are we motivated by what the psychiatrists call a death wish? Well, I cannot generalize; I can only tell you about myself. Of course, I entered every race knowing I could get killed. But I believe it is a good thing for humanity that in every generation there are a few men who risk their lives to conquer speed. From the ancient charioteer on, this has been true. I think it makes the human strain stronger. But drivers are motivated more by their own emotions than by such high-minded purpose. Since there is very little money involved—a Mille Miglia winner, for example, gets about $2500—the reward is primarily the satisfaction of conquering dynamic force. A top driver for one of the big companies makes no more than $20,000 in a good year. We don't race just for the sport of it, but because of the same mysterious drive that makes men try to climb a higher mountain, go deeper in the sea, go higher in the stratosphere. De Portago, who was killed in this last race, once explained his reason for racing this way: "I like the feeling of fear. After a while you get to be an addict and have to have it. I've got to be a driver."

A friend of the great driver, Alberto Ascari, who was twice world champion, once said about him, "He goes too fast, but he keeps on living." But in 1955, in a trial run on the track at Monza, Ascari took a wide turn too fast and his Ferrari swerved as it came out of the curve, flipped over four times and hurled Ascari's crushed body thirty feet away. His chest was torn open and he was dead when his friends reached him. His father, Antonio, another immortal Italian ace, had been killed in the same way, back in 1925, during the Grand Prix of France; his racer nicked a fence and was hurled out of control. I was at the Monza track the day Alberto was killed. At thirty-six, a brilliant career was still ahead of him. It was then I first began to think that the modern power racer had swung the balance of risk too far in the direction of death.

And then last year when my good friend, Eugenio Castellotti, whose picture will always remain on my desk, was killed at Modena, I knew that I had to speak out against the sport I loved. Castellotti who, like De Portago, came from a very wealthy family, was a brilliant young driver. In a sense, he was my protégé. He would have been one of the best the world had ever seen. But trying to beat the record at Modena he risked going into a curve at ninety m.p.h. that should have been taken at sixty and he found he could not change gears at that high a speed—his Ferrari shot into a concrete pole and Castellotti was killed instantly.

You have only to study the list of fatalities that accompanies this article to realize what has been happening to racing since the end of the last war. Racing disasters have radically increased. There was the terrible disaster at Le Mans and then two Mille Miglias in a row. The men who originated the Mille Miglia never intended it to be negotiated by high-powered racing cars with millions of spectators forming a human wall around the curves. A car roaring down one of those human corridors at 160 m.p.h. is a murder weapon when its tire blows or some other mechanical failure strikes it. It is impossible to guarantee the safety of spectators, and this puts us beyond the age of open-road racing; we must act swiftly to stave off any further disasters.

Even the one practical purpose of the road race—the testing of new cars and parts on rigorous roads—has been eliminated, for most big automobile companies now have their own proving grounds where they conduct tests more scientifically than in a road race.

Thus, since there is no practical reason for its existence, and since as a sport it cannot be controlled, the road race must be abolished. But that is not enough. The time has also come to limit the size of all racing cars. This year at Indianapolis there was a first step in that direction—the 4.5-liter engine maximum was reduced to 4.2, but it must be cut down still farther; and there must be a minimum placed on weight. Acceleration speed is as much affected by weight as by horsepower; the ratio of h.p. to weight is the all-important element to consider. An automobile with ten h.p., weighing 100 pounds, can accelerate just as fast as a car with 100 h.p., weighing 1000 pounds. Thus, you can appreciate what a fast animal we have produced in the modern Ferrari, which has 400 h.p. and a weight of 2000 pounds as compared with the big Cadillac which has 300 h.p. and weighs 5000 pounds.

Although it is difficult to impose absolute limitations on racing cars, I would say that the general trend for the racers of the future must be—down in cubic capacity, up in weight. From what American engineers tell me, they are working toward a 3-liter maximum engine with a minimum weight of 600 kilos, while the trend on the Continent is toward a 1.5-liter, 750-kilo car. This formula will produce a cheaper—the lighter the car, the more expensive it is to manufacture—and safer racer, and thus will be a boon to the development of racing cars and racing interest.

I realize that most spectators are lured to a race by the prospect of seeing crashes, and that if the cars are made too slow and too safe the race may lose its appeal, but I think it is possible to turn out cars that are fast enough to sustain the fans' and the drivers' interest, but less powerful than today's juggernauts.

I know that the sports car and sports-car races are increasing by leaps and bounds; that is all the more reason for tightening controls. I understand that the last race held by the Sports Car Club of America at Cumberland, Maryland, had 250 competitors in the field, and that more than 15,000 sports cars from thirty-eight different states and a total of 61,978 people assembled for the meet. But highways have not kept pace with automotive growth, and roads that are inadequate for regular, speed-restricted travel are that much more inadequate for open-speed races.

Death has simply become too easy, and anything that is too easy loses its appeal.

THE END

MAJOR AUTO RACING DISASTERS

1928. Monza, Italy. Grand Prix of Europe. Materassi, Italian ace, swerves into crowd of spectators. Driver and 27 spectators are killed.

1938. Bologna, Italy. Mille Miglia. Italian driver Mignanego overturns and catapults into crowd, killing 10.

1947. Modena, Italy. Luigi Bracco, of Italy, jumps track, kills 5, injures 18.

1948. Brno, Czechoslovakia. Italian Nino Farina loses control on track curve, plunges into pit crowded with spectators, kills 7.

1952. Gladbach, Germany. Blow-out flings German ace Niedermayer's car into group of spectators, kills 13, injures 20.

1953. Buenos Aires. Grand Prix of Argentina. Nino Farina has second big disaster as he loses control of car and plows into row of spectators, killing 10.

1953. Mexico. The Pan-American. Racer driven by J. Christie misses curve, kills 6 spectators.

1955. Le Mans, France. World's worst racing disaster, 82 killed, 100 injured.

1956. Italy. Mille Miglia. British driver John Heath, German driver Wolfgang Piwko, Swiss codriver Max Berney among 6 persons killed, 20 injured.

1957. Italy. Mille Miglia. Spanish ace Alfonso de Portago and his American codriver Eddy Nelson killed in a blow-out accident in race that claims 14 dead, 20 injured.

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The Battle Over Atoms-for-Peace

(Continued from Page 31)

material for Post articles. Everywhere I went I found the United States Information Agency devoting much of its attention to the biggest smash hit the USIA has yet produced. This was the road show called Atoms-for-Peace, a spectacle designed to show that the same atomic energy which produced the world's most fearful weapons also is spawning a swarm of beneficent wonders in medicine, agriculture, industry and what have you. Some of the USIA's exhibits were as big as a four-ring circus, like the one I saw in a Tokyo park which was attracting thousands of Japanese visitors daily. When that exhibit toured other Japanese cities, it filled twenty-five railroad cars. It has now been set up permanently in atom-bombed Hiroshima, at the request of that reconstructed city's residents.

To reach as much of the world as possible, the USIA prepared Atoms-for-Peace exhibits in scores of different sizes and shapes. I saw one tiny portable exhibit in a Chinese fishing village on the beleaguered island of Quemoy, where a Chinese garrison from Formosa exchanges artillery fire almost every day with Reds on the adjacent mainland. Quemoy fishermen and the Formosan soldiers living among them became very familiar with Atoms-for-Peace. The island provides few diversions except artillery duels, and the inhabitants revisited the little USIA exhibit time and again while it lasted. In other remote foreign places I found that the residents knew more about the Eisenhower program than I did at the time. The USIA trotted out all the tricks of the advertising trade to sell Atoms-for-Peace. In fifty-nine foreign countries more than 14 000,000 people visited its exhibits during three years. The USIA handed out 9,000,000 copies of pamphlets translated into thirty-eight languages. It distributed forty-six documentary films depicting American progress in the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Voice of America radio stations beamed a steady stream of Atoms-for-Peace broadcasts to people in Communist countries.

In fact, Atoms-for-Peace was being sold to everybody everywhere except to Americans at home. The USIA is not supposed to operate in the United States, and neither is any similar Government propaganda organization. So Americans heard less than anybody else about the President's program during the USIA's selling campaign, which reached its peak while I was going around the world in 1956. The story had universal appeal, featuring a noble hero prevailing over deep-dyed villains. The hero, of course, was General Eisenhower, who had electrified U.N. delegates on that December day in 1953 when he proposed his International Atoms-for-Peace agency. He said then that this organization would enable "the great powers of the East as well as the West" to co-operate in "transforming this greatest of destructive forces into a boon for the benefit of all mankind." The U.N. delegates cheered the soldier-President when he declared, "It is not enough to take this (atomic) weapon out of the hands of soldiers. It must be put into the hands of those who know how to strip it of its military casing and adapt it to the arts of peace." He then pledged the wholehearted support of the United States for his proposed international agency to be developed "within the framework of the United Nations."

Then the villains made their entrance. Soviet Russian leaders sneered at the President's proposal. The men in Moscow insisted that they would not even discuss Atoms-for-Peace until the Americans agreed to outlaw atomic weapons. The Russians ignored the fact that Americans had proposed outlawing atomic weapons in 1946, when the United States held a monopoly of them, and that Moscow blocked the plan by refusing to accept the elementary precaution of international inspection. The reason for the Kremlin's determination to conceal its own activities became apparent three years later, in 1949, when the Russians exploded their first atom bomb. They thus precipitated the most expensive armaments race in history. These fearful weapons hung suspended over the heads of frightened people like some outsize Sword of Damocles, and later the world's fears verged on panic with the appearance of the hydrogen bomb, 60,000,000 times more powerful than the biggest block-busters dropped during World War II.

When the Russians rejected the 1953 Eisenhower proposal, the United States and seven other nations decided to start negotiating without Russia under the aegis of the United Nations. Congress approved the project in advance. In 1954, although the President had not yet requested it, Congress revised the Atomic Energy Act to authorize the Administration to enter into an agreement with an international agency, and also to make bilateral agreements with other nations. So that group of eight nations set to work in New York in 1954 on the first draft of the IAEA. All over the world, enthusiasm mounted for the project, stimulated by Washington's propagandists. The Russians became aware that popular opinion was turning against them, and late in 1955 they abruptly changed their minds about the Eisenhower proposal. They decided to participate in drafting the international agency, as the President had originally suggested. So the drafting committee was increased to twelve nations including the Soviet Union.

I returned from my world tour last year just in time for the conference which adopted the final statute, or constitution, of the IAEA. This was the largest international conference ever convened, representing eighty-two nations, plus observers from the U.N.'s seven specialized agencies. It met in the U.N. headquarters in New York during September and October last year. The American delegation was headed by Ambassador James Wadsworth, who has served since 1953 as Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge's chief

... ...

Pained Comment on a Brand-New Heavenly Body

By DAN GALLERY

Twinkle, twinkle, liddle
Sputnik,
You iss Rawshian dirty
tricknik,
Up above der world so high,
Making zigzags in der sky.
How der hell can people sleep
When all night long goes
"Beep, Beep, Beep"?

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deputy in the U.N. Mr. Wadsworth has been up to his ears in Atoms-for-Peace ever since the President made his 1953 proposal. The ambassador sat first on the eight-nation drafting committee and then on the enlarged committee after Russia joined.

When the Russians belatedly decided to climb on the Atoms-for-Peace bandwagon late in 1955, Mr. Wadsworth expected trouble and he got it. The Russians did their best to get Red China admitted to the IAEA, and they also demanded representation for the Soviet portions of partitioned Germany, Korea and Vietnam. They argued that President Eisenhower had proposed a universal organization, and that no part of any nation should be excluded. But eventually Moscow accepted the American draft almost unchanged. The IAEA, as finally approved, included as members the non-Communist sections of all partitioned countries and excluded the Communist sections. The negotiators also accepted the same system of inspection and controls which the American Government was meanwhile writing into bilateral Atoms-for-Peace agreements with forty-odd non-Communist nations.

So when the IAEA was unanimously adopted on October 23, 1956, American negotiators felt that they had good reason to congratulate themselves. The agency corresponded in every important respect with the original Eisenhower proposal. The President sent an enthusiastic message to the New York conference, declaring: "People have long been seeking a channel for peaceful discussion. The International Atomic Energy Agency offers one such channel (and) it shall be the purpose of the United States to broaden this channel and to encourage its general use." He then offered to allocate 11,000 pounds of fissionable materials to the agency. This was not another "give-away"; the IAEA statute stipulated adequate payment for allocated materials. Mr. Eisenhower also offered to match future allocations made by other nuclear powers. Up to that time, Russia had made only token allocations.

In his 1956 message, the President said, "I wish my country to be among the first to recognize by official action what you at this conference have accomplished." He thus urged prompt Senate ratification for his cherished project. Mr. Eisenhower himself had insisted that the Senate have a voice in this matter. Under the 1954 Atomic Energy Act he was authorized to commit the United States to the IAEA by executive agreement, not requiring Senate ratification. But he insisted instead that the IAEA statute take the form of a treaty, so that it would need Senate approval. The statute provided that it would come into force after it had been ratified by at least eighteen nations, including three of the five major nuclear powers (the United States, Soviet Russia, Britain, Canada and France).

If the President really expected the Senate to ratify the IAEA promptly and without change, he was badly disappointed. For six months after the New York conference the Senate made no move, and the only progress was ratification of the IAEA by two smaller nations. Then, last April eighth, American negotiators got a disagreeable surprise. The Soviet ambassador in Washington appeared without notice at the State Department and deposited Moscow's documents of ratification. Russia thus became the first nuclear power to take final action approving the Atoms-for-Peace organization which it had originally scorned and rejected. The other major nuclear powers had waited politely for the American Senate to lead the way, as President Eisenhower had urged it to do. The Russians also waited five months, and nobody can be sure, even now, why they finally took the initiative.

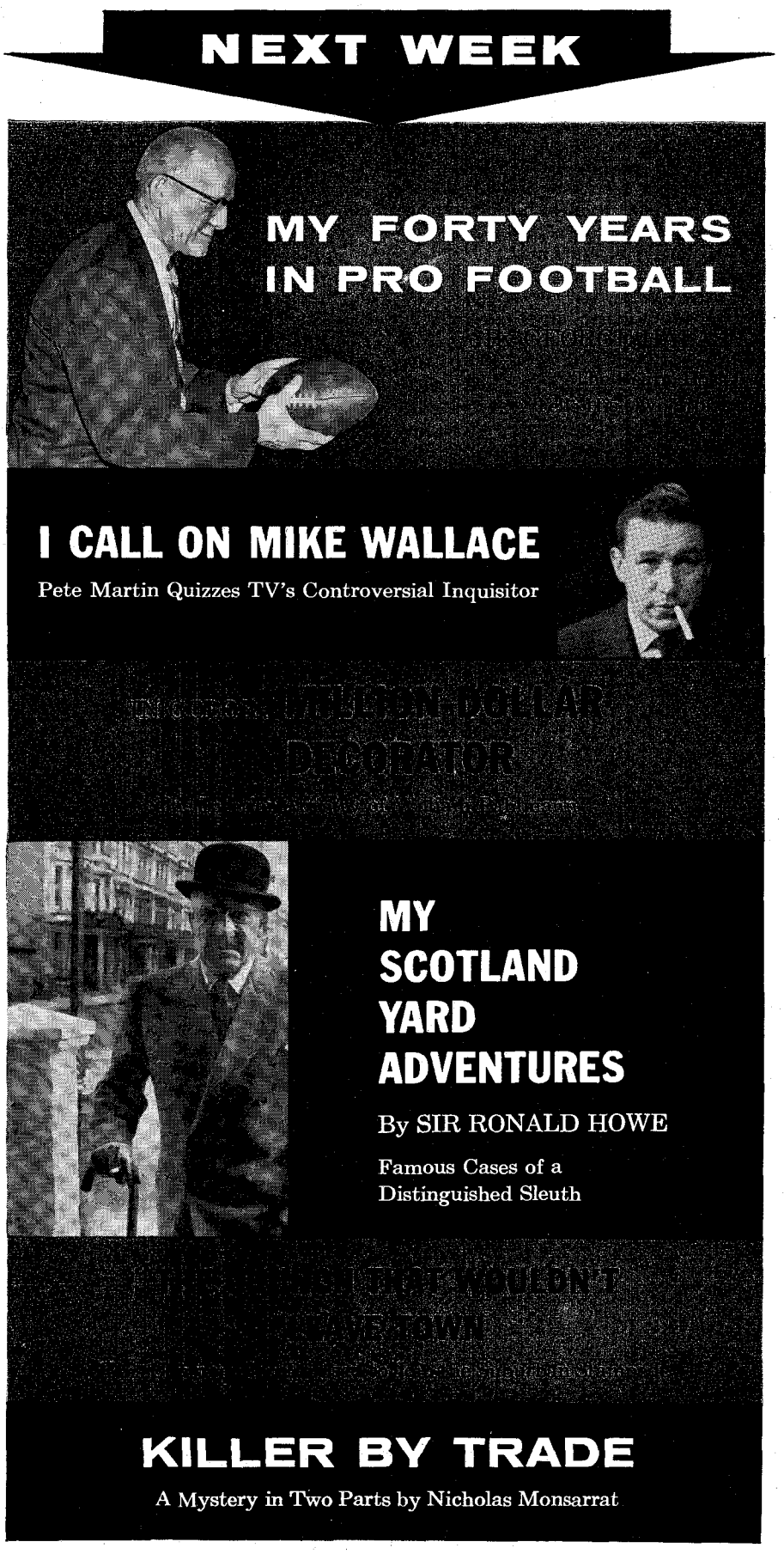
But it is possible that the Russians got the Machiavellian notion of throwing a monkey wrench into the American political machinery. Whether or not Moscow deliberately planned to embarrass the Eisenhower Administration, that is the effect which Soviet ratification had. The Soviet move aroused the suspicions of a number of senators who then insisted upon taking a long second look at the Atoms-for-Peace agency. Senator Bricker, who has been the most zealous guardian of the Senate's prerogatives in foreign affairs, detected a fresh opportunity to curb the President's powers. Last spring he proposed a reservation to the IAEA statute providing that Congress must approve specifically every IAEA project which involved American fissionable materials. American negotiators protested that this reservation, if adopted, would not only change the whole character of the IAEA, casting doubts upon American good faith, but also would reopen international negotiations, which meant indefinite delay. However, Senate leaders warned that if the administration pressed for immediate Senate action upon the unmodified statute, the Senate probably would reject it. Of course, that would have meant an embarrassing repudiation of Atoms-for-Peace, so widely advertised throughout the world for years as practically President Eisenhower's invention.

So some of the President's advisers urged him to make a public appeal for his pet project, thus putting pressure on the Senate. But he was reluctant to do this, in accord with the philosophy he expressed recently at a press conference: "Mostly the work of a President with Congress is done in a quiet conversational way by the telephone and in informal meetings. You don't influence Congress, in my opinion, except by trying to convince them of the soundness and logic of your views." But Mr. Eisenhower did agree, last April, to talk privately to key members of Senate committees. He said to them, in effect: "This Atoms-for-Peace agency is my particular baby, and I strongly believe it is a fine thing for the United States and the world. Atoms-for-Peace is one of the few areas in which Communist and non-Communist blocs happen to have mutual self-interests. Moreover, we would be handing a top propaganda trump card to the Kremlin if we reject now an organization which we have been telling the world for years was our own idea."

Last May, when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee finally got around to hearings on the IAEA statute, administration leaders had prepared their case with unusual thoroughness, designed to meet all conceivable objections. More than 100 specialists from the Atomic Energy Commission, the State Department and Ambassador Wadsworth's staff assisted in those preparations. The Senate committee invited members of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee to sit with them during the four days of hearings, and to question the Government spokesmen.

The transcript of those hearings shows that the case for the IAEA could hardly have been presented more effectively. The chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Democratic Sen. Theodore Green, of Rhode Island, started the hearings by declaring: "In my opinion, the (IAEA) statute is one of the most significant instruments which the Senate has been called upon to approve in recent years. It might have the most far-reaching consequences, not only for our nation but for humanity in general." The senators then listened to strong endorsements of IAEA by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, by Atomic Energy Commission chairman Lewis Strauss, and Ambassador Wadsworth, and questioned them for hours. Admiral Strauss was accompanied by the four other members of the AEC to show their unanimous approval of the IAEA. These included Thomas Murray, the Democratic commissioner whose term has since expired. Admiral Strauss and Mr. Murray are two wealthy, talented, public-spirited and very strong-minded men who have differed bitterly for years on a number of AEC policies, and whose disputes have been publicly aired. But despite their personal antipathy and political differences, these two most experienced members of the AEC expressed equal enthusiasm for the international agency. No two Americans know more about atomic secrets, yet both of them endorsed the statute without any qualifications. They declared that it completely safeguarded American security and national interests, and held great promise for international co-operation in the unexplored atomic field.

During the four days of committee hearings in May and two days of Senate debate in June, the IAEA was minutely examined. Spokesmen emphasized that the international agency was not expected to make any sudden or sensational progress. During its first five years, they declared, its two principal functions will be the training of scientists, administrators and inspectors for atomic projects, and development of a system of atomic controls. Atoms for peace, they explained, can be almost as dangerous as atoms for war if elaborate precautions are not taken to prevent accidents and to dispose of waste matter (*Continued on Page 122*)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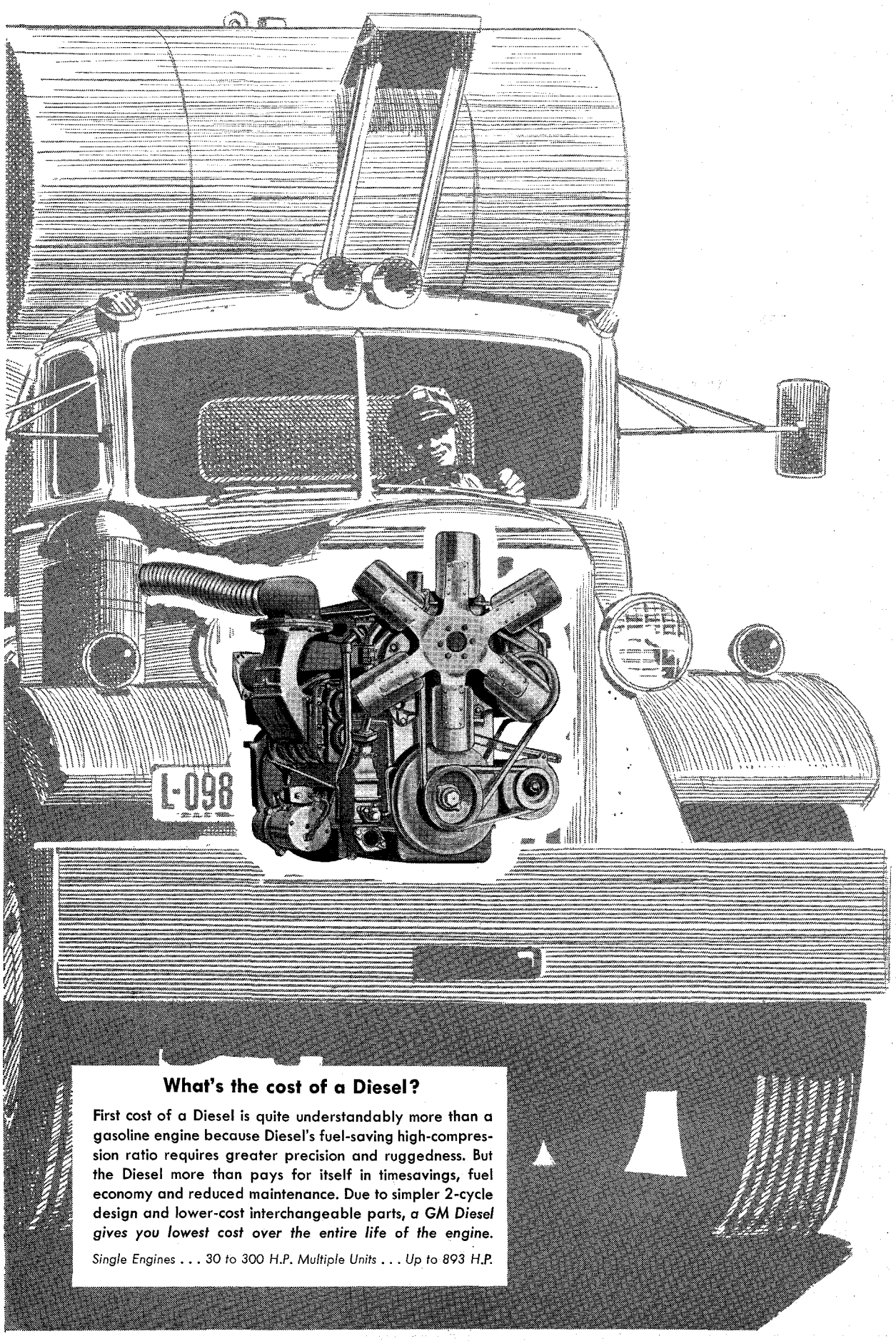

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Equally important, the "Jimmy" Diesel has the simplest, most efficient fuel injection of any Diesel. Patented unit injectors feed fuel into cylinders under high pressure in exactly metered, precisely timed charges. They eliminate complex fuel pumps and high pressure lines—making GM Diesels far easier and cheaper to maintain. This—plus the new "E" engine's highly improved "breathing" with *four* exhaust valves per cylinder and bigger air inlet ports—assures more complete combustion, faster response to throttle, improved fuel economy and cleaner exhaust.

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(*Continued from Page 120*) produced in atomic reactors. They pointed out that, with or without American help, the peaceful uses of atomic energy will inevitably spread. Already there is a shortage of skilled American technicians, so one function of the IAEA is to encourage training of specialists in countries which are not nuclear powers. These include such countries as Switzerland and Sweden as well as nonindustrialized countries. International controls of Atoms-for-Peace, it was explained, are as important for Americans as for other peoples, because accidents or carelessness elsewhere can endanger this country too. The IAEA statute compels member nations applying for help to accept stringent controls which are equally desirable for Communist and non-Communist nations. International controls thus set up for peaceful atoms may eventually be extended to atoms for war.

The hearings also revealed the remarkable achievements made by radio isotopes, a by-product of atomic reactors. The scientist member of the AEC, Dr. Willard Libby, declared that isotopes already save so much money for American industry and agriculture that these savings practically equal the entire cost of the Government's atomic program, and may soon exceed it. The value of isotopes in medicine is incalculable. Doctor Libby added that benefits are so widely distributed that almost every American taxpayer shares in them. Now that isotopes are being mass-produced by all the nuclear powers, including Russia, the main question is how best to distribute and control them, and the international agency was described as the safest medium. Administration spokesmen declared that Washington's forty-odd bilateral atomic agreements do not compete with the IAEA, but supplement it. They said that the IAEA aims to reduce undesirable competition among nuclear powers, lessening the danger that Russia and the United States, by trying to outbid each other, may entrust atomic reactors to governments not yet equipped to handle them safely.

These hearings and debates in Congress vividly revealed how unfortunate it has been that atomic energy was first developed in wartime for destructive purposes. As a result, so much secrecy has necessarily surrounded atomic developments that most people do not hope to grasp this complicated subject. Many members of Congress frankly confess their ignorance about atomic questions. When called upon to vote, they depend largely for guidance upon the few members of Congress who have served for years on the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, which has access to supersecrets, and therefore meets in one of the most elaborately guarded rooms in Washington, enveloped in a hush-hush atmosphere.

So the most active members of the Joint Committee dominated the debates on the IAEA. They were often called upon to answer the questions of colleagues. Chief among them were Senators Bricker, Bourke Hickenlooper (Rep., Iowa) and Clinton Anderson (Dem., New Mexico); and Congressmen W. Sterling Cole (Rep., New York) and Carl. T. Durham (Dem., North Carolina). The Republican Senate leader, William Knowland, of California, also is a member of the Joint Committee, and he played a key role in the Atoms-for-Peace battle. He teamed up with a fellow Republican, Senator Hickenlooper, in a clever maneuver designed simultaneously to save President Eisenhower's face and satisfy Bricker supporters. This legislative juggling consisted of two moves: first, ratify the IAEA statute without formal reservations, thus enabling the agency to get started without openly repudiating White House pledges. But then tack on the Bricker restrictions to implementing legislation, required to provide the funds for American participation. The two senators openly suggested that in such circumstances they would support the Bricker restrictions.

Through this maneuver the Senate did formally ratify the IAEA treaty last June eighteenth, with the understanding that it would be modified later. But even so, Senator Bricker insisted upon a roll-call vote on his formal reservation, and thirty-one senators voted for it and only fifty-five against. The vote showed almost incredible confusion in the minds of senators, not confined to either party or to any section of the country. Senators from fourteen states split on the formal reservation, one in each of those states voting for it and the other against. The South, supposedly more internationalist in its outlook, showed this split most sharply. The senators who split included those from the two Carolinas, Texas, Arkansas and Florida. Both senators from Georgia and Mississippi voted for the reservation, but both senators from Alabama and Louisiana voted against it. The split votes extended to all other sections: Ohio and Indiana in the Midwest; Utah, Arizona and Washington in the Far West; Vermont and Pennsylvania in the East. On the final vote, only nineteen voted against ratification, but many who voted for it intended to support the Bricker restrictions later.

The June vote came too late to inaugurate the IAEA on the date originally fixed, because the preparatory commission needed two months to get ready. So the start was postponed to October first in order to give Congress six more weeks to pass the implementing legislation. But the lawmakers again declined to give priority to Atoms-for-Peace, so the administration decided to go ahead without implementing legislation. In a very subdued ceremony in the White House Rose Garden last July thirtieth, President Eisenhower announced American participation. The occasion contrasted sharply with the excited send-off given the President's proposal four years earlier. Now that American negotiators had got almost everything Mr. Eisenhower asked for in 1953, the IAEA's future was very uncertain.

On that summer day in the Rose Garden, the White House apparently had already abandoned hope of Senate approval for the statute in the form approved by American negotiators nine months before. The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy of Congress had just voted overwhelmingly, 14 to 2, to recommend adoption of the Bricker restrictions. So the President, who had previously made so many confident statements about American leadership in this venture, was much more cautious now. Assistant Secretary of State Francis Wilcox, who had supervised the negotiations, publicly declared that the administration "could live" with the restrictions. But it was clear to those who had followed the battle that the prolonged propaganda build-up for the international agency already had boomeranged.

At that point all the higher-ups in Washington apparently were paying no attention to the House of Representatives, which usually does not figure in ratifying treaties. But in this affair the Senate's maneuvering had given the House an equal voice in determining what happened: the implementing legislation had to be approved by both houses. Just a week after the Rose Garden ceremony the House suddenly rejected the Bricker restrictions by the overwhelming vote of 298 to 99. Republican Congressman Cole was credited with this unexpected repudiation of the deal made by Senate Republican leaders. Mr. Cole was largely responsible for the 1954 Atomic Energy Act by which Congress authorized Atoms-for-Peace negotiations. He participated so enthusiastically in the 1956 conference in New York that he became the logical choice for the IAEA's first director-general, a post set aside for an American. Even after the administration had publicly conceded defeat, Mr. Cole still fought for an undeflated IAEA and his eloquent defense of the 1956 statute temporarily swung the House to his side.

So the fate of the statute remained in doubt right down to the closing days of the 1957 session of Congress. I had been following this legislative battle for several months, intending to write about it, and I found it as full of suspense as a detective novel. The contest became particularly intriguing after the House vote, which opened up three possibilities: approval of the Eisenhower-sponsored version unanimously accepted by eighty-two nations, including the American administration; approval of the Bricker deflated version; or failure of House and Senate to agree on any legislation at this session. Which would it be?

If Congressman Cole expected any help from the White House, he didn't get it. President Eisenhower already had too many arguments with Congress to take on another one. So when House conferees met with those from the Senate, they soon dropped their opposition to the Bricker restrictions, despite the overwhelming House vote. The final legislation forbade the President to make further allocations of fissionable materials to the IAEA without specific congressional approval in each case, and a deadline of 1960 was set on the President's pledge to match allocations to the agency by other nuclear powers. The conferees even agreed to broaden the Bricker restrictions, applying them also to allocations to other foreign groups such as the European Atomic Energy Organization (Euratom).

So the fate of President Eisenhower's Atoms-for-Peace program seems to confirm a recent statement by a member of the British House of Commons, Julian Amery, who commented, "The United States Administration can commit Congress and the American people less than any other government in the world because of policy confusion in the various departments of the Government." It also suggests that Dr. Robert Dahl, professor of political science at Yale University, may have been right when he said, "Atomic energy appears to be one of a growing class of situations for which the traditional democratic processes are rather unsuitable, and for which traditional theories of democracy provide no rational answer."

The most curious feature of the Atoms-for-Peace battle in Congress was the American public's almost complete indifference to the outcome. That can be partly explained by the administration's "soft sell" for its project among Americans while it was plugging the project so hard everywhere else in the world. But for several years now the University of Michigan has been conducting a periodic public-opinion survey which shows that the American public's lack of interest also extends to all projects involving atomic energy, despite the obvious importance of this development. The Michigan survey's analysts detected three reasons for this widespread indifference. The first was fear, because to most people atomic energy suggests bombs, not benefits. People said, "We don't want to think about it." The second reason was a sense of impotence, partly because of the secrecy thrown around atomic developments. People said, "It's no use trying to learn about it. It's too deep for us, and only insiders get the facts about it." The third reason was the remoteness, up to this time, of atomic developments from the daily lives of most Americans. So far as Americans are concerned, the hopes aroused by atoms for peace are still as remote from our experience as the fears aroused by atoms for war.

But the atomic age already is here, and Americans have done more than any other people to hasten its advance. The incalculable billions which Americans have poured into nuclear developments are beginning to pay off in peaceful uses as well as weapons. President Eisenhower is reported to have told friends in 1955 that he believed his Atoms-for-Peace program might eventually be considered the outstanding accomplishment of his administrations. Perhaps he was right.

THE END

"Before I even get to the office — decisions, decisions!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Lady in Danger (Continued from Page 27)

"Sure, and I think you'd be better on television at that," Mike told her.

She ignored him. "Everybody fat, dumb and happy. Business as usual: the Tandowsky gang cleaning out the vaults of the First Mariners' Trust; the Robbery Squad tanking up with coffee; the Detective Bureau pressing their cloaks and polishing their daggers—somebody's got to keep law and order in this town!"

Mike swung in to the curb. "O.K., so we can fire the rest of the force and save the taxpayers some money."

"Why not?" she retorted.

"I heard several different versions," Mike said. He left the engine running and the windshield wipers stepped up their frenzied pace. "What's the official one?"

"This car was in front of the bank, in the loading zone, the driver's hat pulled down, the motor running. Something told me ——"

"Intuition, probably," Mike said dryly.

"—— so I stepped up to the driver and asked him where Genoa Street was. You'd have thought I'd stuck him with a pin, the way he jumped. He kept trying to brush me off, but I got a letter from my purse and asked him about the address." She smiled, remembering. "It had my name on it, but I knew he wouldn't see it."

"Being a student of psychology too."

She glared at him, but went on, "And I kept talking to him and he kept watching the bank and saying, 'Go away, lady,' and then I heard the shot inside the bank, and I grabbed my gun and stuck it in his ear and took the key out of the ignition. You should have seen the look on Tony Tandowsky's face when he got in the car. There they sat, all five of 'em, surrounded by money bags, ready to go, and me with the ignition key and my gun cocked!"

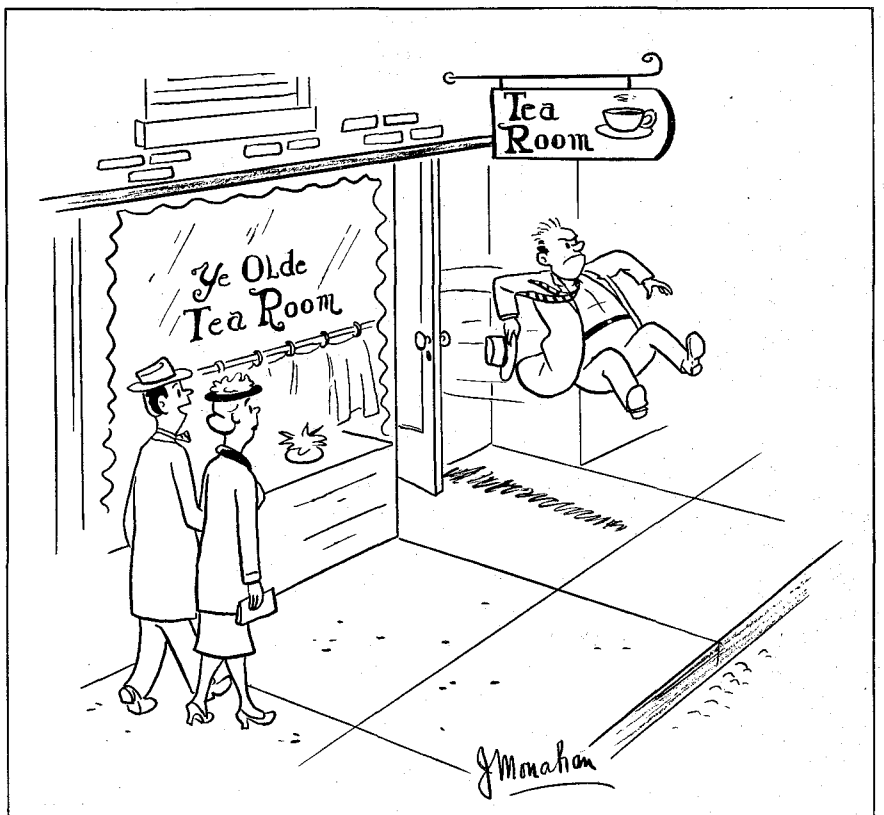
"I like the way you tell it," Mike said. "So modest. This was before noon; surely you must have done something noble after lunch?"

She took a slow breath, giving herself a long count, looked down at her tightly clenched fingers and then up again.

"You really are jealous." Her eyes glistened.

"Kathy, Kathy," he said, his voice suddenly gentle, "don't you realize you might have got your pretty head blown off?"

"It's my head. And I'm a cop."



"Now there's a sight you seldom see."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The tenderness in his eyes died. "Why? There are lots of jobs for women—secretaries, technicians, welders—why a cop?"

"Now he asks me! For seven months I've been on the force and you haven't objected. Today I make the newspapers and all of a sudden you're choked up with worry."

"That gang has killed four people! Being a cop isn't a game." Mike shook his head. "I don't like the idea of my girl matching gun draws with hoodlums!"

"Who's whose girl?" she demanded.

Mike put his elbow on the back of the seat, smiled faintly and shrugged. "Well, what I mean is ——"

She flared. "If there's anything that galls me, it's being bossed! Believe me, Mike Harper, when I'm somebody's girl, I'll know it! I won't have to be told! Good night!"

She slid out into the rain and slammed the door. Then she jerked it open again. Her face was wet, but then so were her hat and shoulders. "Thank you for a pleasant evening!" She slammed the door again and ran up the four white steps into her rooming house.

Just inside the door she paused and savagely caught her breath. The landlady's door opened and Mrs. Hoskins' sharp eyes swept the corridor expertly, then came back to Kathy.

"My, my, what a rain!"

Kathy nodded, averting her face. She took a couple of steps down the hall, fumbling in her purse for her key.

"I just made myself some chocolate, Katherine. Come in and have a cup."

Kathy dug deeper in her bag. "Thanks just the same, but ——" She looked up with a brief good-night smile. The unexpectedly tender look in the wrinkled old face changed her mind. Kathy hesitated, then turned wearily into the cluttered sitting room. (*Continued on Page 125*)

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(*Continued from Page 123*) Clara Hoskins, nee Turner, had been born in this house seventy-odd years before. The last of a dozen children, it had been her lot to take care of her failing mother. The year 1918 had been her year of life: her mother died in January; she met Charley Hoskins in March, he proposed in April and they were married in May; in August he marched off to war and apparently kept right on marching after November 11th, because she never heard of him again.

Her own disappointment, however, had not soured her on romance. True, she kept a sharp eye on her girls' visitors, and she'd had the door taken off the little common room just inside the entrance, but she sighed ecstatically over every engagement ring and cried at all their weddings. She shut the door now and ignored the fact that Kathy was using her handkerchief.

"I was just lookin' out the window when you drove up, and I said to myself, 'Now, there's Katherine, and she'll have a cup with me.'"

"It's very thoughtful of you," Kathy murmured. She put down her purse and gloves and laid her hat on top of them. The evening paper was on the table; the headline, the picture and the two-column story cut out. Mrs. Hoskins handed her a cup.

"Imagine, a slip of a girl like you puttin' the finger on that Tandowsky."

Kathy smiled faintly. "You read the story."

"Got it in my scrapbook already," Mrs. Hoskins said. "Now sit down and tell me about it."

Kathy sank into an old chair, sipped the chocolate and burned her tongue. "It's like the paper said. I saw the car ——"

Mrs. Hoskins waved her hand impatiently. "I don't mean that." She nodded at the window. "I mean him—Mike Harper, wasn't it? What's he done now?"

Kathy's chin came up. "He's stuffy and bossy. I don't know if I ever want to see him again!"

Mrs. Hoskins rocked happily, her cup cradled in her two bony hands. "Good, good," she said. "Seems like a real nice boy."

"Boy?" Kathy retorted. "He's thirty years old! It's time he began living in the twentieth century! If he had his way, women would still be chained to the kitchen stove!"

"You mean he's proposed?"

Kathy felt her face flush. "He did not! And a fat lot of good it'd do him if he did!"

Mrs. Hoskins' shrewd old eyes twinkled over her cup. "It's twenty-six you are?"

"Twenty-five."

The old lady nodded. "Getting along. It's time you were thinking of a home and family."

"Not with a shot-up marine who's jealous of the fact that I caught a gang of bank robbers he and the whole state's been looking for for months!"

"Nonsense. He's just afraid something will happen to you."

Kathy put her cup down. "Whose side are you on?" she demanded.

"I'm for love and marriage," Mrs. Hoskins said promptly. "It hurts my business, but I like seeing you girls ——" She poked a scrawny finger at the half-melted marshmallow in her cup. "I had a sad, sad time myself."

"You've told me," Kathy said shortly. Then she smiled mistily and reached for her hat and gloves. "I'm sorry." She stood up slowly. "I was rude and I didn't mean to be. It's just that ——" Her chin came up again. "He makes me so darned mad!"

Mrs. Hoskins looked at the window against which the rain beat. "I keep thinking," she said. "All these years I've been thinking. I was so used to taking care of momma that I guess when Charley came I just kept right on running things." She shook her head. "A man doesn't like that, you know, Katherine. A man likes to be the boss. It doesn't hurt to let him."

The old lady nodded at the paper. "Things like that hurt their ego, you know." She smiled thinly. "All those big men chasing around after that Tandowsky and you come along and knock off the whole gang right under their noses." She shook her head sadly. "You're going to be the prettiest, but the loneliest, cop on the whole force."

"What should I have done?" Kathy demanded. "Scream?"

Mrs. Hoskins pursed her thin lips in consideration; then rose stiffly. "Well, it all depends on which you like the most—law and order or Mike Harper."

"Phooey on Mike Harper!" Kathy said, and marched out into the hall.

But she lost her defiance in her own room. She felt a growing loneliness that began to argue in Mike Harper's favor. She gave her auburn hair a last brush and eyed her reflection in the mirror with a measure of discontent.

"Hothead," she said, and turned out the light.

Her widowed father had been chief of detectives when a car accident had killed him, cutting short her last year of college. Police business had filled her life and she took advantage of his connections and joined the force.

She liked it; she liked the dedication she saw in most of the men, she liked the excitement, and she felt she was accomplishing more actual good than if she'd finished her sociology major, overloaded as it was with intellectual theories. Concepts and principles and big words couldn't compare with the comforting effect of an arm around the shoulders of a girl whose reckless immaturity had finally got her into trouble.

She and Mike argued about it. There was a need for policewomen, he admitted, and she was as well prepared for the work as anyone else, but he also felt there was no reason why she should expose herself to unnecessary hazards, and bluntly told her so.

She was very fond of Mike. He'd had two hitches in the Marine Corps. As a youngster on Iwo he'd been hit by a mortar burst; in Korea he'd picked up two additional Purple Hearts and a Silver Star. A dry sense of humor and a quick mind made him a pleasant companion, but she suspected him of having a Victorian attitude about women working.

She had looked for his commendation tonight, but instead he called her a fool. Suddenly all the Dorns before her blew hot on her red hair and her nimble tongue had lashed out at him. She had shocked him, hurt him, but she didn't care—not until now.

Maybe Mrs. Hoskins' advice, not to encroach on male prerogatives, was good. Kathy wouldn't know; she was one to make her own way in her own fashion. She lay rigidly in bed, staring at the dark ceiling, and then her eyes were suddenly wet and hot. She turned quickly into the pillow and the years fell away and she was a little girl again—a girl who had lost something which she now realized she wanted desperately to keep.

It was a fine, bright morning, washed clean by the night's storm. When Kathy checked in she was the recipient of amused congratulations. Joe Gorgino, who had succeeded her father as head of the Detective Bureau, stopped her in the hall.

"Shall I kiss you or spank you?"

Her chin came up. "It depends on whether you want a coy smile or a black eye."

Joe grinned. "Got a fine edge this morning, eh?" He offered her a cigarette, but she shook her head. He lit his own. "You're not going to be worth much on the street for the next few days, until people forget what you look like. How about working with a couple of the boys?"

She smiled. "You're the boss, boss."

Joe nodded. "See Gavin Marshall." He took a step, then turned around, his white teeth flashing. "And thanks, Kathy. You got us off a high, high hook."

She laughed. "Any time, chief." She started down the hall, then spun around, but Joe had disappeared. She frowned as she turned back. Gavin Marshall, she had remembered, was Mike Harper's new partner. She shrugged, lifted her head and went into the dayroom.

"Welcome aboard," Mike said dryly. He and Marshall sat at a table, surrounded by papers.

Marshall was an old-timer with a leathery face and brown eyes that were tired of the things they'd seen. Compared to Mike's leanness, he seemed almost fat. He smiled indulgently at Kathy, who'd known him as long as she could remember.

"Sure, and it's Miss Sherlock herself." He abandoned his attempt at a brogue. "I asked Joe to let us have you for a few days. All the punks in town will be needling you."

She didn't look at Mike. "I can take care of myself."

Gavin Marshall grinned. "I was worrying about the punks." He indicated the chair beside him, across the table from Mike. "Sit down and see what we've got."

Three women had been milking supermarkets and liquor stores with a flood of phony checks drawn on local business houses. They made no great attempt to match the exact check, but the name and address of the business was imprinted on the check, the payee typewritten in, the amount stamped with a checkwriter.

"They hit an area quick," Marshall said. "An hour and they've tapped a dozen places and moved out. A few days later they turn up in another section. This is a big city, with a lot of careless merchants."

"The drivers' licenses they use have local addresses," Mike added. "They've got a real setup someplace. Press and the rest of the works."

"Where's the man?" Kathy asked.

Mike's eyes were amused. "No man in this gang."

"At least he hasn't shown," Marshall amended. He eyed Kathy thoughtfully. "We wondered, of course. What makes you ask?"

"Isn't there always?" she countered.

Mike snorted softly and glanced at Marshall, grinning. "Intuition."

Kathy turned angrily and then swallowed the retort that had sprung to her tongue. She felt her cheeks flush, but she forced a smile for Gavin. "Maybe," she said mildly, feeling like a traitor to her militant ancestors.

Marshall pulled over a city map on which there were a half-dozen red crosses. "Here's what they've done in two weeks, Kathy." He put a thick finger on a spot near the river. "This was yesterday. We're going out now for a recheck. . . . Get us a car, huh, Mike?"

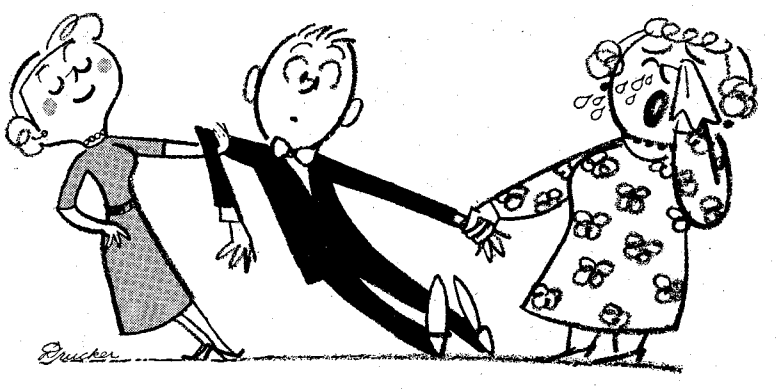
Mike nodded and got up. Gavin carefully folded the map, gathered the papers into their folder and then, with Mike out of the room, looked sharply at Kathy.

"O.K. Why the man?" His eyes were alert.

She smiled, feeling a sudden warmth toward him. "There has to be, Gavin. Three women working together? Not without a man to hold them. Men do it, but not women. Somewhere there has to be at least one man, probably the husband of one of them."

"And the others?"

"Sisters. Sisters-in-law."



The Perfect Squelch

Harry's mother strongly opposed his marrying before completing college. When he went ahead anyhow, she openly blamed his young bride for "dragging" her boy to the altar. Although the young woman kept her job and worked to help Harry through college, his mother never forgave her. The older woman missed no opportunity to make barbed remarks about the early marriage.

Came the day when the young couple informed her that they were expecting.

"Oh, dear," she wailed, looking at Harry. "First you get married, and now this!"

"We," her daughter-in-law replied evenly, "preferred it that way."

Mrs. Allie M. Herren

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Marshall stood up, his lips pursed. "You might just be right, Kathy." He picked up his hat. "What's with you and Mike?"

Her cheeks went hot. "Nothing."

"He said you'd tangled."

"He should keep his big mouth shut."

Marshall half smiled. "He's a good guy. You're a nice girl. Your dad would be mighty unhappy if I didn't do what I could."

Her chin came up. "I'll take care of my own affairs, thank you!"

He snorted. "Don't get redheaded with me, girl. I used to help your dad give you your bath."

She laughed a little and put her hand on his arm. "All right, Gavin. He's sore about yesterday. I think he's even a little jealous."

"Should Mike be jealous because you risked stopping a faceful of lead instead of him or one of the other boys? The way I hear it, he's got enough bullet holes in him now to last a lifetime. You're nuts. We're all on the same team here."

"All right, all right! So I'm wrong." She snatched up her purse. "Let's not keep the good man waiting!"

•

There were three markets, four liquor stores and a chain drug. The women had each hit the markets, two of them had made the drugstore, and one each in the grog shops. The checks had ranged from $68.15 to $76.20, written on Merryweather Controls, a neighboring electrical-products firm employing some sixty people. The firm hadn't changed an employee in six months. The store clerks couldn't remember anything distinctive about the women, except that they all looked like housewives.

"Some thousand bucks in a little over an hour," Gavin said, when they met again at the car. "That's a fascinatin' rate of pay."

"And no men," Mike commented.

"Not yet," Kathy said. She gave him a short, sweet smile that seemed to confuse him.

Gavin pushed his hat back. "I wanta talk to that Empire Market again. Same clerk, all three dames standing there together with their groceries and their checks; gotta be something she remembers."

"Go with you," Mike said.

Kathy watched them leave, then wandered back toward the nearest of the liquor stores that had been bilked. She paused at an alley to let a brightly painted panel truck turn out into the street. It was so gay she swung to watch it pass. It turned into the driveway of a motel. The driver jumped out, made a delivery and then drove off again, but in that moment, almost as if she'd seen a blueprint of their routine, Kathy knew how the thieves must be operating.

All they would need was a similar panel truck to hold their equipment. They could put up at a neighborhood motel while they cased the local setup, then print their checks, pass them in the stores, and move on. She hurried across the street to the motel and found the manager.

Yes, he said, a man and a woman with a panel truck had checked out yesterday, about two. They'd been there three days. Yes, the two women in Cabin No. 7 seemed to be friends of theirs. Kathy found the names on the register: Mr. and Mrs. T. Marston in 9; Mrs. I. Webster and Mrs. John Daniels in 7. The two women had checked out about noon yesterday.

"It fits," she told Gavin and Mike when she got hold of them. "The truck must carry all the equipment they need: check stock, press, typewriter, work space. They move in, look over a local business, print somewhat similar checks, and then, after they've made their haul, move out."

Gavin pulled his lower lip. "And your man's there."

Mike smiled faintly. "*Cherchez l'homme.* There must be a thousand motels scattered around this town."

"We don't even have to do that," Kathy said excitedly. "Next time they hit, we'll forget the stores and hunt up the nearby motels. Maybe we'll be lucky."

"We don't know they've hit until the checks bounce," Mike observed. "They'll be long gone by that time."

"We'll get out a bulletin," Gavin said. "Next time he gets two-three local checks together, some manager may be smart enough to call the firm up." He grinned suddenly at Mike. "I like this intuition stuff. How long's it been going on?"

Mike grunted. "I'm a bachelor, myself. I wouldn't know."

It came two days later. Kathy and Gavin had just returned from lunch together when Mike swung around from the phone and grabbed his hat. "Easy come, easy go; they've run out of money already. Let's roll."

A market manager in the Crestwood district had taken in three checks on a local manufacturer, been reminded of the bulletin by a conscientious clerk, and had called the firm. Mike had already alerted the two nearest patrol cars, and he drove swiftly now, red light blinking, siren snarling at the intersections. Kathy braced herself in the seat beside him and studied his set jaw.

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"It is simpler with the siren, isn't it?"

He frowned, then grinned and flashed her a warm, quick look. "Takes the fun out of it," he complained.

Gavin Marshall, leaning forward in the rear seat, grunted. "Never was any fun in it. Always hated this stuff." He held his breath while they shot through a red light. "That Crestwood district. Lousy with motels."

"We'll find them," Kathy said.

"Intuition again?" Mike asked lightly.

Somehow, now that the chips were down, she didn't really mind. "Just being Pollyanna."

He shot her a glance that made her cheeks feel hot.

They cut the siren and slid into the district at a more or less reasonable speed. A squad car was parked down one street and Mike swung onto a road paralleling a state highway. A half-dozen motels along the street posed a problem.

"Let me off here," Gavin said. Mike swung in to the curb and Marshall got out, then leaned back in the front window. "Don't take any chances. It isn't our money." He gave Kathy's arm a pat and turned away.

She pointed ahead. "Drop me in the middle of the block, Mike. You can work back from the corner."

He let her out. "You can't always be lucky, Kathy. Take it easy. Be careful. I mean it."

"I'll be all right," she said breathlessly.

She turned up the drive of the Cape Cod cottages—gray asbestos shingles, white windows, neat green lawns and white concrete doorsteps. There were two cars in the drive, three empty garages and a half-dozen others with their doors closed. She turned in to the manager's office.

One thing that will often get you out of hot water is a telephone.

CY N. PEACE

The manager was a slight old man with a fringe of white hair around his tanned bald head. He stood at the door, laughing heartily with a round little man in a business suit who had apparently just paid his bill. As Kathy stepped past them, the departing guest put his wallet in his hip pocket and nodded at her, his blue eyes twinkling. He lifted his hat to her and turned again to the manager.

"'By, now."

"Hurry back, Mr. Anderson." The manager shut the screen door, chuckling. "Funniest bunch of stories I ever did hear. Keeps a man in stitches, that Anderson. Mighty nice. Now, can I do something for you, miss?"

"Do any of your guests have a panel truck?"

"Panel? Why, sure." The manager pushed open the screen door again. "Mr. Anderson!"

The round little man was halfway across a new green lawn. He turned amiably as, beyond him, a woman came from one of the cottages and lifted the adjoining garage door. As Kathy stepped outside, she saw a panel truck, facing out, in the garage.

"Mr. Anderson, here's a lady, lookin' for you!"

Anderson stopped abruptly. Kathy felt a surge of panic as she realized her face gave her away. She snatched at her handbag, fumbling with the clasp while Anderson whirled around and shouted. The woman at the garage jumped into the truck and started the engine. The truck leaped out across the lawn, hesitated while Anderson jumped into the cab, then lunged on toward Kathy, standing in the drive.

Handcuffs, compact, coin purse, whistle, handkerchief, badge, lipstick, keys—she found them all in her frenzied digging, but she couldn't get hold of her gun. She stared, hypnotized, at the oncoming truck, and probably the only thing that saved her life was the fact that the truck, surging under a wild thrust of power, skidded sideways, missing her by inches as it slewed across the drive, caromed from a corner of the office and squealed out into the street.

Kathy finally got hold of her gun as the truck roared away. Even as she fired she heard the blast of a police whistle and Mike's answering shout. She turned to see Gavin Marshall charging down the street, shrilling whistle between his teeth, and Mike dashing toward the squad car. Kathy jumped the low hedge and reached the rear door just as Gavin jumped into the front seat with Mike. The squad car lunged forward, throwing her into a heap in the back seat. It was a moment or two before she could struggle into a sitting position.

Mike whipped around a corner and up the long incline to the freeway. "What'd you do?" he demanded savagely. "Ask him if he knew any check passers?"

"How'd I know he was the one?" she retorted.

Gavin rolled down the window and rested his right forearm on the sash. The speedometer hit 80 as he fired.

"Next time, do it right," Gavin said sharply. He fired again. "Call in the team."

"We'll be lucky if somebody doesn't get killed now!" Mike snapped.

Kathy hung on, blinking at the flashing cars, paralyzed by the hurtling speed, the wailing siren, the methodical roar of Gavin's gun.

"That's all I've got!" Mike shouted. The speedometer quivered at 100.

"It's enough," Gavin grunted. "Ease up. . . . Look out!"

The panel truck was swaying wildly, bumping on two flat rear tires. The truck swerved suddenly, shot up the ivied slope of the landscaped freeway, then skidded down to plow to a stop in a soft bed of geraniums. Mike fought the squad car to the curb and he and Gavin jumped out.

Kathy sat in the car a minute, her knees shaking, while she got control of her emotions. When she finally stepped out, the man and the woman stood facing the truck, trembling violently. Mike gave the man a quick frisk, then turned toward the police car. Gavin lowered his gun.

"Let me take your handcuffs," Mike said, coming up to Kathy. "I lost mine someplace." He looked at her sharply. "What's the matter?" He smiled slowly. "Nobody's hurt. We've even got the address of the motel where the other two women are."

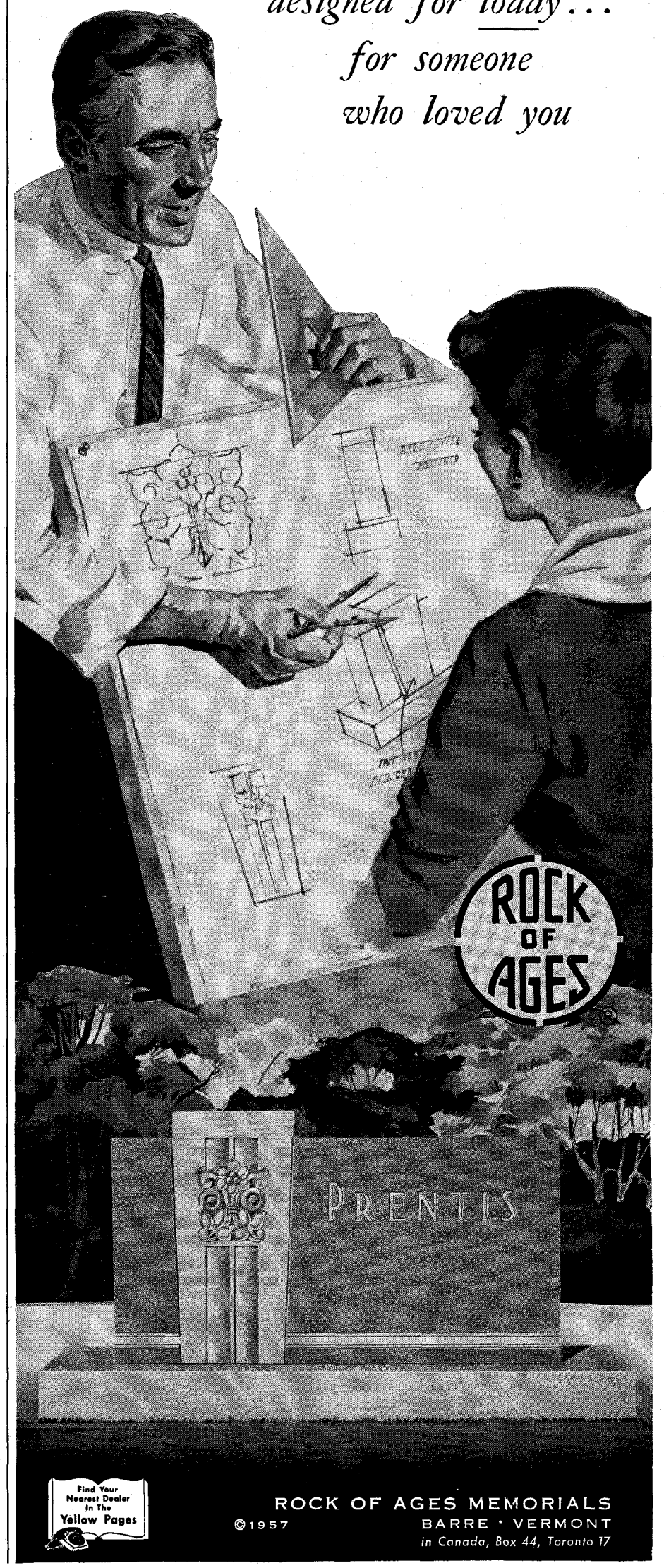
Hot tears ran down her cheeks. "Oh, Mike, I didn't think ——"

He lifted her chin gently with his right hand. "This is a business where you've got to think, honey. If my girl's going to stay in it," he grinned, "and I hope she is because she's pretty good at it, then she's got to play it right."

"Who's whose girl?" She tried to make it sound fierce, but he laughed at her.

"I'll tell you tonight"—he reached for her handbag and at the same time kissed her lightly—"when we've got more time and privacy." He grinned cheerfully as he dug her handcuffs from the bag. "Right now, copper, I'd suggest you blow your nose and put on some lipstick. We've gotta teach these characters to respect the police force around this town!"

THE END



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The Terrible Discovery

(Continued from Page 37)

"Or pulled cats' tails. I must look into that someday."

Now Jimmy stood up, dived in and swam to shore. He went into the dressing room and changed into his clothes. When he came out, the gang was all crowded around the outdoor grill, roasting wieners. The occasion was the Senior Picnic, and the last one of the school year. He had dressed carefully for this one, hoping that some miracle just might take place, and that Joe Rannich, or Dave Peterson, or Fred Williamson would somehow vanish into thin air, leaving Jill without a ride home. He knew that dreaming of that unlikely event was ridiculous, but it could happen. She might fall off the water skis and hurt herself. Jimmy could see the skis fly into the air, see her hit the water, then remain motionless. Without taking off anything but his shoes, he would tear for the shore, dive into the lake and ——

"Want a hot dog, Jimmy?"

He turned. Sally Davenport stood beside him, holding a wiener in a bun.

"I put mustard on it."

"Thanks, Sally." Jimmy took the hot dog and bit into it. From his six feet and two inches of height, he looked down at Sally, who was a pixie, with black hair, now tousled and damp from swimming. She had a short little nose and large, dark eyes, and was as friendly as a puppy.

"Want a bottle of pop?"

"Sure."

"C'mon."

He followed Sally over to a big washtub filled with ice and bottles of pop. He reached in, got two bottles, knocked off the caps and gave one to Sally.

"They're going to start the juke box in the pavilion after we eat. Are you going to dance with me?"

"Sure." He tilted the bottle up to his mouth and then saw Jill and Fred Williamson walking toward him. He knew that he was going to blush, hated himself for it, and blushed some more. He tried to appear nonchalant, as he did each day after school. He always watched and waited, hoping that Jill would start walking, laden with books, somehow alone. But she never was. There was always a crowd around her. They'd come out the front door, laughing, climb into a car and be gone. Later, they'd be at The Sweet Shop, crammed into a booth, writing in one another's notebooks, laughing over private jokes.

"Hi, Sally," Jill said now. "Hi, Jimmy."

Jimmy mumbled and drank some more pop. Jill and Fred got two bottles, two hot dogs and walked over to Fred's convertible. They climbed in and bit into their hot dogs.

Sally looked up at Jimmy. A tiny line appeared on her forehead. She chewed at her lower lip. "Jimmy," she said.

"Yeah?"

"Your heart is showing."

"Just wait," Jimmy said. "Just wait till summer."

"What happens then?"

Jimmy realized that he had really been talking to himself. He looked down at Sally. "Nothing."

The sun was going down and Sally shivered. "Jimmy, want to run me home while I get a jacket? I didn't know it was going to be so cold."

Jimmy nodded. "Good idea. I could use one too."

They got into Jimmy's car, which was parked just ahead of Fred Williamson's. As Jimmy got behind the wheel, he looked around in time to see Jill turn Fred's face toward her and kiss him lightly, then muss his hair.

Jimmy turned on his ignition and hit the starter. His twin exhausts muttered and he did something he had never done before. He burned rubber going away.

Then he eased up on the throttle. That was a fool thing to do. He had nothing but contempt for characters who burned rubber, who squirreled, who played "chicken," who dug out when a traffic light turned green.

Jimmy didn't have to show what his car would do. He knew what it would do, and the Cam Twister's emblem bolted above his rear license plate was a silent testimonial. That emblem was also a tacit agreement between Jimmy and the motoring public that they had nothing to fear from him.

The car was a pickup truck, but a hybrid. The body was from a 1927 Model T, once owned by a farmer by the name of Henry Harrington. The fenders came out of a junk yard and once were attached to a 1929 Model A. The original engine was out somewhere, seeing the town. In its place was crammed an overhead-valve V-8 with headers, high-compression heads, three-carburetor manifold, a precision-ground camshaft. The car had hydraulic brakes, and the truck bed was covered by a white canvas tarp. The finish was black, with so many coats of lacquer that Jimmy had lost count.

He eased past the airport, turned left, drove Sally home and waited outside while she got a jacket. Then he drove home.

He went into the house through the kitchen door. His mother and his sister were working on dinner dishes.

"You home already?" his mother said.

"Huh-uh. Came for a jacket. It's getting cold. Dad home?"

"No. He has a meeting with Mr. Faber, and then he's driving him to the airport. Mr. Faber's flying up to Seattle."

"Oh." Jimmy digested this news. "Why doesn't the old goat drive?"

"Don't call him an old goat, Jimmy; and I imagine he's flying because it's a bit over an hour by air and a four-hour drive."

"Gotcha," Jimmy said. He ran up the stairs, got his jacket and returned to the kitchen. "Be seeing you."

"I know," Jimmy's mother said, "but when?"

"Well, they're going to dance at the pavilion and ——"

"Be home around midnight. Don't forget you're going to mow the lawn tomorrow."

"At the crack of dawn," Jimmy said.

"That," Diane said, "will be the day Bulganin plays golf with Ike."

"Very funny," Jimmy said.

He and Sally drove back to the picnic, which had moved into the pavilion which floated on the lake. The evening was as soft as an acre of foam rubber, and big Japanese lanterns which hung from the ceiling cast a gentle glow over the dancers.

The juke box was playing a King Cole number, sweet and wistful. Jimmy danced with Sally and looked for Jill. He saw her, finally, dancing with Fred, her head tucked against his shoulder, her eyes closed. Jimmy's morale draped itself around his ankles and the flavor of the evening turned as sour as week-old milk. When Eddie Schroeder cut in on him and captured Sally, Jimmy went out on the veranda to be alone and lick his wounds. Eventually this became boring. No one knew or cared what he was doing, so he went back inside.

By eleven o'clock, he had had part of one dance with Jill. It was as short as it was unsatisfactory. He had cut in on her and then, after he had savored the sweet sensation of having her this close to him, said, "Well, won't be long now."

"What," she said, "won't be long now?"

"Till summer. You leaving for the beach right after school's out?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Mother can hardly wait to drag me down there. There's nothing to do. You're just buried."

"Yeah," he said miserably, "I suppose so. You can sure get a good tan, though."

Jill wrinkled her nose. "That's all there is to do. Sit in the sand and pour oil on yourself. Before long you feel like a salad."

Jimmy laughed shortly. "A salad. That's good."

Fred Williamson tapped him on the shoulder. He released Jill and walked away.

He picked up his jacket and put it on. Sally came over. "Going home?"

"Yeah."

"Will you take me with you?"

"Sure. Let's go."

"Quite a story behind this little fella."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Sally got her jacket and they went out into the night and got into Jimmy's car. He started his engine and let it warm up for a few minutes. Then he put it in gear and drove away. He idled past the airport, watching the aircraft, clean and shining, loading and unloading at the terminal. He stopped on the shoulder of the highway at the end of one of the runways and they watched two F-86D's from the Air Force field whistle in for landings.

"Look at those babies!" Jimmy said. "Aren't they beautiful?"

"They scare me," Sally said. "They go too fast."

"Those are only eighty-sixes," Jimmy said. "You oughta see an F-one-hundred. Or a one-oh-four. They'll really go."

He started his car and they hit the main road going into town. Jimmy idled along, playing a game with the green lights. They were set for twenty-eight miles an hour and Jimmy took pride in the fact that he hit each light as it turned, without slacking off or advancing his throttle. The other drivers were going by him, then hitting their brakes, shifting, jockeying for position, getting nowhere in a hurry. Finally Jimmy turned off on the bypass. The speed limit was a posted forty-five and he held the needle of his speedometer at that figure and idled along. There was almost no traffic.

Ahead of him, perhaps three hundred yards, was a new hardtop, gradually pulling away from him. Jimmy let the car go, watching a light up ahead, which was green. Jimmy eased off, knowing he wouldn't be able to make the light, loath to use his brakes. He liked to drift up to a light, just touch his brakes to stop.

Suddenly he yelled, "Look at that guy! He's ——".

The light had turned red, and four people stepped off the curbing to start across with the opposing green light. The hardtop ran the light. Three of the people stopped and scooted back for the safety of the sidewalk. The fourth man, confused, started across, stopped, hesitated, then tried to make it back to the curb. The driver of the hardtop hit the pedestrian with his right front fender. The man spun away, his hat flew off, and he was tossed to the pavement like a rag doll thrown from a baby buggy.

"Jimmy!" Sally said. "He hit him!"

Jimmy put his throttle to the floor to get there in a hurry, to do what he could for the man. The other pedestrians were already clustered around the man who was hit. A car had stopped and two men jumped out. And then, hardly believing what he saw, Jimmy realized that the hardtop was gathering speed and was going away from there as fast as he could go.

"Hit and run!" Jimmy yelled. He saw that the injured man was getting all the help necessary, so he shot across the intersection, gathering speed.

The car ahead, with three hundred horses in the engine compartment, was barreling down the highway. But Jimmy had horses too, clocked at a hundred and twenty-one miles an hour by the Cam Twisters on the old airport drag strip. He started pulling the hardtop back toward him. A cop! You never see one when you need him. A state cop, a city cop, a deputy sheriff—anything. Now they were along the river, the highway straightening out. Jimmy went flat out.

The taillights of the hardtop started coming back. Jimmy guessed that he was indicating around a hundred and ten. Now he was a hundred yards behind, now seventy-five. He could see two people in the car ahead. Now fifty yards. He strained to see the license plate. He could see that a

(Continued on Page 130)

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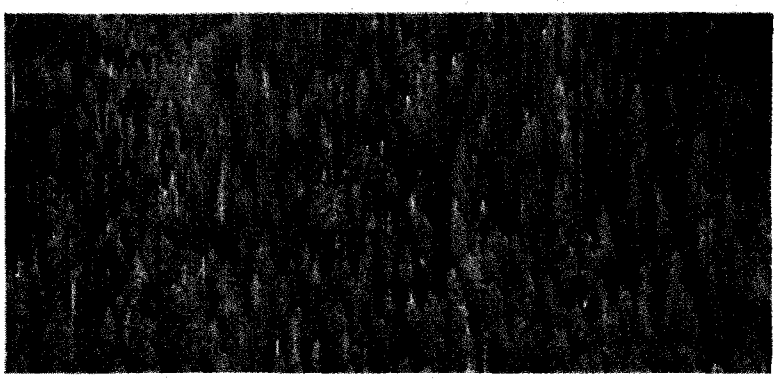

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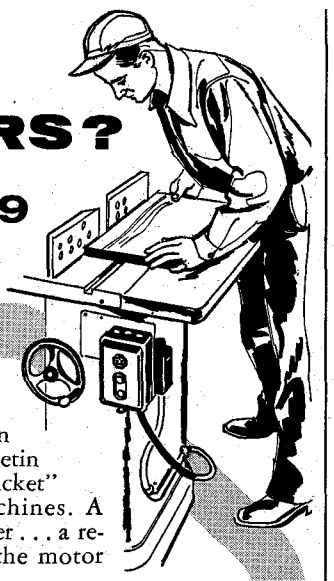

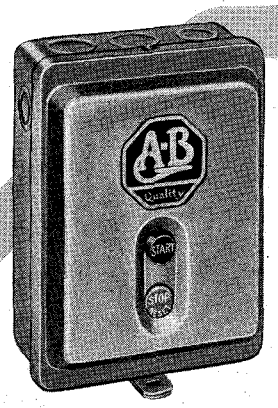

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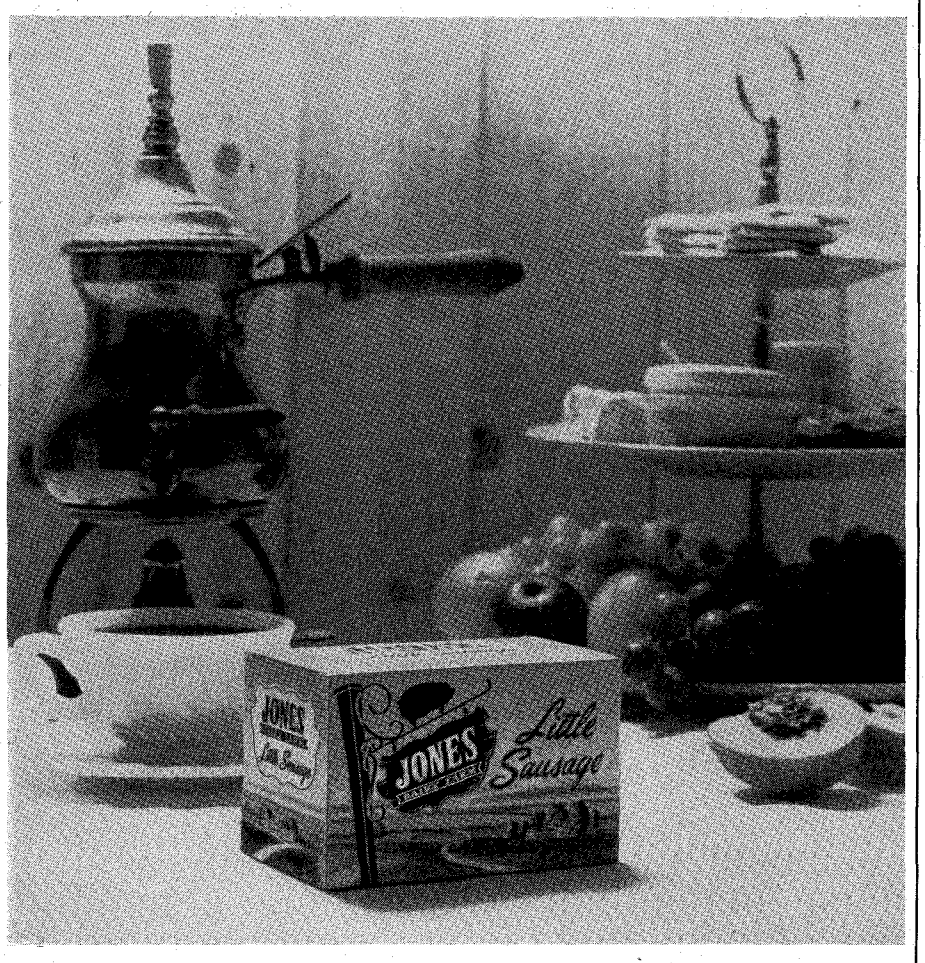

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Jones Dairy Farm, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

(*Continued from Page 128*)

man was driving, a woman beside him. If he could get that license number, he'd be in business. There'd be a broken headlight, maybe, or some damage to the right front fender. Jimmy knew that the police could find something. A bit of thread from a coat, matching bits of the broken headlight to what was left.

Now twenty-five yards. Now he could read those plates. Now. . . .

Jimmy lifted his foot. His speed dropped off. The taillights of the hardtop winked at him as they went around a slight bend in the road and disappeared. Jimmy throttled down to forty-five, physically sick, unable to believe what he had seen, his mind racing for an answer to a question which couldn't be answered. Why? Why? Why did it have to be his dad? There was no mistake. The license plate had leaped at him, run up the beam of his lights, to hit his brain like a flash of lightning.

"What happened, Jimmy?" Sally said.

"I thought I heard a rod going out. You see the license?"

"Gee, no, Jimmy, I was too scared."

"Well, no catching him now," Jimmy said.

It figured. His dad was having a night meeting with Mr. Faber, his mother had said, and then was driving Mr. Faber to the airport. There was a ten-forty-five flight to Seattle. That would put his dad on this road right now.

"What kind of car was it, Jimmy?"

"I don't know," Jimmy said. He knew exactly what kind of car it was. He knew to the penny what the payments were. He knew exactly how many miles the car went to a gallon of gasoline, and he knew that the clock mounted in the glove-compartment door didn't work.

He came to an intersection, did a U turn and went back the way they had come. He had to find out about that pedestrian. Maybe the man was just tipped off balance, maybe he hadn't been hurt at all. Maybe he had gotten up, cursed the driver of the car which had hit him, brushed himself off and gone about his business. But maybe it wasn't that way at all. Tossed like a bundle of old rags to hit hard against the curbing, head first. An item in the paper. "Struck down by a hit-and-run driver, he was dead on arrival at the hospital. . . ."

The intersection was crowded with the curious. There were two police cruisers, with dome lights blinking. An ambulance. Jimmy parked and he and Sally got out. They were just loading the man into the ambulance.

A cop was carefully using a small whisk broom to sweep bits of glass into an envelope. Another cop was asking questions, writing in a notebook. Before Jimmy could stop her, Sally went up to the cop. "We saw it," she said.

The cop turned quickly. "You saw this guy get hit?"

"Uh-huh. We were coming back from the school picnic. We chased the car, but couldn't catch it. Is he hurt bad?"

"He's alive," the cop said. He lifted his voice. "Sergeant Saviola, could you come here a minute?"

A thin-faced young man with deep brown eyes came over.

"These kids saw this hit-and-run," the cop said. "They chased the car. He got away."

"O.K. Would you come with me, please?"

They followed Sergeant Saviola over to his car. "Now tell me what happened."

Jimmy told him. "I didn't get close enough to get his number or the make of car," he said, when he had finished his story.

"Where's your car?"

Jimmy pointed.

The sergeant squinted at Jimmy. "That looks like a pretty hot car to me, son. How come he ran away from you?"

"The guy must have been indicating over a hundred when I had to quit. It sounded like I was going to throw a rod."

Sergeant Saviola sighed. "You want to follow me downtown and make a statement? Won't take long."

Jimmy got home at twelve-thirty. He ran his car into the garage. His father's car was not there. The house was dark, with only the porch light burning. He went into the house and for once did not stop to refuel at the refrigerator. He left the porch light burning and went upstairs. He sat by the window and stared out into the night, wishing that somehow he could convince himself that he was wrong, that he had only thought he saw his father's license plates. Maybe, going so fast, he hadn't read a number right. It could happen. An "el" could look like a "one." Or a "six" like an "eight." Sure. Besides, his dad wouldn't have a woman in the car. His mother! Maybe. . . . He took off his shoes, opened his bedroom door and went to his mother's bedroom. She always left the door open when he was out. He peered in at the bed. He heard heavy breathing and then saw his mother's dark hair on the pillow.

The only way to get some children away from the TV at a respectable hour is by blowing a fuse.

MILDRED SILVER

He went back to his room. That was it. He had been mistaken. He remembered participating in an experiment one time in school. The teacher had a student run in, stab him with a rubber knife, then run out the door. Then the teacher had them write what they had seen. Every story was different. The teacher then explained that eyewitnesses were very often completely unreliable because they only thought they saw certain things of which they were very certain later on.

Jimmy got undressed and got into bed. Tomorrow he'd see his dad's car with the right front headlight as undamaged as the day his dad had brought the car home. Then he could see Sergeant Saviola and give him the dope on the make of car, and what he thought the license was. He could say that he was too excited to remember at the time.

He closed his eyes. He knew that his dad wouldn't hit a pedestrian and then run away. He just wouldn't do it, and Jimmy would bet his life on it. He closed his eyes and went to sleep.

He came awake to the spring sun shining in his window. He opened his eyes and knew that something was wrong and then, instantly, he remembered the night before. In daylight, with the birds singing in the trees outside his window, with the sound of the vacuum cleaner humming downstairs, with the voice of Diane on the telephone, all that had happened—the first, terrifying sight of the man tossed aside by the front fender, his wild chase down the highway, the sight of what he thought had been his father's rear plate—seemed far away and not real at all. He looked at his watch. Eleven-fifteen. Boy, he sure had slept. He showered, dressed, then went downstairs.

His mother was just finishing with the vacuum (*Continued on Page 132*)

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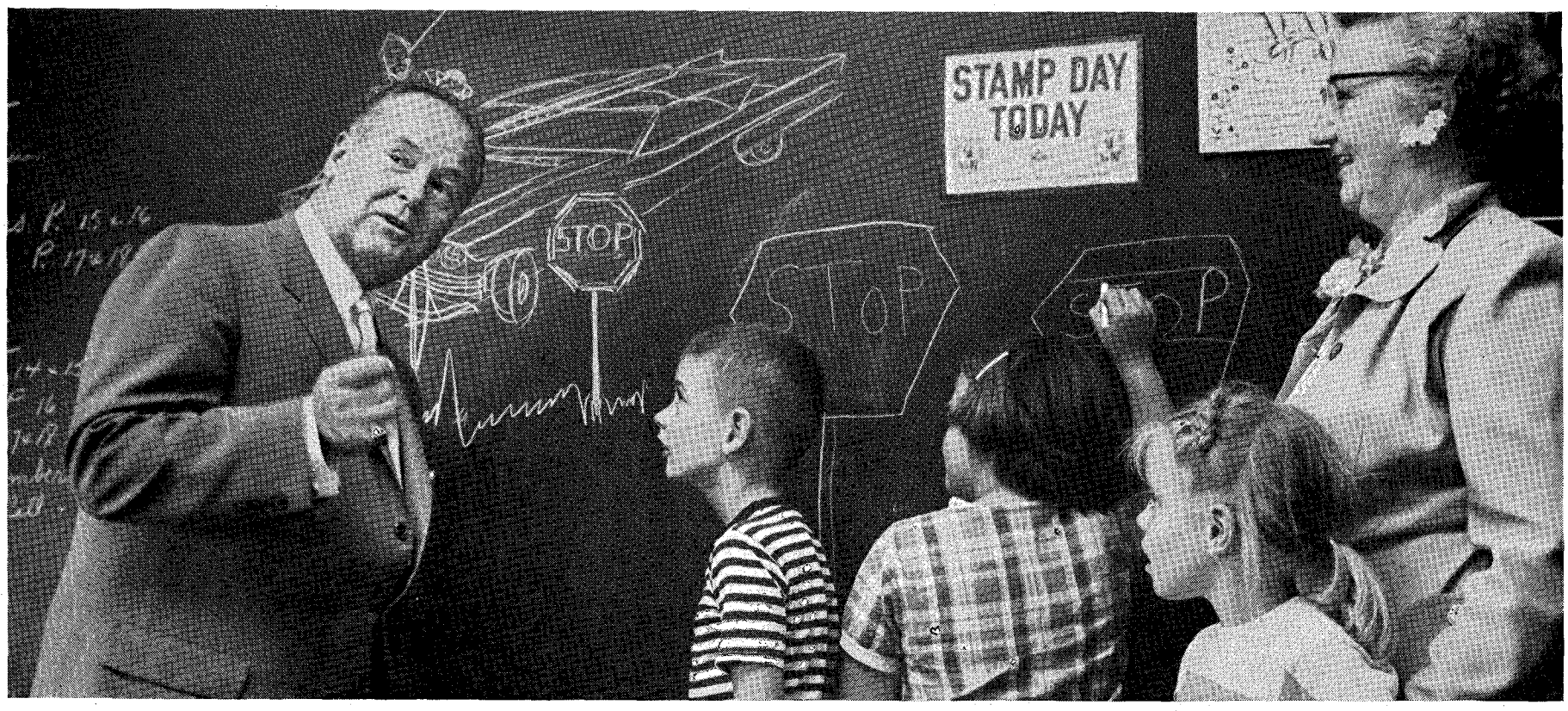

"Mrs. Stubbe's 39 pupils at rural Cassody School near Wausau can bring their saved-up pennies and nickels to school on weekly Stamp Days. I was impressed by the way the appointed 'bankers' collected the money—$11.76 that day—and then ordered the Savings Stamps. When the 'bank' closed, we got to draw pictures and talk about highway safety."

Wausau Story

"Wausau Motor Parts Company is a 35-year-old manufacturer of piston rings, sealing rings, and valve seat inserts. I'm told this company is one of the oldest policyholders of Employers Mutuals. When George Landon, President of Wausau Motor Parts, showed me around the new plant, we watched Bob Klos check a piston ring. I appreciated seeing how the parts are made and inspected because they go into cars like the one I parked outside."

by **GEORGE W. WALKER**

Vice President and Director of Styling

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

"WHEN PEOPLE HEAR I'm a stylist, they usually ask me what that means. Mrs. Stubbe's pupils thought it meant drawing pictures of automobiles and they decided I had a pretty easy job.

"Believe me, there's more to styling than drawing pictures. I know because I've had a hand in styling some three thousand or more different products of all kinds. Our work is to make products look the way users *wish* they could look, fill needs users *wish* they could fill. That means 'reading minds', interpreting trends, working with engineers and merchandising men . . . and then designing products that are more useful and more attractive and therefore, more desirable.

"And don't forget this: People have confidence in what you offer if you're proud of it yourself. Maybe styling is responsible for that pride . . . or, as I found out during my visit to Wausau, it might be something not quite so tangible. The people who live in Wausau are proud of their community. They should be. It's clean, bright, friendly . . . a happy place to live and to work."

. . . . . .

Employers Mutuals appreciates Mr. Walker's visit to Wausau. Yes, we are proud of our community. Our Company was founded in Wausau—our home office is here—and it's also the inspiration for our way of working, everywhere we work.

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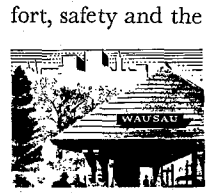

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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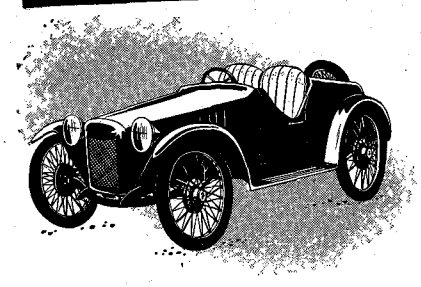
CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS NEW CAR?



Top news—'58 cars—and new National Silver Cobalt/Sealed Charge battery—biggest battery news since the Gay '90s . . . longer life, triple overcharge resistance (based on SAE minimums), faster surer all weather starting . . . The car?—a Japanese Flying Feather, 2-cylinder sports car.

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(*Continued from Page 130*) cleaner. She turned it off. "Well, Rip Van Winkle," she said, "did you come to?"

He grinned. "Yeah. I'm starved, mom."

"Aren't you always? You want breakfast or brunch?"

"Breakfast."

"You put this vacuum away and I'll fix you some bacon and eggs."

"O.K."

Jimmy put the cleaner away and then picked up the morning paper. There it was. "R. F. Morgan, 47, of 3256 N. E. Claremont Drive, was hit and critically injured last night by a hit-and-run motorist at the intersection of Baker Road and Riverdale. Morgan, who has a fractured skull . . ."

There was much more, including the information that a teen-age youth had pursued the fleeing car but had been unable to catch it. The police, it added, were certain of apprehending the motorist.

Presently his mother called him for breakfast. "Now after you eat, you know what you have to do?"

"Uh-huh. Mow the lawn."

"That's right. Your father called from the office. He's going direct from there to the country club and he wants that lawn manicured. And don't groan. You do it every Saturday."

"I know. I'm in a rut."

He finished breakfast and went to the garage for the lawn mower. He took hold of the handle and was swinging it around to wheel it out the door when he stiffened, and became as rigid as if he were suddenly frozen. The right front headlight of his father's car was broken. What was the car doing here anyway, with his father at work? Then he knew. His father didn't dare drive it. The police were looking for a car with a damaged front headlight. They'd stop every one they saw and fit the pieces they had found at the accident scene to the car they stopped. If they matched ——

Jimmy put the lawn mower back in the corner. He went to his tool kit and got a screwdriver. Almost as if he were motivated by some power other than his own will, he removed the broken sealed-beam unit, took it outside and buried it. He went back inside, lifted the garage doors, fired up his engine and took off. Where could he get a sealed-beam unit without buying one? Every parts house would be alerted to report all sales of sealed-beam units, he knew that. Buy one and the cops would be around almost before you got home, asking questions. He thought wildly of stealing one, but it was broad daylight, and if he got caught, that would be that.

Then he remembered. There was a place by the river where the county was using wrecked cars as a revetment. They bought the wrecks for practically nothing, lined them up on the river bank, the sand shifted in around them and stopped the erosion. Jimmy remembered reading about it.

It took him twenty minutes to find the place. He parked his car and strolled aimlessly down toward the wrecks, skipping rocks and pretending that he was just wasting time. Finally he saw what he wanted—one old wreck with one intact headlight. It didn't matter whether the unit worked or not. In half a minute Jimmy had the unit off the car, had scrambled up the bank and was in his own car.

Back home, he slipped the unit into place and then, knowing that a polished right front fender would be suspicious, polished the entire car. He was just finishing when his mother came out to the garage.

"Honestly!" she said. "Is this mowing the lawn?"

"Well, I thought dad's car needed a polish job."

"Also, the lawn needs a polish job, young man." His mother raised her eyes to the garage roof. "Why will he spend hours and hours working on a car, but balks at half an hour mowing a lawn?"

Jimmy stepped back and looked critically at the car. No one would know.

"You better have that lawn mowed before your dad comes home, young man. He'll raise the roof."

"O.K."

Jimmy got the mower out and, sick inside, started on the lawn. It wasn't only that his dad hit the guy and ran. There had been a dame in the car with him. Jimmy had been sure of that.

The mower whirred, cutting clean swaths in the grass. Jimmy's mind whirred along with the mower. It was just three days ago that his dad had had another one of his talks with Jimmy. He had drilled standards into Jimmy ever since

... ...

This is the Way

By Helen Harrington

An outgrown shoe, hand
waving good-by,
Retreating feet, evasive eye,
Drifting leaf and stilling
heart—
This is the way the world
falls apart.

A greening bough, a
wedding veil,
A needle and thread, a
child's first wail,
Opened arms, a laugh at
the door—
This puts the world together
once more.

... ...

the boy could remember. Moral, religious, physical, mental standards. "Live by a good set of standards, Jimmy," his dad said, "and they'll be your strength no matter what situation you get into. Just remember not to deviate from those standards."

Well and good. He hadn't deviated. What about his dad? Do as I say, not as I do, huh? And there was no explanation, no way out. His dad had been driving a hit-and-run car and you don't clean that up, no matter what you say.

He was just finishing the lawn when his sister, Diane, came out. "Dad wants you to pick him up at the country club."

Jimmy, for once, had no insults to toss at his sister. "O.K."

Diane peered at him. "You sick or something?"

"No. I'm all right."

"Don't say that around people. They'll think you look that way all the time."

"Get lost."

"Gladly. You better get dad right away."

Jimmy drove over to the country club. His dad came out, showered and looking fresh and alert after his round of golf. "Hi, Jimmy."

You wouldn't think it to look at him, Jimmy thought. You'd think he didn't have a thing on his mind but his golf score. "Hello, dad."

"I murdered that Al Marchand today," Jimmy's dad said, "with a seventy-six."

"Swell."

"Mow the lawn?"

"Uh-huh." Jimmy started his engine and backed out of his parking spot.

"Did Mr. Faber send my car back?"

For a moment, Jimmy didn't get it. Send his car back from where? And if he did send it back, what was Mr. Faber doing with his father's car?

"It was in the garage this morning," Jimmy said.

"Good." Jimmy's dad leaned back. "What a day! Won't be long 'til we'll be heading for the beach."

"Yeah. Dad, how come Mr. Faber would send your car back?"

"Didn't your mother mention it?"

"Mention what?"

"After our meeting last night, Mr. Faber decided to send me to Seattle instead of going himself. Mrs. Faber had his car, so he drove me to the airport in my car."

"You mean," Jimmy said, "that you were in Seattle last night?"

"Sure. What of it?"

"What flight did you take?"

"Ten-forty-five. I got back at nine-fifteen this morning and went straight to the office." Jimmy's dad turned to him. "Say, what is this, Jimmy?"

"Was anyone with you and Mr. Faber when he drove you to the airport?"

His father hesitated. "He had a friend with him."

"A dame," Jimmy said flatly.

"A woman," Mr. McHenry said, "but let's not gossip, Jimmy."

Jimmy let out his breath, and the tension, the dread, horrible, unbelievable nightmare went out of his body with his breath. He turned and looked at his father. He saw a tall, bony man with gray showing along the sides of his temples. Deep, blue eyes and a wide, smiling mouth. He should have known better. He should never have doubted for one instant that his dad was not driving that car. Have a set of standards and they'll never let you down. He should have known.

"Dad," Jimmy said, "when we get home I have something to tell you."

"O.K."

There went the summer at the beach, Jimmy thought. There went the singing thrill of having Jill next door. There went the whole thing, sky-high. There went the sweetness of being on the beach for hours and then going into the surf together, he and Jill. There went evenings at the drive-in theater, and beach fires together with no Fred Williamson to come along and capture her. Well, he could keep his mouth shut. No one would ever know. The headlight was fixed, the car polished. But Mr. Faber would know. Jimmy supposed that it would mean a great deal to have Mr. Faber indebted to his father. But blow the whistle on a man like Martin Faber and you know what happens. Your dad goes back to driving a truck. It was too big a decision for him. His dad would have to make that one.

Jimmy ran his car into the garage. He cut his engine and then turned toward his father. "Dad, last night when I left the senior picnic, I was coming back along Riverdale Road and . . ."

An hour later Jimmy and his father parked as near the police station as they could get. Jimmy's father picked up a paper sack holding what was left of his car's right front headlight. They walked up the long steps and entered the building.

Jimmy would never forget the bursting pride that he felt, the almost ecstatic, singing relief that flowed over him as he heard his father say to the policeman at the desk, "We'd like to see Sergeant Saviola about a hit-and-run accident last night on Riverdale Road. My son has some information for him." THE END

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Confessions of a Tax Assessor

(Continued from Page 49)

refrigerator when listing her household goods! On a job like ours you see everything, sometimes including the human race as it isn't supposed to be. You hear everything imaginable, including some dandy fibs and downright lies. But maybe I'm getting ahead of my story.

I am the county assessor of Delaware County, Indiana. Our county has a population of about 100,000, taking in Muncie, the county seat, which has around 65,000 now. Muncie is a typical American city, and happens to be the "Middletown" that Dr. Robert Lynd, the sociologist, wrote about. Our Indiana tax setup isn't exactly typical, though, because in addition to real estate, we're supposed to assess household goods and just about everything else in sight—and some things out of sight—on the first of March each year, including the TV set, golf equipment, the power mower and even the cash in the bank, if the taxpayer has any. Some states which have sales or income taxes don't hit taxpayers for mere ownership of personal property, but a number of states do, like New Jersey, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, California and others. In Indiana we also assess poll taxes, and we tax the dog, if he can be found around the place on March first. We locate and tag about 6000 dogs annually in my county.

We assess the family car too—and nobody can get a license plate without showing the License Bureau a receipt for last year's personal-property and poll taxes, or an assessor's certificate that the taxpayer didn't live here on the last assessing date, or was exempt for some legal reason, such as being in the armed forces.

When I say "we," I mean myself and the Center Township assessor who handles Muncie with me, and then we have eleven township trustees in Delaware County who also act as assessors. With our corps of deputy assessors, this makes a total staff of about 125 men and women, most of them going house to house during the March first to May fifteenth assessing period. Together, we list about $145,000,000 worth of property for taxation in the city and county each year, including some $54,000,000 in personal stuff, and the rest real estate. That's supposed to be its "true cash value," but it's plenty low. People come crowding in after March first to "get 'sessed," or maybe to ask for an exemption, or to kick about something; meantime, our outside assessors are working throughout the city and county.

My job is to supervise this whole mixed-up shebang. I've been at this trade for nineteen years, first as Center Township and now county assessor. I like it, too, even though I'm supposed to be the guy nobody wants to see coming. Oddly enough, people are mighty nice to us assessors most of the time. Out in the rural neighborhoods, especially, the word gets around by phone that the assessor is coming, and some of the folks will have coffee and doughnuts ready, maybe pie or cake. It's the minority who are mean and fussy that cause most of our extra work, but my hobby is human beings, I guess, and I like to see what they're going to do or say next. I got used to dealing with people early in life, in my father's grocery store. I'm fifty-six now, and have a boy going to Indiana University. My wife Rephena, plays the piano pretty well. We get assessed on our piano, just like anybody else. I happen to be one public official, by the way, who's never had his wife or any member of his family working for him.

You've got to be a special sort of person for this kind of work. It takes lots of experience, of course. It also takes the hide of an elephant, quick wits and plenty of diplomacy. One of our woman assessors, for instance, called at a house recently and they wouldn't let her sit down inside—because, the housewife said, the assessors are likely to bring bedbugs with them from other houses. My assessor didn't get insulted. Another of my ladies called at a leading citizen's house and found him and his wife sitting in the living room in their pajamas, both drunk. They wanted the assessor to join their party. She got away as best she could, and didn't tattle to the neighbors. The man came in later, apologized, and was duly assessed.

Our courthouse office is a big, roomy place with long, deep-set windows, a roll-top desk for me, city and county maps on the walls and one wall lined with shelves of yellow assessment-roll books. The phone rings constantly. Mrs. Marian Clingan, my chief deputy, answers it, and between us we handle the customers who keep the counter crowded most of the time. The ball-point pen on our counter is tied down safely with a string. Deputy Herb Sheets specializes on real-estate problems. He's a former carpenter and builder. Among my deputy assessors is a delightful little wisp of a lady who's eighty-one years old, a retired high-school teacher. She volunteers for outside work every spring—says it keeps her from getting lonesome and introverted. I'll call her Miss Nellie, which won't give her away to her sewing-circle friends, who don't know about her unusual work for me.

Down near the railroad tracks we've got a few beer joints and other places where some pretty rough characters hang out. It's hard to get assessors to take this district; some of them can't get along with the merchants and tavern owners, or don't like to be seen going in and out of bars. One day when we were shorthanded I asked Miss Nellie, half-jokingly, if she'd be afraid to go down there.

"Of course not," she said. "They're taxpayers, aren't they?" So she went.

Well, she got along just fine with the merchants; in fact, some of them have requested that she be assigned to handle their inventory schedules every year because she is so courteous and intelligent. As for the bartenders and tavern men, they admire Miss Nellie and treat her with respect. She doesn't look down her nose at them, even though she's a church leader and member of the W.C.T.U.

Not long ago Miss Nellie went into one of the noisiest and toughest beer-and-jukebox places down there. The owner, after she'd written up his schedule for him, asked her if she would honor him by having a little something on the house. Miss Nellie sat down and had a cup of coffee and a nice sandwich with him. As it turned out, he was one of her former pupils, who'd quit school in the eighth grade. He started to apologize to Miss Nellie for the poor showing he had made in life.

"Bosh!" she said. "You're a licensed businessman. You tell the truth and pay your taxes, don't you? Now, young man you just get those inferiority feelings out of your head!" We are getting better assessment returns and more taxes in that part of town than ever before.

Under our Indiana law, deputy assessors get ten dollars a day. Each assessor working outside the office is supposed to bring in at least twenty-five signed schedules daily. That's a lot of work, and not too much money for it. Many of our assessors, I think, take on this job every year because they are curious about people and like to get around among them. But you'd be amazed at the poverty and ignorance that can exist in the shed-town areas and back-street pockets of a modern city like Muncie, and out in the country too. One never quite gets hardened to this.

The late A. C. Lowery and I were going along house to house not so long ago, using my car. We were just off an edge-of-town road, getting into a semirural slum area. You see the usual thing out there—old wrecked jalopies and other junk piled in the yards, poor dirty kids, mongrel dogs, scraggly poultry, maybe a goat looking through a broken-down fence. We came to a shack that looked like a coal shed, but there were people living in it, so A.C. went to check up.

"After breakfast I bring him his mail and the wastebasket and his little rubber 'Go to Hell' stamp. It sort of tunes him up for the day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He knocked, and somebody hollered, "Come in!" He went in, and I guess it was pretty bad in there. There was a young woman with a baby at her breast, an old grandma, and half a dozen kids playing on the dirt floor. A.C. stayed only a minute or two, then he hurried back to the car with his schedule. They owned the place, all right. He put it down at twenty-five dollars, about the lowest valuation possible.

"Do you know what that poor old woman was doing?" A.C. said. "She had an empty barrel turned on end and she was rolling out dough for a cherry pie on top of it. She said I could have some pie if I wanted to come back." Then he got kind of sick, so I drove him around in the fresh air until he felt better.

We get into the wealthiest homes in town, too, where people may list gorgeous Oriental rugs, fine antiques or maybe diamonds and other jewelry. We have one lady who lists around $17,000 worth of household goods and furniture, including a library of rare books. Some folks will show you their best things, such as antiques, and explain the fine points to you at length. Others will run their furniture down—they often say they've had it ever since they went to housekeeping. Women sometimes come into my office turning their rings around on their fingers as they enter the door, hoping we won't notice their fancy diamonds. Actually, we don't make much effort to list jewelry any more. Very few folks who own this sort of stuff are willing to produce it, and after all, we can't go searching through people's dresser drawers. The way I see it, assessing jewelry amounts to penalizing a few honest taxpayers and letting those who hold out on us go free.

In Indiana, we're beginning to get away from the old method of going down the list and asking folks whether they own a television, radio, refrigerator, gold or silver plate, and so on. We're now using what we call the "room system," assessing so much per room, depending on the family's apparent standard of living. About sixty dollars a room is average. If anyone seems to be living pretty high on the hog, with air conditioning, wall-to-wall carpets, and the like, we might value the household goods as high as $200 a room. In Muncie taxes are assessed at the current rate of $5.98 per $100 of valuation on that. It's considerably lower in the various rural towns and townships. These taxes are paid at the county treasurer's office, not mine. Folks often get mixed up on that point and I have to turn down their money.

The room system, in which we judge more or less by the neighborhood and external appearances, saves quite a lot of time. I've learned, nevertheless, that you can't make a very accurate estimate of what's inside a person's home that way. We've got one fellow, for instance, who had a big new house in one of our most exclusive suburbs. But he ran out of money getting his house built. As yet it's furnished mainly with do-it-yourself stuff, orange crates and such, with not even a carpet on the living-room floor. I've been going fairly easy on him.

What all this personal-property assessing amounts to, in effect, is a continuing series of person-to-person discussions and deals, in which the valuation is agreed on. It's usually a sort of compromise between the hunter and the hunted. We take people at their word, unless they're obviously fibbing. They have the right to appeal to a county reviewing board, but there aren't many appeals. One man who didn't appeal had turned in his age, at his place of business, as fifty-one. That would exempt him from poll tax, which in Indiana doesn't apply to women, (*Continued on Page 137*)

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The Picture of Health for November

by MAXINE DAVIS

Vitamins are essential as oxygen. Ever ask why? How many are there? How much do we need? Which foods contain them all? Can they be dangerous? Here are some answers:

They are nutrients, indispensable to life and health. Scientists have found twenty of them—so far! Your daily requirement is less than a teaspoonful. But no one food, not even milk, contains all of them; they are spread among components of seven basic food groups. So you can see why vitamin concentrates are so very important.

Doctors prescribe them when they restrict diets for such diseases as stomach ulcer or allergy; when they treat illness, poor appetite, or old age. They order them to improve the nutrition of babies, pregnant women, and nursing mothers.

Because individual requirements vary so, our family doctor recommends BEXEL vitamin-mineral capsules. BEXEL is tailored to every age and purpose —keeping well or getting well. No one gets too little or too much. There's BEXEL syrup or child-size capsules for the small fry, high-potency for Grandfather, and other preparations for the rest of us, including the baby. Result: our notably healthier household!

Everyone's full of vim and vigor these autumn days. The Head of the House walks to work, and plays golf on week-ends. Tom's on the freshman football team at college and Jane's black and blue from going all out at field hockey.

I used to worry because their feet perspired even in this crisp weather. All three of them have suffered miserably from athlete's foot and know that this fungus disease flourishes on damp feet.

Now they use OCTOFEN Powder for prevention, or at worst, OCTOFEN Liquid as a healing relief. They dry their feet thoroughly after showering, dust them (especially between the toes) with OCTOFEN Powder, and sprinkle it into their shoes and clean socks. OCTOFEN Liquid will help prevent another attack.

Scientific findings indicate that no other fungicide has been more successful. OCTOFEN is the only medication approved by the authoritative National Foot Health Council for athlete's foot.

This exhilarating autumn, we're all so bouncy that we use almost as much YODORA as in July. For the bacteria that are the source of the unpleasant odor of perspiration grow just as freely.

The New YODORA—light, delicate, soothing, healing —contains an antibiotic that paralyzes those germs and keeps underarms dainty for as long as twenty-four hours—sometimes longer. With it one *is* as fresh as one's new winter suit *looks!*

If you try to rake leaves, dig your dahlia bulbs, and put the perennials to bed all in one zestful fall day, you can overdo. You'll suffer with stiff muscles and your arthritic joints.

But there's great help. Use SURIN. It's not a cure; there isn't any. But smooth on SURIN where pain hurts; then put moist hot towels over it for two minutes. You'll find SURIN gets down to where the pain is and relieves it. Then you can think happily of tomorrow.

Even throat irritation of colds yields to remarkable medication that

Fights Germs...Soothes Throat Fast!

Neo-Aqua-Drin gives longer lasting help!

An unique balance of antibiotic and pain soothing ingredients, in pleasant lozenges.

Neo-Aqua-Drin Lozenges offer safe, fast medication that does a thorough job for your family's protection.

So keep Neo-Aqua-Drin in the home all year, especially now when winter-time colds strike. It's a blessing to have with you, any time, for relief of dry scratchy throat due to colds, smoking, or sudden raw weather. Get several little vials of Lozenges from your druggist—for the medicine chest, for your purse, for your husband's pocket.

Now, with Neo-Aqua-Drin Lozenges you can attack throat germs right where they multiply and begin to cause real harm. As they fight germs, they bring soothing relief—even to the raw, irritated throat membranes.

Neo-Aqua-Drin is the result of exacting McKesson research to successfully combine antibiotic protection with pain soothing ingredients—in an unique balance. So, each ingredient helps the other to give you more effective, longer-lasting relief.

Your doctor knows the wisdom of guarding against throat irritation, so ask your druggist today for Neo-Aqua-Drin Lozenges.

Ask your druggist too for Neo-Aqua-Drin Nasal Spray and Nose Drops. All three are the result of the most painstaking McKesson laboratory research to *make it better—so it's better for you.*

Neo-Aqua-Drin Nasal Spray mist helps to open stopped-up nose for easy breathing. Checks germs. Does not sting or burn. Contains NO ephedrine.

Neo-Aqua-Drin Nose Drops with medication for those who prefer drops.

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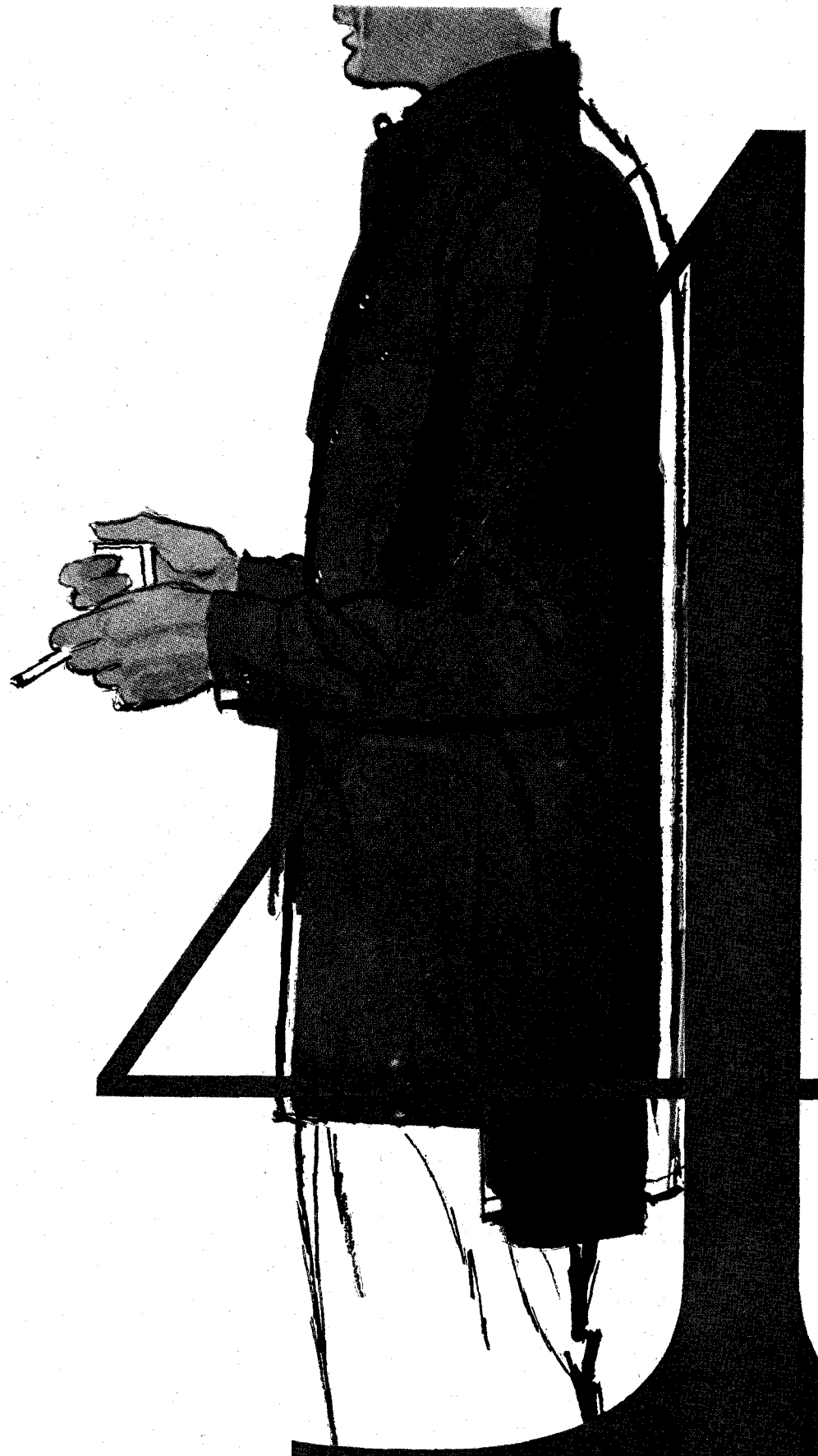

inches extra
make the difference
...shirt stays in
stays down
...stays neat
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SPORTSWEAR

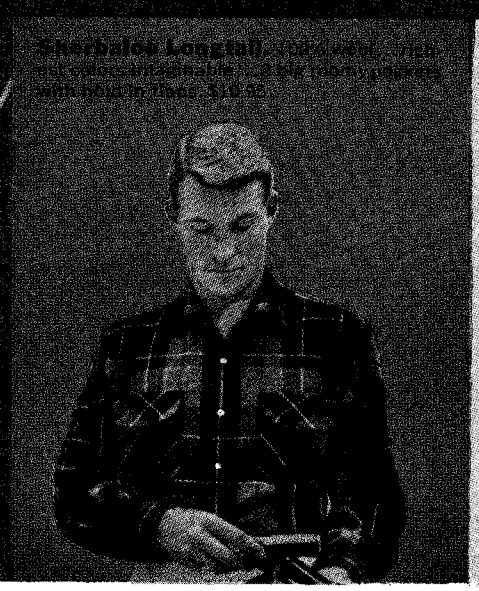
longtail
weekender
sportshirt

$5.00

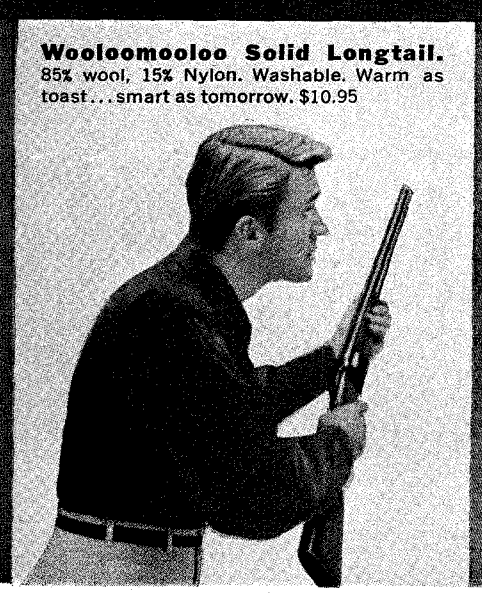
- permanent-colors...completely washable!
- marvelous mellow tones!
- new permanent stay collar won't wrinkle, can't curl!
- new "Swing-Free" shoulder gives action-free comfort!

from the McGregor Galaxy of Gifts

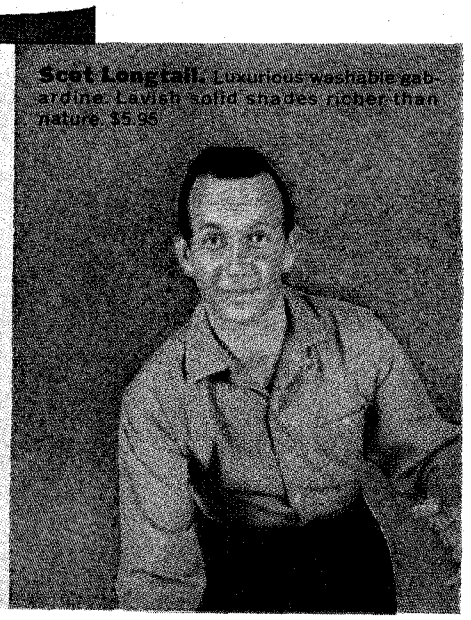
McGREGOR-DONIGER INC., 303 5th Ave., New York 16, N.Y. *T. M.



Sherbalee Longtail. 100% wool...rich colors-in-depth...a big roomy sleeve with room in there. $10.95



Wooloomooloo Solid Longtail. 85% wool, 15% Nylon. Washable. Warm as toast...smart as tomorrow. $10.95



Scot Longtail. Luxurious washable gabardine. Lavish solid shades richer than nature. $5.95

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(*Continued from Page 134*) or to men who are fifty or over. He'd been a bachelor for many years, then had married a girl considerably younger than himself. Another assessor called at their home, unfortunately, and the wife said her husband was only forty-seven. We called him on the phone to check up. He confessed that he'd lied to his wife about his age when they got married, and told us he'd be more than happy to pay the four-dollar poll tax if we wouldn't tell her. We didn't.

Automobiles cause a lot of extra work and trouble for us, and taxpayers, too, because of that no-tax-receipt-no-license rule which is in force in about a dozen states. First, we have to make sure we've got the owner's identity right, which isn't always easy, with so many Johnsons, Smiths and Joneses in town. Then we have to know what kind of automobile the taxpayer had on March first; he may have bought a new one or made several trades. It always makes people sore to have to pay taxes on a car they owned on the last assessing date, but sold later. And you'd be surprised at the way automobiles and trucks will disappear from the face of the earth around assessing time.

One day, along about March first, I was sitting at my desk here at the courthouse, gazing out the window and not thinking about anything much, except maybe politics or the weather. All at once I noticed something odd about one of the buildings across the street. It's a sort of garage and storage place. There were a lot of cars up on the roof of this building; I could see them plainly, and they hadn't been there the day before. I went right over and assessed them, using a State Tax Board formula of the car's "loan value" minus thirty per cent. They belonged to a used-car dealer, and I don't believe he ever did figure out how I happened to catch up with him—guess he thinks I'm psychic.

It's like a game of musical chairs, with cars. To win, you try not to be stuck with the car on March first. We're able to keep track of locally owned automobiles by maintaining a cross-check file in co-operation with the license branch. Occasionally we'll get anonymous tips about cars showing up in odd places, like somebody's back yard. We've found them several times out in the woods at the county fairgrounds.

Assessing farm real estate and equipment is a problem all by itself, since no two farms—or farmers—are alike. I find that a man can be wonderfully modest about the value of his property when he's not trying to sell it. Just a few weeks ago, for instance, we had a nice big farm which was up for appraisal for Indiana inheritance taxes. Farm land in Delaware County is usually worth at least $300 an acre. But the man who'd inherited this farm, and was living on it, didn't think it was worth more than $100 per acre. I drove out there and got pretty muddy, as usual, traipsing all over the place.

"This field, now, it's 'most all clay," he would say. "Fences need repairing . . . ditch in bad shape, will cost several thousand dollars to fix. Barn needs a new roof. Part of the land in woods, not tillable. . . ."

"Can't you tell me something good about this place of yours, Henry?" I asked him.

"No," he said gloomily, "there just ain't much that's very good about it." By that time we were back in the house, sitting in the kitchen and having a cup of coffee. It was a fine modern kitchen.

An assessor needs to be something of a salesman. So I decided to try another tack, saying, "Look here, Henry, suppose I should put this in at a hundred dollars an acre. That would give it a value of record. Then suppose, later on, you should sell the place to some rich fellow in town, and get as much as two or three hundred an acre for it. Don't you realize you'd have to pay the Federal Government a capital-gains tax on the difference? That could be as much as twenty-five per cent, say, while this Indiana inheritance tax is only one per cent."

He caught on right away. You could see his outlook on life improving as the value of his land shot up.

"O.K.," he grinned. "I'll be in to see you next week and we'll put 'er in for a little more, maybe. How high do you reckon we ought to go?"

In the past, county assessors in Indiana have received, in addition to their regular salaries, special fees and commissions for appraising estates, based on percentages of the tax they fixed on a dead person's property. Our legislature has changed this setup now, so next year I go on a straight salary of $11,500 annually, with no extras. That's all right with me. I've often heard it said that an assessor didn't need any salary—all he had to do to get himself comfortably fixed for life was to wait for some rich old geezer to die. That may have been true with some assessors, but it never happened to me. Last year I made about $14,000, counting my salary and estate fees; the year before, about $9000. I've found that the public usually overestimates vastly what a "wealthy" man has. You'd be amazed to see the worthless oil stocks, mining stocks, defaulted notes and other evidences of financial foolishness we often find in safety-deposit boxes of men who were highly regarded for their smartness in business.

We find all sorts of things in estates. Not long ago I went out to appraise the property of a farmer who had been a sort of collector, I guess. He owned a nice farm with an eight-room house. All the rooms were full of clutter and junk. He must have hated to throw anything away during his long lifetime. There were hundreds of cartons of old books and magazines. Among other items, I had to list several thousand collar buttons, a dozen glass canes, some old plowshares and wagon wheels, quite a few auto horns of the type you used to squeeze and it would go "oink, oink"; and, what mystified me, a complete collection of women's corsets and high-button shoes. With the lawyers for the estate, I'm still trying to figure out what all that stuff is worth, if anything.

Out in the country our worst problem is dogs. This is partly because of city folks who take their dogs outside the city limits and turn them loose before assessing time. These stray dogs run in pairs or packs, usually at night, and they do terrible damage to farmers' sheep and other livestock. Dog taxes are used to repay these losses. This year, Delaware County was $219 short of enough money in the county dog fund to pay more than $9000 damage done by roving dogs. Harold Camesasca, trustee of Niles Township, told me recently he had one farmer who owned sixteen head of sheep, and lost all but one to attacks by dogs. A day or two before Harold told me about this, he'd been bittten himself on the ankle by a small collie as he was walking up to a house. The lady there got him a bottle of an antiseptic and said she was sorry, her dog had attacked the mailman and the milkman too.

"She hadn't been paying taxes on that dog either," Harold said. "You can bet she will, or else!"

At one place a dog growled at Mr. Camesasca, but let him pass when the housewife came to the door. After checking on her furniture, Harold asked about the dog. The lady said she didn't own one.

"Oh, yes, we do, mamma," said her small daughter proudly. "His name is Spotty." Harold put the animal down for taxation.

We've got one woman, however, who would be eager to pay as much as she could afford on about sixteen dogs. She lives alone with them, out in Perry Township, and somehow manages to feed them all. Farm neighbors got to complaining about the dogs, afraid they might get out and injure livestock, so Eugene Whitehead, the township trustee, went to see the old lady about them.

"Oh, I couldn't part with a one of them. They're just like children to me," she said at first. But Eugene put the case to her strongly, and she finally agreed to reduce her household population to one or two dogs, if we'd try to find homes for the others. Eugene came to me about it. We consulted the city dog pound, but they said they were busy enough with city dogs and didn't care to bring any in from the country. The lady did get rid of some of the dogs, though; then, unfortunately, one of her females had a large litter of puppies. That's where the case stands as of now; the dogs are still out there, and we're still worried, even if the lady taxpayer isn't.

You may wonder why we go to so much trouble working out all these problems with individual taxpayers. Well, for one thing, there's politics. I'm an elected officer, a Republican, serving a four-year term in a county that's never a sure thing for either Republican or Democratic candidates. We can be criticized severely for being too tough, and just as severely for playing favorites. So we try to be fair to everybody. Moreover, as a matter of practical public finance, it pays to keep the taxpayers as happy as possible. I'd hate to think what would happen if they all went on strike.

Speaking of politics, an assessor—or any public official, for that matter—is supposed to be able to win votes by remembering names and faces. I'll admit I have some trouble that way, but usually a fellow can get by with pretending. Harold Camesasca had a little mishap the other day, though. He went to a house where he knew the man, all right, but somehow forgot his name at the last minute.

"How do you spell that last name, now?" Harold mumbled, acting as if he were going to write it down.

"Bell," the man said. "B-e-l-l!" Harold almost died right there.

Frankly, I'm coming to think that this system of taxing household goods and other chattels is unrealistic and often unfair. Established by the Indiana constitution of 1851, our method is a holdover from horse-and-buggy days. For one thing, it's almost impossible to be accurate about the real worth of household goods; an old rocking chair might be worth nothing, or it could be a valuable antique. Sometimes the system works hardships, as when one of our farmers last year received a shipment of 388 head of feeder cattle late in February. Since he happened to own them on March first, he has to pay around $500 taxes on their assessed value of $23,144, even though he sold them within a few weeks. He'd have lost money on those cattle anyway, owing to poor price conditions. Personal-property taxes are getting harder to collect, too, with so many transients moving into and out of the state.

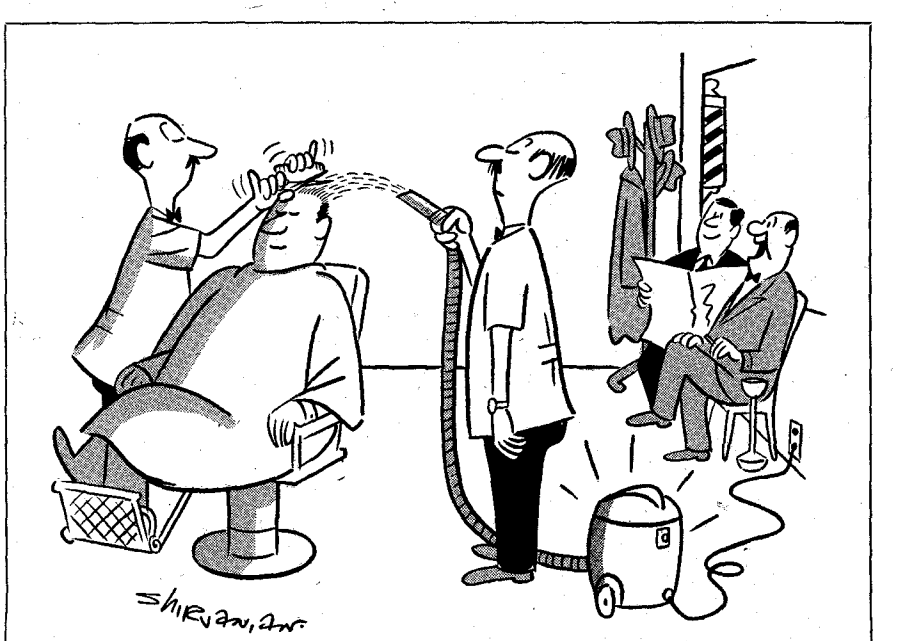
With household goods, probably the main weakness of our system is the heavy expense of getting all this stuff assessed and collecting the taxes on it. Howard Hoffer, our Center Township assessor, figures that about half his annual expense appropriation goes for assessing household furnishings. Taxwise, this brings in less than 5 per cent of our city and township revenue. Most of our tax money comes from automobiles, real estate, and business or industrial property.

Our state assessors' association is supporting a movement to have Indiana's constitution amended, so that the legislature can authorize us to pass up the household goods, dishwashers, hi-fi's, jewelry, baby carriages, and so on. But there's one thing you'll have to admit about our present method. It keeps taxpayers in touch with their local government, person to person and face to face. It keeps us public officials close to the people, too, and not just at election time.

That's what I like about it, and it's the part of my job I'd miss most if our assessment system should be abolished. I really enjoy the fibs, excuses and complaints we keep hearing day after day. Like the lady who called up the other afternoon and said we had her vacant lot assessed for too much. I asked her why. Well, there's always been a terrible high wind in her neighborhood, she said, and it blows dust and scraps of paper, meat wrappers and such, all over her lot, making it practically worthless. I told the lady I was sorry.

"The county assessor's office handles almost everything, but we can't take responsibility for this Indiana weather," I said. She got mad and hung up on me, but I expect she'll get over it by and by.

THE END



"Cleanest shop in town."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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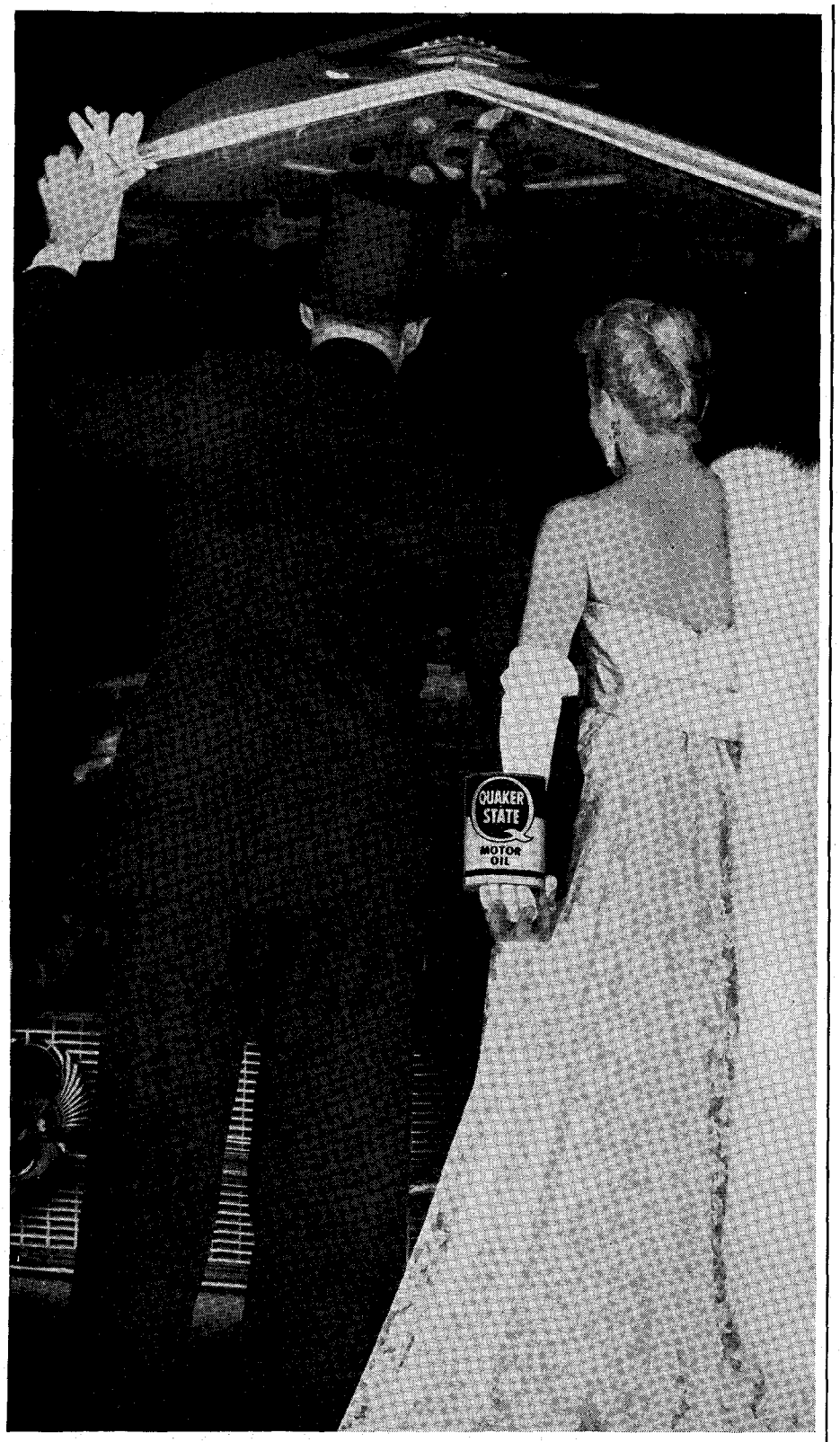

The Man Who Wanted to Hate

(Continued from Page 41)

give him more gumption when He passed out the fancy wrappings. Whatever Joe did, pa found occasion to ridicule him; however he farmed his land, pa pointed out the fault in his methods.

Joe went his own way, his place always yielding as good a profit as any farm in the county; and what he thought of pa's taunts I was never sure. But sometimes I suspected that Aunt Susan, who was the prettiest woman in all Carolina, held Joe back when another man might well have been provoked to violence.

"He's more of a man than you, George Stewart," she said now, "and maybe you know it. Is that what's prodding you inside?"

Mary could stand it no longer. She pushed back her chair and ran out, thin shoulders hunched and shaking. I got up to follow her, knowing she would hide and cry until she'd be too upset to sleep.

"Sit down, David," pa ordered. "Leave her be. You've babied her as much as Susan has." His eyes moved over me, distaste in his look and disgust shaping his voice. "Did you learn that from your friend, Joe Page?"

It was a hard thing to understand. Pa gentled his stock and cared little for the man who used a rougher hand; yet he could not see that the same surely applied to Mary, a small girl who needed nothing more than a bit of gentling now and then.

"Leave whenever you please, Susan," pa said flatly. "Nobody's holding you back. But while you're in my house, you'll do as I say." He turned and strode from the room, ducking his head to go through the door.

"He didn't mean it," I said softly. "He didn't mean you to go."

"I know," Aunt Susan said wearily.

I walked to the window and watched pa cross the yard, and, as always, I felt a stirring of pride because he was my pa. A big man—biggest in the county except for Joe Page—and even in the dusk I could see the muscles straining against his shirt, his wide shoulders, the easy way he had of walking that kept his strength and size from being a burden.

"Looking from here," I said slowly, "you'd almost think he was Joe."

Except for the hair. Pa's was dark, while Joe Page could be seen and known a mile away for his yellow head. I could still remember the first time I saw Joe. He was plowing his east field under the noon sun, his brown shoulders dripping wet, and all the time singing at the top of his lungs to the team till he could surely be heard clear over in the next county.

"Yes, they're almost of a size," Aunt Susan said.

But I knew she was thinking that Joe Page and pa were set apart by more important things than the stretch of a man's shoulder or the color of his hair.

"I'll go find Mary," I said. "It's getting dark."

"David," Aunt Susan said, "Joe is waiting by the branch. Will you tell him I'm too busy to see him tonight?"

I nodded and went out. Beyond the back lot a path climbed the hill between blackberry thickets and followed an old fence to the branch, where the ferns and trees grew in a thick green circle.

But I did not have to go to the branch. Joe Page came down through the woods carrying Mary on his shoulders, and she was laughing, her sorrows forgotten for the moment.

Joe bent and put her on the ground. "It must be bedtime," he said. "Here's your brother out to fetch you home." Mary smiled at him and skipped on down the hill, and Joe rested his arms on the fence beside me. "How goes it, David?"

Pa and I would have our cotton picked clean in another day or so, and it looked as if the weather might hold. The crop was the best in years and the prices high; pa had heard in town that the old Brown place was up for sale and intended to buy ten acres bordering us on the south.

All those things came to mind at his question, and I longed to lean on the fence next to Joe and discuss them as men will who are friends and neighbors.

But I only said, "Aunt Susan can't come tonight."

"Too bad," Joe said. "It's a nice night." He reached in his pocket for pipe and tobacco. We looked at each other in the brief light of his match, and after a moment Joe said quietly, "I'll come over and speak to your pa tomorrow."

"He won't be pleased."

"It's gone long enough," Joe said.

I considered it. "It might come to blows before you're done," I said slowly.

"I hope not," said Joe, "but I'll have to chance it."

I hoped the same, for it would make Aunt Susan unhappy. But the betraying thought came into my head that it would be something grand to see, Joe Page and pa fighting it to a finish.

Joe said nothing for a long while. I watched the fireflies come closer in the warm, sweet-smelling September night and wished I could ask Joe's advice. Maybe he would know how a son could please his pa, as a son should, and yet

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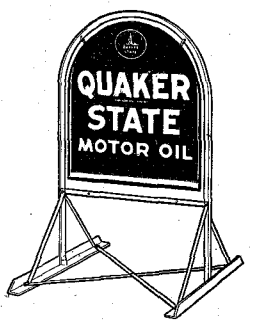

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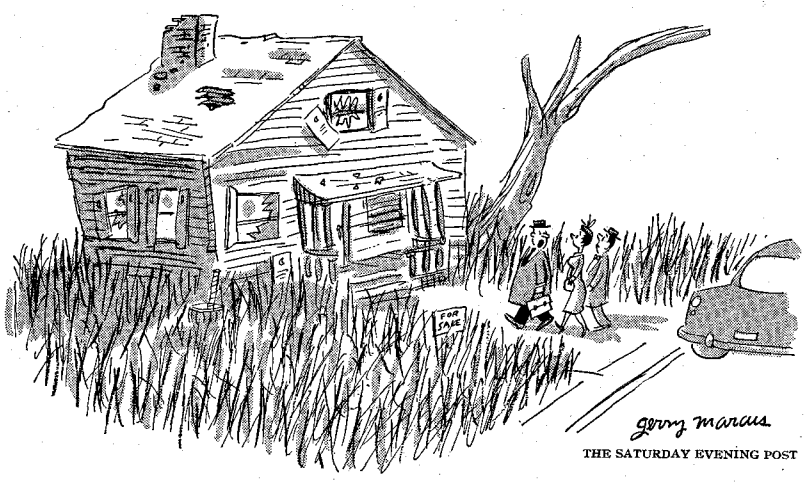

"This is just right for a young, struggling couple. You couldn't find a better struggle anywhere."

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keep pride and respect enough for himself. But I did not ask him, and knew I never would.

"Don't blame your pa, David," Joe said finally. "When the world turns a man bitter, it's natural for him to want to strike back."

I was not sure I understood him. "It's you who'll blame him," I said, "if things don't work out as you plan."

Joe laughed in his easy way and said, "Good night, David. Give Sue my love, and tell her I'll see her at noon tomorrow."

I walked back to the house, very thoughtful, and in the near darkness I almost stumbled over Mary.

"I waited for you," she whispered.

It twisted my heart that Mary should be so afraid of pa, and she the small one of the family. "Pa's mare makes a great noise," I said, taking her hand, "but I've seen you riding her down the road with nothing but a blanket beneath you."

"She's a contrary animal, David, but I know her ways."

"Pa also has a stubborn way or two," I said gently, "but you must learn not to cry when he raises his voice. He'll not hurt you, any more than the old mare."

I sent Mary up to bed and went to find Aunt Susan, a question in my mind that only she could answer.

"Aunt Susan," I asked her carefully, "has pa always been the same?"

After a long moment, she said, "He always had a rough way of talking, even when he was a boy. And too much pride, because he had his growth early and was afraid of nothing in all the world. But he laughed often, David, and he had a good heart." She added, the words a little bewildered, "I thought your mother would mind his manners for him, and gentle him, and smooth away some of the rougher edges."

"Maybe it was that way," I said. "I don't remember him talking roughly to ma, not once."

"But he's worse than ever he was before. Cruel and bitter, and determined to have his way, right or wrong."

I did not like the look of sadness about her, and so I gave her Joe's message, word for word.

She caught her breath and her eyes were suddenly very blue, bright with a mischief as young as Mary's. She began to laugh, and I joined her.

"We won't feel so gay tomorrow," Aunt Susan said at last. "Your pa will be furious."

She was very likely right. But we went up to bed with a fine feeling of anticipation, and noon seemed a long time away.

The next day dawned hot and clear, and pa and I went to work with very little talk between us. Never was a morning so long, but it was a good day, for all that. I took off my shirt to feel the hot sun on my back, and above me the sky was quiet and high and arched as blue as a china bowl. The shadow of a chicken hawk moved over us once, and I could smell the resin from the green pines beyond the field. Working two rows at a time, hands quick and eyes steady, I filled my sack almost as soon as pa.

When the sun was overhead, we walked to the back porch and pa worked the pump while I washed up. Then I did the same for him, and we each took a long cool drink from the old gourd dipper.

"You'll make a farmer yet," pa said, smiling a little.

We looked at each other—pa standing a good three inches taller—and at that moment it was easy for me to forget the things standing between us, to know there were few things in the world better than working a field with pa and coming home in the heat of the day to drink a cool draught of well water together.

Then Aunt Susan called us to the table and the moment was gone, and I remembered Joe Page was coming.

He came before we had finished eating, and pa's eyes narrowed as he looked at each of us in turn. "What's Joe Page doing, coming here?" he asked.

No one answered and no one asked how pa knew it to be Joe. Pa had said a dozen times that only Joe would be fool enough to put bells on his horse, and now those bells announced his arrival like small trumpets coming before him.

But I knew Joe had come in his buggy not to provoke pa, but to please Aunt Susan. Once he had told us, with considerable amusement, that his gray mare was a vain, self-centered female that required a few fripperies now and then, and besides that, he fancied the sound of bells himself. Aunt Susan and I had laughed, and now I saw the anxious shape of her mouth relax, as Joe had surely intended.

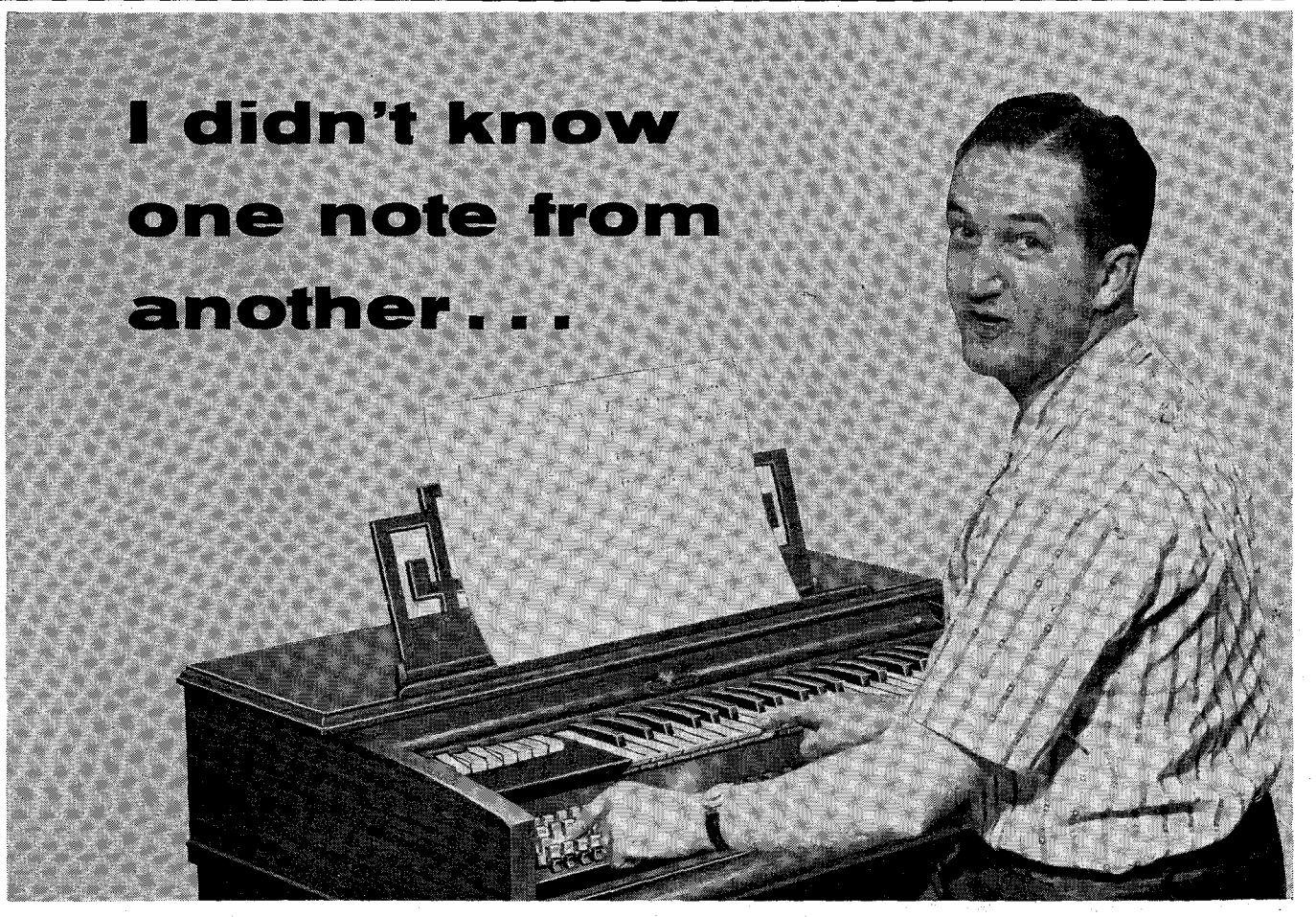
When pa stepped off the back porch, we were right behind him, but I halted Aunt Susan under the chinaberries, and Mary slipped her hand into mine.

Joe swung down to the ground and turned toward pa, and in all the world there was no sound but the faint ringing of bells as Joe's mare tossed her head or switched her tail after flies.

"You've got no business here," pa said calmly enough. "I don't want you around my place, bothering Susan and the kids."

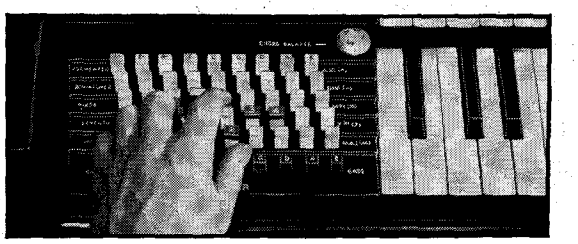
"I came for a friendly talk," Joe said easily.

Pa flexed his hands and moved them over his thighs. "Get on your way. I'm

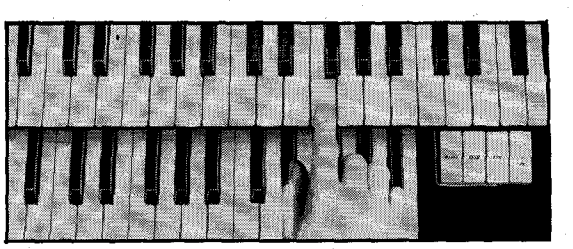


but in just 15 minutes
I was playing the

NEW WURLITZER CHORD ORGAN



ONE FINGER OF YOUR LEFT HAND presses a button and instantly a beautiful chord is produced. No footwork required . . . bass notes play automatically at the touch of a thumb.



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not friendly and I don't feel like talking."

"We're neighbors," Joe said. "Maybe you don't count me as a friend, but you've no reason to think me an enemy."

The droning of a bee above me in the tree was as loud as thunder. Pa's very silence was like an insult; the sun glared down on the yard, hot and quiet, and Joe Page's eyes darkened. Aunt Susan drew a sharp breath beside me, and I pitied her for being a woman and not knowing the full pleasure of the moment.

Joe said steadily, "I'd like to marry Sue. Do I have your approval?"

"You're a bigger fool than I figured," Pa said. "More nerve than sense."

Aunt Susan spoke, her voice as clear and cold as rain water dropping into the sullen heat. "We don't need anyone's approval," she said to Joe. "I'll go with you any time you say."

Pa stared at Aunt Susan, his face hard and his eyes oddly bleak and stunned. Until that moment, I think, he did not believe she would go against him.

Then he looked back at Joe. "Take her," he said, "and be sure you keep her. I want nothing to do with either of you from now on."

Mary's hand suddenly pulled free of mine and she ran into the sunlight. "Pa, let me go with Joe and Aunt Susan!" she cried, her voice high and trembly.

Pa's neck went red and his big hands clenched. "Good riddance," he said to Mary, his voice striking out at her like a heavy, cruel fist. "I'll be glad to see the last of your blubbering."

Joe took a step forward. So did I, determined that pa should not turn the cutting edge of his rage against poor, foolish Mary. But nothing happened. Aunt Susan ran between Joe and pa; she looked up at pa, not a mite afraid of him.

"Yes, you'll be rid of us both!" she said furiously. "I'll go, George, and I'll take Mary with me! She won't be left behind for you to bully!"

At first I thought pa would push her out of his way; I was out of patience with her myself. But pa only looked at Joe over Aunt Susan's dark curls and said, "Get moving." Then he turned on his heel and spoke to me, "You've wasted enough time. Get out to the field."

He brushed past me and strode toward the barn, and Joe put his hands on Aunt Susan's shoulders. "I'm sorry it had to be this way, Sue," he said. "Are you sure you want to come with me now?" She nodded without speaking, and Joe smiled and said, "Go and change. I've arranged everything."

He watched her go back into the house, and the smile on his mouth did not reach his eyes. "Well, David," he said ruefully, "you were right. Things didn't work out exactly as I'd planned."

"You tried," I said. "It couldn't be helped." After a moment, I added, "I'll go with you. Aunt Susan shouldn't be married with none of her family there."

Joe's eyes met mine. "You'll have to tell your pa."

Yes, I would have to tell pa. I turned and went to the barn, and pa's voice came toward me from the dimness, "I told you to go back to the field."

He was leaning against the wall, rubbing his fist with his hand, and it surprised me to find him doing nothing but standing there. I cleared my throat. "I'm going into town," I said. "One of us ought to stand up with Aunt Susan on her wedding day."

Pa raised his head. "And if I tell you not to go?"

"I'm going, pa," I said slowly, "no matter what you say."

Now he will get his chance to strike a blow, I thought, and braced myself for pa's heavy fist. *Or else he will tell me not to come back at all; and of the two, I would rather take the fist.*

But he did neither. "Go on, then," he said. "You're like all the rest of them. Mealy-mouthed and soft as a woman, letting yourself be led around by the nose like some dumb hulk of a cow."

Pa's face was white, his eyes so black and clear I could almost see the pain in them. And the pain was so unexpected that I could think of no words to say or find voice to say them were they on the edge of my tongue.

"I'll get along without you," pa went on harshly. He straightened up and hit his fist against the wall. "Without anybody, if need be. That's the best way—the only way for a man."

He went past me as if he didn't see me, and I turned back to the yard. Aunt Susan was in the buggy, wearing a white dress and a hat trimmed with pink roses the shade of her cheeks, and I climbed over her and took Mary in my lap.

Joe took the reins and spoke to the mare, and we moved out of the yard. The road stretched clear to the woods; no single thing moved in all that distance, only the shimmer of heat and the feel of silence thick enough to touch with my hand.

"Don't feel bad, David," Aunt Susan said unhappily. "You're not to blame."

I smiled at her as I would have smiled at Mary. "Pa and I'll set it right," I said. "Don't you worry."

I imagine it was much the same as all other weddings, but I'll not forget the sweet way of Aunt Susan's mouth and the look Joe gave her when he put the ring on her finger. And I thought of pa, and wished the preacher could say a bit of a prayer for me, that I might in truth be old enough to choose the right or wrong of a matter for myself, as I had done.

When we left the parsonage, we saw that the long hot spell stood fair to be broken. A high wind pushed through the pines and shook the live oaks with a rough hand, and above the trees the sky was dark and threatening with rain to come.

Joe remarked that he must stop at Horace Brown's store. He had become a married man so suddenly, he said ruefully, that he found himself short of tobacco for his pipe. And that would never do, since his new wife might grow accustomed to a house without tobacco and in the future send him out behind the barn whenever he took a hankering for his pipe.

Aunt Susan smiled and said, "I like the smell of pipe smoke," and she and Joe looked at each other for a long time. Indeed, I was obliged to halt the mare before the store or Joe would have gone straight home without his tobacco and never missed it, I'll be bound, for the better part of a week.

I laughed at him. "I'll get your tobacco, Joe."

But Mary, who had been speechless with excited delight, sat up suddenly. "Why, David," she said, "there's pa's old mare. Whatever is she doing in town?"

We all looked at the mare. Beside me, Aunt Susan slumped; all the joy seemed to drain from her, leaving her pale and anxious. Mary took my hand, and Joe laid the reins in Aunt Susan's lap and stepped down from the buggy.

"I won't be long," he said. "Hold the mare steady, Sue."

"Joe," she said, close to pleading, "must you go in?"

Joe looked up at her. "Yes, I must," he said very gently. "I won't do without my tobacco because of George."

He smiled and turned away, and so I put Mary aside and followed him up the steps. The screen door slipped from my hand and the wind slammed it shut behind us with a noise that shook the building.

"Well, well," pa's voice struck out at us, "look what the wind blew in."

He was standing with a group of men at the back of the store, and from the uncomfortable look on each face, I knew they had been discussing Joe Page. But pa's white face was without expression; his eyes glittered like polished black stones, and not once did he look at me.

"Good to see you, Joe," Horace Brown said, shifting the plug of tobacco in his mouth. "What can I do for you?"

Pa said, "This town's going to have to do something about the trash littering the road. A good wind comes up, the garbage blows right inside."

Somebody snickered. Joe said quietly, "I'm out of tobacco, Horace. Better give me a couple of pounds, the same mixture as always."

Pa walked forward, slowly and heavily. I didn't want to look at him; I felt sick inside, with a cold pain I had never felt before.

"What's the matter, Joe?" he asked roughly. "You not speaking to people these days? Feeling too high and mighty for the rest of us?" He laughed, a bleak and hurting thing. "Come on, no hard feelings. You got yourself a good woman, but don't let it weigh on your conscience that you stole her. It's dog eat dog, Joe, and a sneaky man's as good as the next one."

Joe turned around slowly and looked at pa. I saw Horace Brown's jaws freeze, for the length of that look, before they began to move again with his tobacco plug. The other men moved up, faces eager and curious.

And suddenly I knew that it was all wrong. Wrong for pa, standing there with his bitterness and hatred written in his face for all the gaping world to see and judge. Wrong for me to be siding with Joe Page against my own pa. And above all, wrong for Joe, who was taking Aunt Susan home on her wedding day.

But I did not have to speak. Joe Page thought for himself and spoke for himself as well.

"I'll see you another time, George," he said calmly, "and we'll discuss our differences." He paid Horace and we walked to the door.

"You a coward, Joe Page?" pa shouted behind us. "Yellow all the way through?"

Joe paused at the door. "Maybe you don't mind charging admission," he said to pa, "but I intend to keep my affairs private."

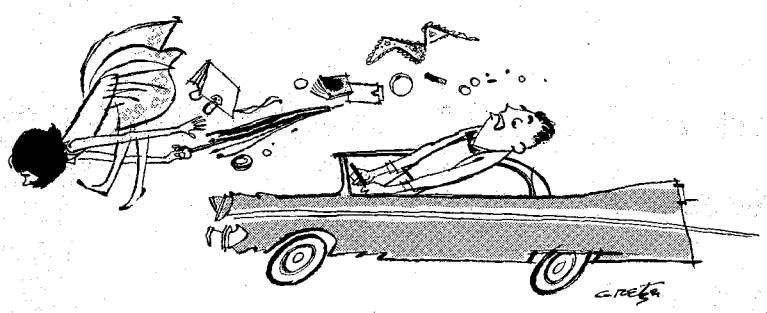
Pa was silent then, and Joe and I climbed into the buggy. Joe acted as if nothing had happened or was likely to happen; it was Aunt Susan's wedding day and all was right with the world, for Joe would have it no other way.

Joe's house was that of a bachelor, clean and sparse, but Aunt Susan soon set out a fine meal for us. We were all very gay and laughed a great deal, and if Joe ate sparingly and fell silent more than once, I hoped no one would notice but myself, who felt a similar weight of thought upon me.

The store was no place for Joe and pa to settle their differences, I kept telling myself. Joe had done the right thing. And as Aunt Susan would say, a fight settles nothing and grown men should act their age. But surely no man relishes being called a coward before other men or likes to turn his back on anyone who suggests he might have a yellow streak across it, and no man but the coward can ignore an insult without an inner battle as fierce as the one he tries to avoid.

And so I found I could not meet Joe's eyes when I said good-by. He smiled slightly, coming down the steps to stand beside me. "I'll go with you, David," he said

(*Continued on Page 142*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Becky, hit by a car, suffered severe facial injuries. The car owner offered to pay for her wounds, plastic surgery and loss of earnings. Becky, however, held out for more. She insisted on compensation for her loss of good looks due to the accident.

"You have increased the odds against my marrying the man I want," she contended in court. "Possibly nobody at all will propose to a girl whose face has been patched up like mine."

"Why should I pay," the puzzled car owner replied, "because you may not be wooed by suitors who, for all you know, might never have proposed to you in the first place?"

If you were the judge, would you let Becky collect?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Becky collected. The court declared: "Injury to marriage prospects may blast the money value of a woman's whole life. It is open to every woman, however poor or humble, to obtain a secure and independent position in the community by marriage and, in that matter, which is said to be the chief end of her existence, personal appearance—comeliness—is a consideration of comparative importance with every daughter of Eve."

Based upon a 1951 Ohio decision.

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THIS LITTLE BOY has epilepsy—but thanks to new medicines, he has a bright and happy future.

This is what we work for at Parke-Davis

. . . the better health and longer life that come with better medicines

BEHIND THIS PICTURE is a story that warms our hearts.

This little boy has epilepsy, but thanks to modern medical treatment with new anticonvulsant drugs, his future is very bright indeed. Like his playmates, he can join in all the fun of being young—because he's now leading the life of a healthy, normal child.

Not too long ago, this disease was looked upon as a strangely terrible affliction. All too often the victim faced a bleak future as a "misfit," because epilepsy, in the minds of most people, was associated with mental defectiveness.

But what a contrast—when you compare this old mistaken attitude with today's enlightened view of epilepsy. Now we know that something *can* be done to control the disease, so that, in an ever-increasing number of cases, there need be no wide gulf between afflicted children and the world about them.

Of course, only a physician can determine whether the new anticonvulsant drugs—developed and made by such famous pharmaceutical laboratories as Parke-Davis—will help in any particular case. But these new medicines benefit 70 to 80% of certain types of cases and frequently stop epileptic seizures completely.

This kind of heartening progress is what we work for at Parke-Davis.

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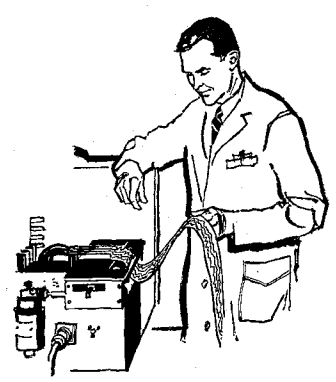
PARKE-DAVIS

. . . PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES SINCE 1866



MILESTONES: Parke-Davis made its first major contribution toward control of epilepsy twenty years ago—with a preparation for grand mal, most severe form of the disease. In 1954, we introduced a new drug for petit mal; and, early this year, a preparation to help those afflicted with a third form of epilepsy: psychomotor seizures.

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(*Continued from Page 140*) lightly. "I need a bit of exercise after that fine wedding feast."

"I'll be waiting," Aunt Susan said, sighing. Then, with a wifely firmness, "You mustn't let it come to blows. Promise me that, Joe."

I waited, holding my breath. But Joe smiled again and said, "If I make no promises, Sue, I'll have none to break."

A heavy, cruel burden dropped from my shoulders. Joe and I walked up the road, the wind at our backs, and the hot afternoon sun was a glaring ball above the piney woods. The dark clouds chased it with a savage hunger, pushing and tumbling, thunder rolling in their depths, and the pines whipped back and forth like maddened things.

My thoughts were like the pines, pushed now in this direction and now in that, but Joe's stride was even and his face untroubled, as if he had a bottomless well of strength and patience to draw upon.

When we reached the yard, pa stepped from the barn and saw us coming. He stood there, not moving; and the prickling along my spine was like a woodpecker's hammering on his favorite hardwood tree. Joe stopped a few feet from pa and put his hands on his hips, and everything fell into place for me. I moved away from them, showing myself partial to neither Joe nor pa, and this time there was no dread or sickness inside me.

"Well, George," Joe said, "let's see how much a coward I am. I hoped you'd come to your senses before now, but it seems a man like you has to be knocked around a bit before he'll listen to reason."

Pa balanced on the balls of his feet, his eyes hot and bright. "Try it," he said scornfully. "Try it, Joe Page."

Then Joe said, his voice quieter than I had ever heard it, "You've mourned her long enough, George. An animal, when it's hurt, hides away and strikes out at anyone who comes too close, but a man must learn to tolerate the world again."

Pa stared at Joe, seeming to disbelieve his ears.

"It was pretty bad when Molly died," Joe went on, "and you couldn't see what you'd done to deserve it. You loved your wife and kids, and always tried to do the right thing, and look what you got for all your trouble. So you figured you'd play it smart the next time. You'd push everybody away from you, and maybe then you'd care less and things wouldn't hurt as much." He added bluntly, "You've been hating me for a long time, thinking I was taking Susan away from you and turning the kids against you. I haven't done anything of the kind, but it ought to prove something to you. You haven't been so smart, after all. You're still afraid, and things still hurt."

"Shut up," pa said between his teeth.

"And a man can be decent," Joe said softly, "and still be a man."

Pa moved so quickly that Joe was caught unawares; his head jerked back with pa's first blow, and if he had been a smaller or a lesser man, his neck would surely have cracked with the force of it. But they were well matched; Joe ducked pa's second blow, driving his fist into pa's ribs. Pa swayed, then side-stepped one of Joe's fists, only to catch the second squarely on his jaw. He returned it with a blow driven with all the strength of his right arm, and was nearly staggered when Joe returned the same. They moved in a circle around the yard, slugging away, brushing away each blow as if it mattered not at all, and I would be less than human if I did not admit it was truly a sight to see.

The thunder rolled through the clouds like cannon shot, and the first big drops of rain came down. But Joe and pa ignored it; Joe staggered back against the barn once and pa went backwards over the woodpile, knocking over a barrel of nails as he fell, and swearing roundly at his clumsiness. Joe's white shirt was ripped to his waist and pa had lost part of a sleeve; both of them showed blood on their faces, mixed with the sweat drenching them.

The rain became a hard downpour, but the dull impact of hard fist against hard flesh continued until my own head felt numbed with it, and I began to wonder where it would end.

"Who's to win," I ventured, "if I'm the only one left on my feet?" I might have been speaking to the wind, but I tried again. "Pa—Joe," I said firmly, "call it a draw and let it be."

Neither man seemed likely to let it be. Then Joe landed a telling blow to pa's ribs, sending him reeling against the well. The bucket came loose and fell, its chain rattling with a great noise until it fetched up with a splash at the bottom. Pa shook his head to clear his eyes and rubbed his hand over his face.

"Say the word," Joe said heavily, "and I'll quit."

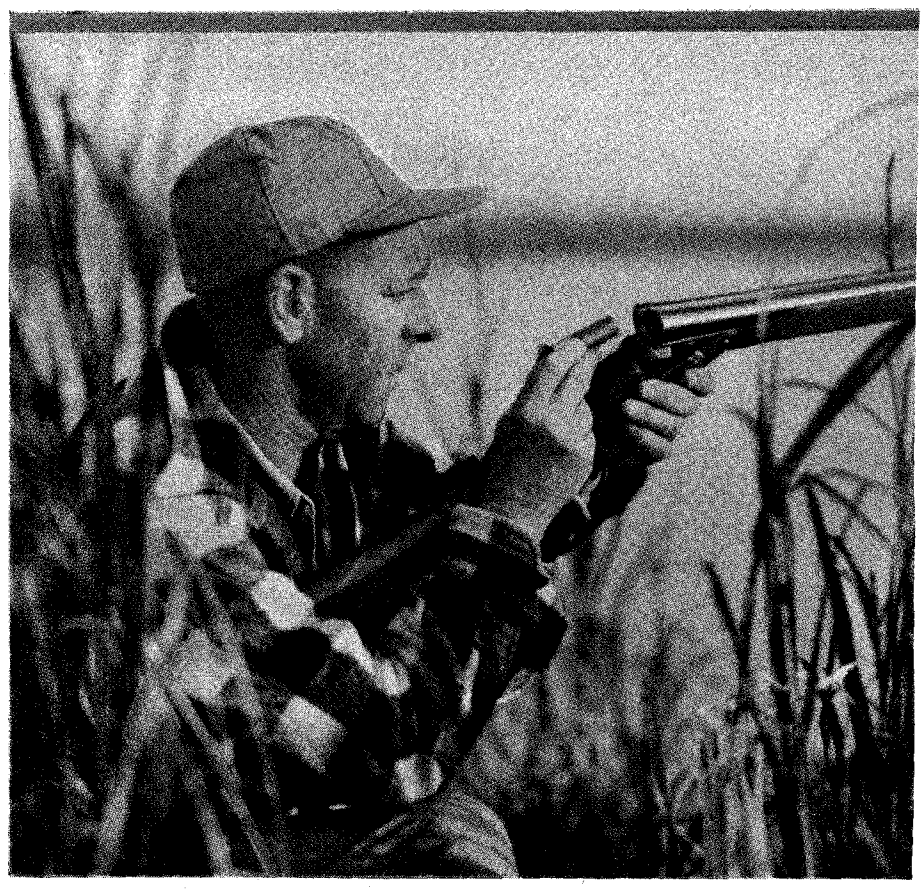
Pa lunged to his feet. "You'll be the one to cry quits," he said, and my chest nearly burst with pride.

"A draw," I said hastily. "The one who'll first admit it's a draw is the best man between you."

They looked at each other, yellow head and black head lowered a trifle, faces battered, neither entirely steady on his feet.

Then pa said, slowly and painfully, "I'm not saying you know what you're talking about. Words are cheap and saying a thing don't make it so."

The mallard...the shotgun...and the doub



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"Think again," Joe said. "All of it's true, and you know it."

"Maybe," pa said stubbornly, "and maybe not." He glared at Joe. "I don't like being made to look a fool."

"Then stop acting like one."

Pa's forehead was creased, as if he found it hard to think clearly. And, to be sure, there was a great deal to think about; even I, who shouldn't have been surprised, was somewhat shaken that Joe Page could look inside pa's heart and understand the sorrow that had kept him driven and bitter.

Joe stepped toward pa. "Who's a coward?" he demanded.

To my amazement, pa grinned. "Love a duck, Joe, you've a mean right arm."

Joe laughed, deep in his throat. "I've had enough of yours," he said, "both right and left."

And as if both of them had been struck foolish, they stood there in the rain, grinning at each other. Then they turned, at the same instant, and came to the porch, both moving with extreme caution lest one should betray more unsteadiness than the other.

"We could use something to clear our heads," pa said. . . . "Break out the cider, David."

I sat between them on the steps while we drank pa's best hard cider. The rain began to abate, having swept the air of all heat and turmoil, and we sat in companionable silence and smelled the sweet wet earth and watched the clouds as they drifted over the trees.

When we heard the bells, it was too late to move; and so we all sat quietly, eyes on our cider mugs, and waited for the second storm to break.

The bells ceased their ringing. Rain dripped from the chinaberries and a twig fell from the cape jasmine bush, making such a noise that I almost jumped.

"Well," Aunt Susan said. "A shameful sight, indeed."

No one answered, for there was plainly nothing to say.

"Three grown men, and look at you. . . . Why didn't you do something, David? You seem to be the only one left intact."

Pa lifted his head. "Leave David alone, Susan," he said. "He's carried a heavy load today." His hand came down firmly on my shoulder. "I like a man who knows when to step forward and when to step aside."

That was all he said. But that was the way it happened that pa kept his promise, and my birthday still more than a week away.

"Where is Mary?" I asked suddenly.

"She ran away," Aunt Susan said. "I knew I must find her, else I wouldn't have come." A smile teased at her mouth. "And a good thing I did, seeing the shambles you three have made."

But I knew she didn't mean it, for there was nothing of a shambles in the way pa and Joe looked sitting there on the steps, nursing their bruises and lifting their cider mugs together.

I looked pa straight in the eye. "I'm going to fetch Mary," I said, making no apology for it. "She's hidden herself away to cry."

Pa did not look away. "Be easy with her, son," he said slowly, as if seeking a way to break the habit of harshness. "She'll want comforting."

I turned and ran past the barn and up through the blackberry thickets to the branch. Mary sat huddled there beneath the trees, and I sat down and put my arm around her.

"You mustn't cry," I said very softly.

She lifted a tear-wet face to mine. "I want to come home, David. I love Joe and Aunt Susan, but I want to be with you."

"We must find a housekeeper first," I said, "for neither pa nor I can cook a decent meal. But pa will be pleased that you want to come home." I added, as gently as I could, "He didn't mean the things he said, Mary."

She nodded and put my hand against her face. "You were right," she said gravely, "pa has a temper like his old mare. But I remember how you told me I must use patience with the mare, and now she's grown to be very fond of me. Do you think it might be the same with pa?"

"I'm sure of it," I said.

Then we both laughed, and walked back down the hill. I still held her hand, knowing it was a lonely thing to be small and afraid, and by the time we rounded the barn she was skipping along beside me.

It was then I knew for the first time how good it was to be a man grown at last, able to choose my way of doing a thing and willing to back it up. It was so good that I wanted to sing at the top of my lungs, like Joe Page, until they could hear me clear over in the next county. And so I did. THE END

Concerning the Guest Towel

Little fingerprints attest
It didn't last to serve a guest.

Virginia Brasier

crossing ducks

THE mallard becomes easy prey for the shotgun when he drops down to join two of his eathered fellows floating contentedly on a little ountry lake. Too late the mallard realizes that his double-crossing duo is merely a brace of lastic decoys. The shotgun roars, and a hunter as bagged another duck—with the help of Koppers.

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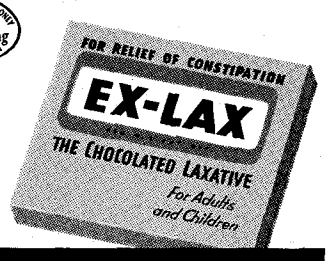

IMPORTANT WHEN COLDS STRIKE! Gentle Ex-Lax agrees with cold remedies...no weakening after-effect.

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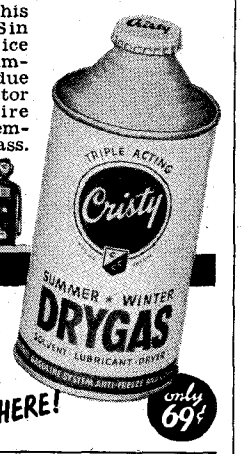

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I Live Among the Eggheads

(Continued from Page 43)

a renowned anthropologist, and about twelve blocks from the chemist who synthesized cortisone.

I am typing these words in the study of my apartment just off Nassau Street. On a shelf in front of my desk are three books: The Cocktail Party, by T. S. Eliot; Dr. Faustus, by Thomas Mann; and Requiem for a Nun, by William Faulkner. At least parts of all these books were written within a few minutes of this desk. I am always around the corner, so to speak, from genuine genius.

"By and large," says book editor Saxe Commins, "the thinkers who live in Princeton are productive people. They don't just talk a good game, they play it. You won't find any Bohemians in this town."

Several months ago I heard that a neighbor of mine, a housewife, had had a novel accepted for publication. A few days later I passed her on Nassau Street and offered my congratulations. Obviously she didn't know what I was congratulating her for, so I repeated the news I had heard about her novel. "Oh, that," she said. It occurred to me then that in Princeton having a novel accepted for publication is not an occasion for so much as raising an eyebrow.

A local portrait photographer has written a novel, a retired industrialist has written a best-selling autobiography. A newspaper publisher wrote a series of whimsical short stories based on the escapades of a talking mule named Francis. To his surprise and delight, the stories were converted into seven different movies.

Perhaps the local record for creative output is held by a man named Nathaniel Burt. On the very week when book reviewers were praising Burt's novel, Scotland's Burning, music critics were attending the première of a symphonic overture he had composed.

"In Princeton," says my neighbor, writer John O'Hara, "the creative man and his sometimes odd work habits are respected. People don't call on him unannounced or at outrageous hours. Consequently, he can get things done. The eggheads in Princeton are real eggheads twenty-four hours a day. They're not like that bunch in New York who are eggheads only after five-thirty."

Like celebrities, towns have their caricatures too. Hollywood, as everybody knows, is a community full of palm trees, drugstores and movie stars wearing sunglasses. Manhattan is an expensive playground inhabited largely by rude cab drivers and people in a hurry.

In caricature, Princeton is pictured as an aristocratic village containing an academic country club for the sons of capitalists. Clean, green and imperturbable, the town looks as though nobody in it could possibly be working or, for that matter, even have to work.

It is true that for its size Princeton probably has as many millionaires as any other town outside Texas. Pollster George Gallup, a long-time Princeton resident, estimates there are "at least forty, most of whom have inherited their money."

But while there is obviously money in the town, its citizens exhibit none of the gay traits you expect to find in a community of plutocrats and student princes. Although Princeton has a golf course, it has no country club in the strict sense of the term. It supports no Junior League, holds no annual cotillion. Nobody plays polo. Nobody raises borzois. Nobody rides to the hounds. "Despite the town's wealth," says Gallup, "I don't know a community in America where money means less."

There was a day when Princeton's millionaires would own two homes, one for summer and one for winter, and these homes might have been within two blocks of each other. Grand ladies flourishing lorgnettes dictated the social standards, and they were observed with a propriety matched only in Newport and Southampton.

Writer I.A.R. Wylie recalls being declared *persona non grata* by the Thursday Afternoon Bridge Club because she had the effrontery to join the socially inferior Tuesday Afternoon Bridge Club.

Today in Princeton the social standards are dictated not so much by the millionaire as by the egghead. A full professor at your party would be worth as much as a millionaire, and a dean would be an absolute coup. The presence of the Oppenheimers would make your party the hit of the season.

Of necessity, Princetonians almost always entertain in their homes. The town has no three-star restaurant, nothing even resembling a night club, and hotel space is so scant that reservations sometimes have to be made months in advance. "Princeton is a nice place to live," says an old resident, "but I wouldn't want to visit there."

Nevertheless, people do visit. One consistent group of visitors is the old grads who return year after year, wearing tweeds which John O'Hara describes as being "thick enough to curry." Between campus strolls they can be found telling stories in The Balt, a local *Kaffeeklatsch*, or drinking a nostalgic beer in the Nassau Tavern.

Few alumni groups can match Princeton's sons for loyalty and none at all for sentimentality. So strong is the feeling that even some non-Princetonians find it irresistible. Once at a football game I saw a man rise to his feet, hat over his heart, and join in the singing of Alma Mater with a catch in his voice. I know for a fact he was graduated from a business college in Trenton, New Jersey. "Why," asks a local Harvard man, "do they sing Going Back to Nassau Hall when so few of them ever leave it?"

The Princeton community consists of two municipal entities covering an area of approximately twenty-five square miles. One is Princeton Township. The other, known as the Borough of Princeton, sits in the middle of the township, like the yolk in a fried egg. Each has its own civic government, including its own police department, but it is next to impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins geographically.

In the middle of the yolk, or borough, sits the campus of the university. Strictly speaking, it is not a university at all. It has no schools of law, medicine or theology. While it is popularly referred to as one of the Big Three in company with Harvard and Yale, that title also is a misnomer. Princeton's students number about 3600—3000 undergraduates and 600 graduates—which makes the university roughly half the size of Yale and one third the size of Harvard. And one tenth the size of

(*Continued on Page 146*)

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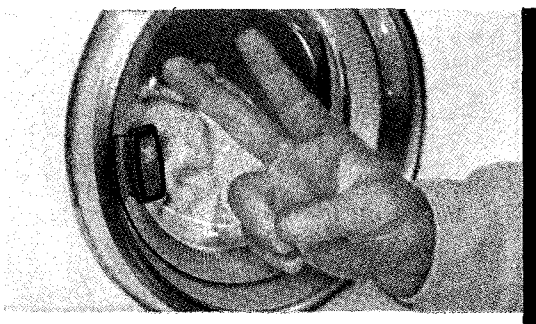

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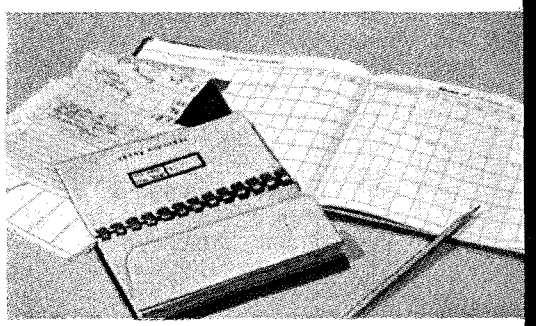

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(*Continued from Page 144*) the University of California, the nation's largest.

Contrary to a widespread myth about the university, its students are not all rich. In fact, last year almost 40 per cent of them had to appeal to the university for financial aid. Scholastically, however, they measure up to the student body of almost any liberal-arts college you care to name. Princeton leads all universities in the number of students who become Rhodes Scholars, and leads, too, in ratio to its enrollment, with the number of alumni listed in Who's Who in America.

"I went to another college before I entered Princeton," one recent graduate has said. "You could be as good a student as you wanted to be, there. But here you had to be good."

The university campus faces north, and the dividing line between "town" and "gown" is Nassau Street. The "town" side is lined with neo-Colonial structures that help give the street some semblance of that day when it was part of the stagecoach run between Philadelphia and New York.

On the "town" side are seven private schools specializing in everything from polishing young girls for Vassar to training boys as choir singers. There are also three other colleges, none of which has any corporate connection with the university. One, the Princeton Theological Seminary, is the largest and oldest Presbyterian seminary in the country.

Also on the "town" side, on Nassau Street, is the headquarters of the Educational Testing Service, an organization unaffiliated with the university. Through its large staff of psychologists, educators, statisticians and psychometrists, ETS prepares and administers educational and aptitude tests for such groups as the College Entrance Examination Board, the Department of State and various branches of the Armed Forces.

Within a few blocks of ETS, not connected with either it or the university, are the main offices of eleven research groups devoted to gauging public opinion. Best known is the American Institute of Public Opinion—the Gallup Poll. In addition to predicting who is going to be the next President, the pollsters work at a great many other statistical chores. They will, for instance, estimate the number of Communists in a given industry, find out what average Americans think of a certain movie or test the credibility of a television commercial.

Completing the research group are the laboratories of more than a dozen scientific industries, notably the Radio Corporation of America. In these labs chemists and physicists carry on research projects in everything from textiles to aerodynamics.

Somewhat to the rear, or southwest, of the university campus is the Institute for Advanced Study—"Wit's End"— a rambling Colonial structure becalmed in a sea of grass. Although it is widely believed that the institute is a school connected to the university, it is neither connected to the university nor is it a school. It has no classrooms, no labs, no teachers. It is an endowed academy in the ancient Athenian sense of that word—a clearinghouse for the ideas of scholarly geniuses.

There has been nothing quite like the institute since the time of Plato. Because so many of its more famous scholars have been mathematicians, such as the late John von Neumann, and physicists, such as Niels Bohr, it has been popularly supposed that all the ideas discussed at the institute are within the realm of science. This isn't so. One of its oldest members is Erwin Panofsky, an expert on art. One of its newer members is George Kennan, former United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union, who won this year's Pulitzer prize for history.

Since few members of the institute enter into the social life of Princeton, they encounter no sight-seers, no autograph seekers, no gossip columnists. "In Princeton," says Oppenheimer, "you don't have people flying at you."

As a result of the privacy afforded institute members, few Princetonians know much about the geniuses' daily lives. Asked what he thought the members did with their spare time, one old Princetonian replied, "You've got me. Maybe they play bridge—without cards."

Princeton's most famous citizen was, of course, the late Albert Einstein. Most scientists rank Einstein, along with Archimedes, Euclid, Galileo and Newton, as one of the great scientific minds of all time. Einstein was a theoretical physicist, interested in the orderly and harmonious system of all physical things, both great and small, from the imperceptible electron to the brightest star, and he used mathematics as a language to explain his thoughts.

Probably the person who best summed up Einstein's greatness was a neighbor of his, a ten-year-old girl. Having returned home late from school one day, she was asked by her mother where she had been. Blithely, she answered that she had spent the afternoon at Einstein's home, having lemonade and cookies with the great man. "Einstein's nice," she added.

"Einstein!" her mother said. "Well, I hope you called him 'Professor Einstein,' or 'Doctor Einstein,' or at least 'Mr. Einstein.'"

"Oh, mother, don't be silly," the ten-year-old replied. "You wouldn't call Napoleon 'Mr. Napoleon,' would you?"

In a sense, Einstein was responsible for Princeton's becoming the haven for eggheads it now is. In 1930, as he prepared to flee the Nazi turmoil of his native Germany, Einstein promised a New Jersey department-store executive named Louis Bamberger, and Bamberger's sister, Mrs. Felix Fuld, that he would be pleased to become a charter member of the postdoctoral academy they contemplated founding. On the basis of Einstein's promise, Bamberger and his sister commissioned educator Abraham Flexner, who had conceived the idea of the institute in the first place, to locate the best site in New Jersey for such an institution, preferably in the neighborhood of Newark. Flexner asked the advice of some members of the Princeton faculty. Among them was the mathematician, Oswald Veblen. "As I see it," said Veblen to Flexner, "your only problem is to determine whether or not you consider Princeton in the neighborhood of Newark."

With Einstein under its roof, the institute began attracting intellectuals from all over the world. Many of them, like Einstein himself, were German Jews fleeing the madness of Hitler. Like Einstein, many of them stayed on in Princeton after Hitler had been disposed of. They found life pleasant there. They could work as they liked and live as they liked. On weekday afternoons they took—and still take—tea in Fine Hall, the university's department of mathematics, where they talked shop or relaxed by playing three-dimensional chess.

Twenty-odd years before the founding of the institute, Woodrow Wilson, then the university's president, had planned to transform the university from a place "where there are youngsters doing tasks to a place where there are men doing thinking." Toward this end, the university has been continually adding to the prestige of its faculty with such men as chemist Sir Hugh Taylor, philosopher Jacques Maritain, composer Roger Sessions, architect Jean Labatut and historian Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. With the addition of the institute, the whole community started to become what Wilson had envisioned. Only two industries were ever to survive in Princeton: education and research. The town was to become as dedicated to thought as Hollywood is to the making of movies.

However, the commercial possibilities of such academic prestige were not to go completely unnoticed. Polls and laboratories and other quasi-intellectual enterprises moved to Princeton to tap the community's brain power. Its professors could be used as consultants and its libraries could be used for research.

Then, too, the very name "Princeton" had a commercial value. To put it bluntly, such an address delicately implied that the university endorsed a company's business. "Let's just say," as one industrial researcher has put it, "that my company would not have moved to Princeton had the university been named Winsocki."

Among the many reasons eggheads like to hang their mortarboards in Princeton today is the university's Firestone Library. Although it cannot be ranked among the world's really large libraries, it pampers the bookworm to a degree unprecedented in America. Nearly all its 1,300,000 books, for example, are lined on open stacks. Thus, the egghead can browse at will, picking and choosing from forty-one miles of books lined up like canned goods in a supermarket.

As a Princetonian, the egghead also finds it advantageous to be living on the periphery of New York City. By nature utterly urbane, he comforts himself with the knowledge that he is only an hour from the most thoroughly urban area on earth.

Therefore, he is not without his museums, his operas, his concerts. "He is in a position," says local anthropologist Ashley Montagu, "to enjoy all the advantages of a metropolitan existence without having to put up with its disadvantages."

Of course, there are also the metropolitan advantages of Philadelphia, which is a bit closer than New York but is held in less esteem. Philadelphia's chief claim to fame among Princeton's eggheads is the Philadelphia Orchestra. To distinguish between New York and Philadelphia, therefore, New York is known in Princeton as "the city." Hence, if you say you are going to "town," everybody knows you mean that you are going to Philadelphia, presumably to hear a concert.

To some of Princeton's residents, Philadelphia is no more than a wayside stop on the train to Washington, D. C. If he is a scientist or an economist, an egghead may well be a consultant to the Government. When called to Washington—"I wonder what Dulles wants this time?"—he can hop a train and be in the capital in less than four hours.

To the egghead, then, one of the advantages of being in Princeton is the ease with which he can get out of it. Or, to put it another way, he enjoys the ease with which other eggheads can visit him. Because of its accessibility, Princeton has become an important stop on the itinerary of lecturers and other transient intellectuals.

Several years ago, the late Dylan Thomas was engaged to give a public reading of his poetry in one of Princeton's lecture halls. Thomas missed his train from New York to Princeton, and had to take another to nearby Trenton. So as not to keep the audience waiting, a university official asked the police to provide a motorcycle escort from the Trenton station to the Princeton campus. Standing on the station platform, a patrolman turned to a professor acting as the university's official greeter. "Say, buddy," he said, "who is this guy we're rolling out the red carpet for? Is he a general or a governor or something?"

"No," said the professor. "Nothing like that. He's a Welsh poet."

"A Welsh poet!" said the patrolman, and he threw out his arms in a gesture of disbelief. "Now I've heard everything."

THE END

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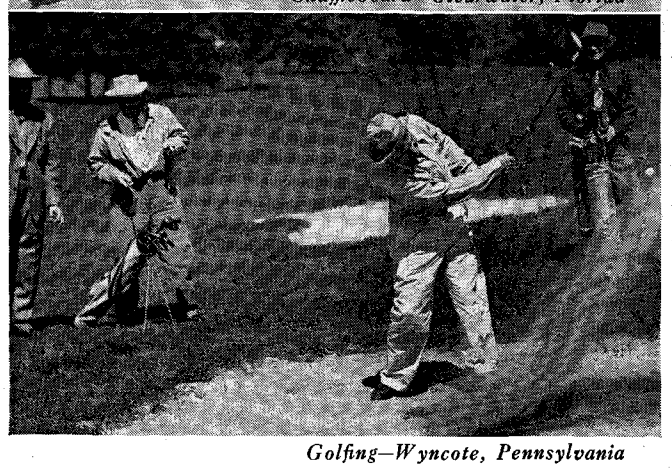

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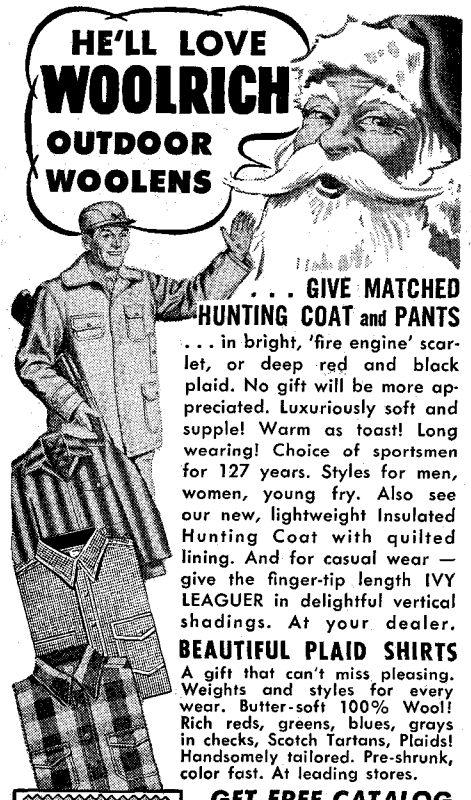

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Kids Say the Darndest Things

(Continued from Page 36)

house about a week old. Naturally, I asked whether the new arrival was a boy or a girl.

"So far," he answered, "I think it's a boy."

"So far! What does it look like?"

"A girl."

An equally equivocal answer came from a girl who said that she would like to have a new baby in the family, but: "Mother says we can't have one because daddy's away digging in the hills somewhere."

In large families, I've discovered, the subject of babies gives rise to a lot of joking. Here's an exchange, broadcast over the C.B.S. network, which may have startled spinsters in the audience:

"The teacher tells me," I began, "that something exciting is about to happen at your house."

"Oh, you mean about the boxer dog?"

"No. I understand it's about your mother."

"Oh, that's nothing. She's just going to have another baby."

"Do you want a sister?"

"It had better be a sister."

"What do you mean,' better be'?" I was surprised at the belligerent tone.

"My daddy says if it's a boy he's going to drown himself."

The audience at C.B.S.-TV City sat in shocked silence. I said, "Do you believe him? Really?"

"No. He says this every time, and then laughs. He says he might be drowning the wrong man."

I once asked a four-year-old whether he had any brothers or sisters—an easy question, I thought. But it wasn't easy for him.

"I think I have two brothers," was his reply.

"What are their names?"

"I think one is Sandra."

"Isn't that a girl's name?"

"I guess that isn't his name."

"What's the other brother's name?"

"I don't know; they never told me his name."

"Are you sure that you have two brothers?"

"No."

"What do you have?"

"Three guppies."

Here are some quick glimpses into life among the siblings:

"What do you do the last thing before going to sleep?"

"Kiss my mommy and daddy and check my money box."

"Any sisters?"

"Two. One's married and one has a broken leg."

"Who talks longest on the phone in your family?"

"My sister."

"What does she talk about?"

"Mainly who she's going to beat up next, and I'm high on the list."

Through the years, I've devoted a large part of my time on the air to talking with children about the "pretend" part of their thinking. I've asked them to divulge their innermost wish, to tell what kind of an animal they'd like to be—in short, to daydream. The four-year-olds are delightful in their artless responses. Here are samples that no grownup could invent:

"I'd like to be forty-five years old, so I could watch TV until thirty o'clock at night."

"I'd like to have a ton of vanishing cream. Then, when my big brother got ready to punch me, I'd put on the cream and vanish."

It was another four-year-old who said he'd like to be a bluebird: "So I could eat worms."

"Why do you think you'd like them?" I asked.

"Because birds like them."

"What would you guess that worms taste like?"

"Kind of like an ordinary, average worm tastes."

Money seems to mean a lot when girls are doing the dreaming. One told me she didn't care what she grew up to be, as long as she got money. Why did she want money?

"Because I want to have a husband, and the only way you can get a husband these days is to have money."

Another wanted to be an airline stewardess because her mother was one, "and she married a millionaire." I asked what her father's profession was. "He's a bartender."

Another little girl with cash on her mind said she'd like to be Martha Washington, "because she married a millionaire and I'd like to do the same."

I asked, "What else was Martha Washington famous for?"

"For spending all her husband's money."

"How do you know?"

"I've seen pictures of him, and he couldn't even afford a haircut. He wore a ponytail."

And that reminds me of the response to my question: "What is George Washington famous for?"

Answer: "The one-dollar bill."

Variation: "What's Abraham Lincoln famous for?"

"He brought the states together and then was finally shot while watching a movie."

Bringing the Presidents up to date, a small boy assured me that Eisenhower was the smartest man in the world. I asked why he thought so.

"Because he invented the electric light."

"Where did you learn that?"

"From my dad; he teaches me everything."

Children have an unconscious knack for saying things in a humorous way. All the timing and hard-won experience of professional comics can be surpassed by kids responding innocently to ordinary questions. Here are examples:

"Who would you pick as famous parents for a day?"

Nine-year-old boy: "Jimmy Durante and Marilyn Monroe."

"Why?"

"Jimmy Durante is funny and Marilyn Monroe —— Say, haven't you seen that calendar?"

"What's new?"

"We had a birthday party yesterday and I won the main prize. I pinned the tail on the donkey and won. I always win."

"What's your method for winning?"

"I peek through the blindfold."

"What do you have to find out about a man before marrying him?"

"His address and phone number."

"What does your big brother do?"

"He's in the airborne division in North Carolina."

"Does he write home about any exciting experiences?"

"Oh, yes. He sprained his ankle and broke his leg, and the last time he jumped he had to be pushed."

You can always depend on a kid to speak his mind. In a barbershop the other day, a six-year-old came in alone, climbed into a barber chair and piped, "Give me a haircut just like my dad's—with a hole on top."

Hearing that one, I was inspired to ask one of my panel guests in what style his hair was cut.

"It's a flat top," he said.

"Do you like it?"

"No, I like a butch."

"Then why did you get a flat top?"

"Well, I ordered a butch, but the barber goofed."

People listen to kids, I think, with a kind of nostalgia. They are reminded of fragments of their own childhood—long-forgotten (*Continued on Page 150*)

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A joy to the ear... Enjoyment through the years!

The rich and lasting quality of a ZENITH makes it your finest gift choice

America's largest selling transistor radio because it performs where others fail... even in planes, trains, boats, automobiles

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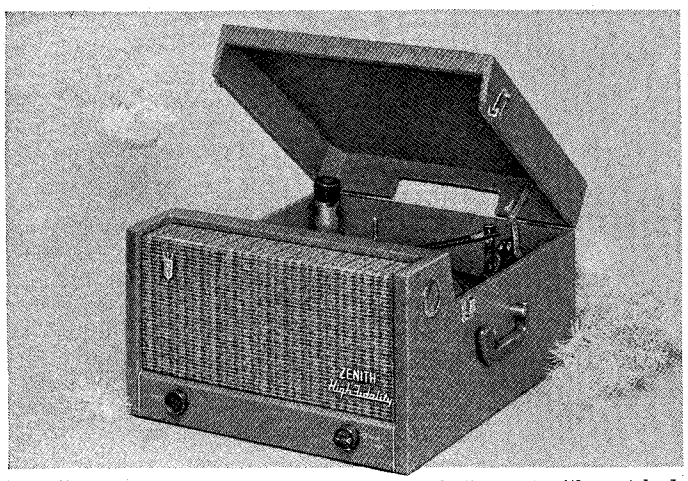
- **UP TO 400 HOURS BATTERY LIFE with new mercury batteries. Or use ordinary dry cells, available everywhere, here and abroad.**
- **EARPHONE ATTACHMENT (optional) for private listening.**

See and hear the Royal "500" . . . you'll agree, it defies comparison both as a radio, and as a gift. Rich in tone, rich in appearance . . . it's the peer of pocket radios. The *one* gift for the man or woman who has everything.

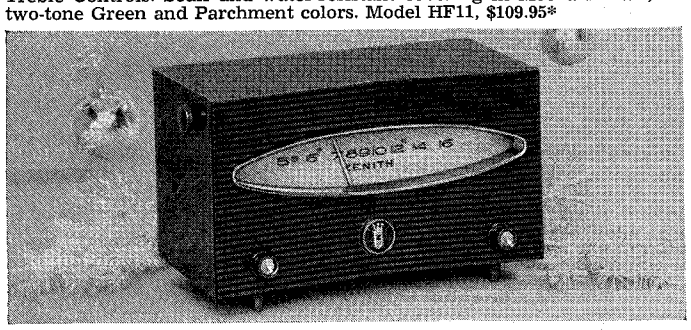
Powered with 7 transistors (not just 4 or 5), this tiny, tubeless radio assures finest performance where other pocket radios fail. Its undistorted sound performance, even at high volume, is equal to many radios more than twice its size. And with the Zenith Royal "500," you have the plus of precision Vernier tuning for pinpoint on-station accuracy. Automatic Volume Control, too. Operating cost is only a fraction of a cent per hour of tuneful, tone-full listening.

In Black, White, Maroon, Tango Pink, or French Beige, $75 less batteries.*

Remember, a battery-powered portable is as necessary in your home as a flashlight in case of power failure caused by air raid or other emergency.



THE "SCHUBERT" AC HIGH FIDELITY PORTABLE with matched, balanced components for truest high fidelity sound reproduction. 3 Zenith quality speakers – big 7½" Alnico 5 "woofer" and two extra-sensitive "tweeters." Zenith's exclusive new Cobra-Matic® 4-speed Automatic Record Changer. Automatic same-speed Intermix and Shut Off. Loudness Control lets you enjoy full musical range at low volume. Separate Bass and Treble Controls. Scuff and water-resistant covering in Mocha Brown, or two-tone Green and Parchment colors. Model HF11, $109.95*



THE "ZEPHYR" AC-DC TABLE RADIO with Zenith's famous long-distance AM reception. Big 6x9-inch Alnico 5 speaker for extra big tone. Built-in Wavemagnet® Antenna for increased range and selectivity. Automatic Volume Control prevents sudden blasts. Broad Range Tone Control gives clearer treble response, more vibrant bass. Has provision for earphone attachment, also plug-in Phono Jack. In Starch White, Silverpine Green, or Slate Gray. Model Z615, $39.95*

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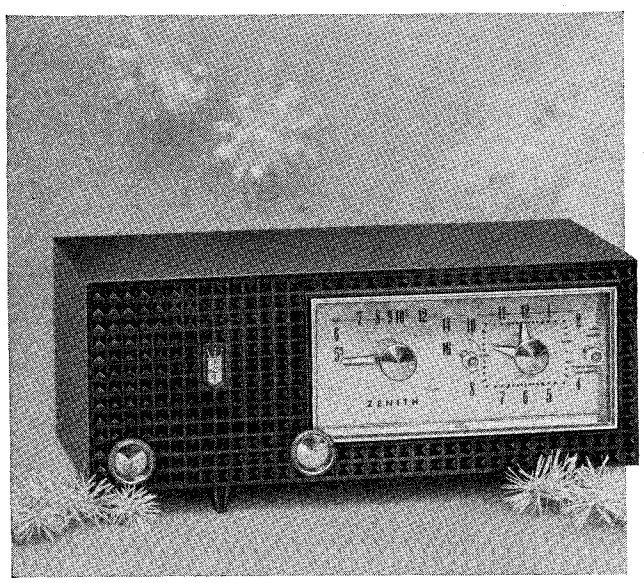

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with Zenith's famous long-distance AM reception

The Super Deluxe sings you to sleep, wakes you to music, turns on your coffee pot. But most important, this is a *Zenith quality long-distance radio*. Inside the sleek, beautiful cabinet, Zenith has creatively engineered a super-sensitive long-distance AM chassis that brings in even weak, far-away stations with astounding clarity. Tone, too, is extra rich and full, because the speaker is activated by an Alnico 5 magnet, most powerful known. Wavemagnet® Antenna, new Single Knob Control, Automatic Volume Control, are other quality features of the new Zenith Super Deluxe. Model A519. In Pine Frost Green with Sandstone White, Debutante Pink with Dusk Gray, or plain Ebony color. $39.95*

The quality goes in before the Zenith name goes on

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

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(*Continued from Page 148*) joys and sorrows of a world that adults too easily forget. These interviews, I hope, will take you back:

"What's your favorite day of the week?"

"Saturday. Then I can stay in bed all morning and coast."

"What do you mean, coast?"

"Well, you know. You're not asleep, and you're not awake—you're just coasting."

"I hear you just got over the chicken pox. How was it?"

"Nothing to it. All you do is sit in bed and scratch."

"I've got a dog."

"Is that all?"

"Oh, once we had a turtle. But my brother flushed him down the toilet."

We had a boy once who claimed to be an inventor. At the moment, he said, he was working on a funny machine in his back yard to play jokes on people. Description: "There's a wire that trips them and they fall down and are carried down a big moving belt that finally drops them into a black hole where I take all their money."

Daydreaming like that comes easily to many children. But most of them, I believe, need to exercise their "imagery muscles" more than they do. In the Linkletter family we've attempted to develop imagination through games in which we make up whoppers, and try to leave the story dangling in some impossible crisis for the next narrator to solve. Aviators with ticking bombs strapped to their feet float earthward from burning airplanes while starving moths gnaw the parachute silk; below is an endless vista of gaping crocodile jaws in the quicksands of the jungle.

This sort of cliff hanger is calculated to quicken the mind and get the growing child to bed with a start on a ripsnorting nightmare. But it's fun for the family, and I've transferred the Linkletter bedtime formula to the television show with some success. It worked perfectly—up to a point—with a young sailor boy, resplendent in full maritime regalia designed for six-year-olds.

"What do you know about the Navy?" I asked.

"Almost everything."

"All right, suppose you were captain of a ship and it was sinking with a big hole in the bottom. What would you do?"

"I'd put on a big diving suit with muscles, and dive in the water and hold it up until it could be fixed."

"What if you ran into an iceberg and a lot of polar bears came aboard?"

"I'd get a knife and cut their throats."

"Well, then, suppose there was a bomb hidden on board?"

"I'd find it and throw it away."

"And if you didn't find it?"

"Well, I guess I'd be done for and go down with the ship."

He was through with the game and made no bones about it. When the game is over, everyone's supposed to give up, so the next game can start. If you don't believe me, try to prolong a game of any kind once the child is ready to quit.

Ever since I first began talking with children on the air, listeners have been sending along their own favorite kid stories. I've run into the same anecdotes so often that I can only believe the arm of coincidence is miles long; otherwise, there's some plagiarizing being done by fond relatives. Still, it's possible that youngsters do make funny remarks while not on my program, so I won't hold out on my readers. Here, then, is a selection of quips and slips found in my mailbag:

One I've often told at broadcast warm-ups concerns a tiny Sunday-school pupil who had just absorbed a Bible lesson about "for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Rushing home, he peeked under his bed and then ran to his mother.

"Mamma, is it true we're dust before we're born?"

"Well, yes," mother said. "I believe that's true."

"And, mamma, is it true we're dust after we're dead?"

"Of course," mother replied. "Why?"

"Well, come up and look under my bed, quick. Somebody's either coming or going."

A little boy was standing on the sidewalk watching the milkman's horse intently. When the driver finally returned from his errands, the youngster inquired, "Do you have much farther to go today?"

"Why, son?" the milkman asked.

"Well, you ain't goin' far," the boy announced. "Your horse just lost all its gasoline."

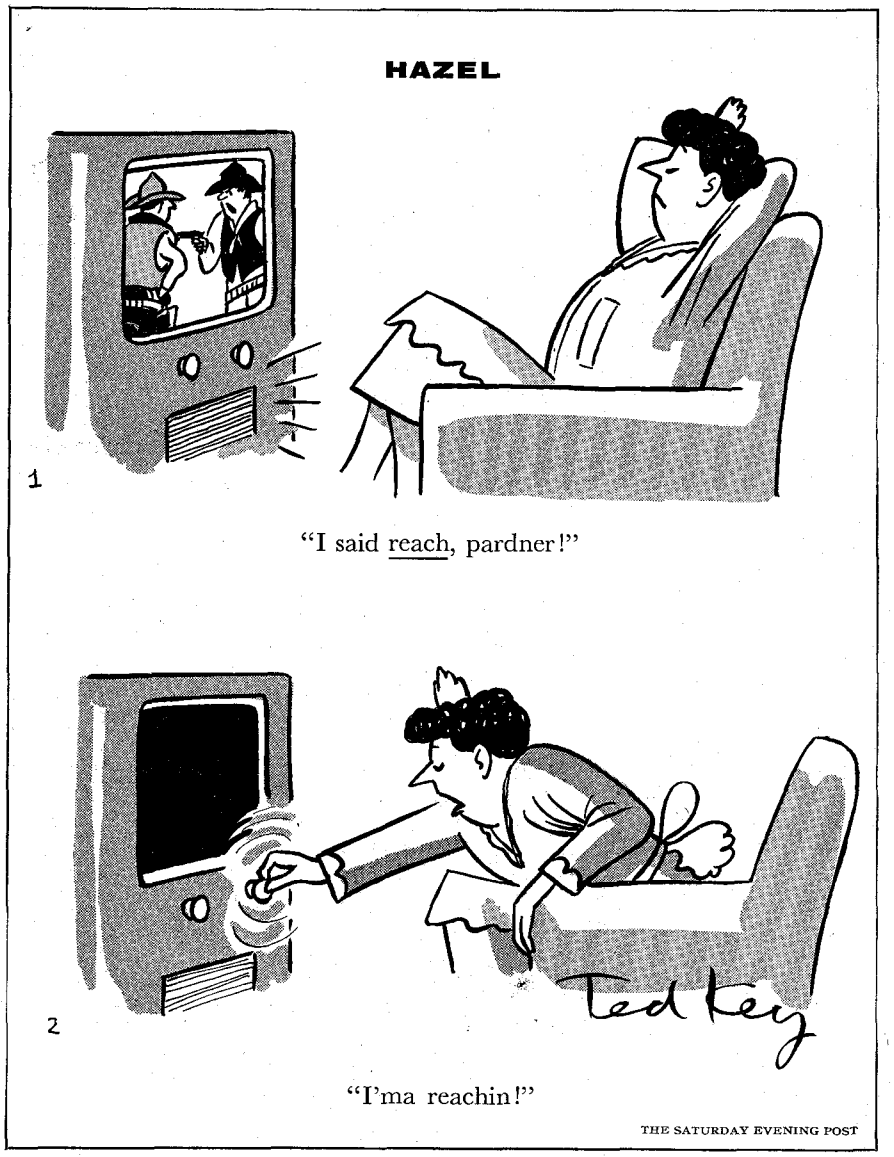
A six-year-old girl received a wrist watch and a bottle of perfume for her birthday. All day long she kept showing everyone her presents, until her mother said, "Honey, I know you're proud of your gifts, but you're bothering people. You may sit at the dinner table with our guests tonight only if you promise not to mention the watch or the perfume even once."

The little girl promised. And all through dinner she sat wordless, but from time to time sniffing audibly, and raising her wrist to her ear to catch the sound of ticking. Nobody paid attention. Finally, as the meal came to an end, she blurted out, "I'm not supposed to mention it. But if anybody hears anything or smells anything, it's me!"

I have some favorite stories that I tell about my own five Links. One recalls young Robert's triumphant return from first grade, shouting, "I can write! I can write!"

In disbelief, his mother asked, "What did you write?"

"How should I know?" He shrugged off the question. "I can't read."



And here's a commentary on parents, delivered by my youngest while discussing a forthcoming school play: "We're going to have real people in the audience—not just mothers and fathers."

Little Susan was inclined to exaggerate. One day she was playing in her front yard when a fox terrier belonging to a neighbor darted at her playfully. With a shriek of fright, Susan fled to her mother.

"Mamma, a great big lion ran down the street, jumped over the fence and almost ate me up."

"Susan," her mother said sternly, "aren't you ashamed? I was sitting here at the window and saw the whole thing. Now go to your room and get down on your knees and confess that it was just a little pet dog, and you lied to your mother. Ask the Lord to forgive you for this sin."

Susan went to her room and shut the door. In less than a minute she opened the door and poked her head out.

"It's all right, mother," she said. "I told God all about it and He says He could hardly blame me. He thought it was a lion, too, when He first saw it."

"Well," said the friendly neighbor, "I hear you've got a little baby brother at your house. What do you think of him?"

"I don't like him," said Sally, aged four. "He's got a funny red face and he cries all the time."

"Why don't you send him back where he came from?"

"Oh, we couldn't do that," Sally explained. "We've used him two days already."

My favorite Hollywood story concerns two little boys attending a private school in an exclusive neighborhood where movie stars live.

The first youngster opened the conversation, "I hear you have a new daddy."

"Yep," said the second boy.

"Well, I know you'll love him," the first boy predicted. "We had him last year."

A small boy came home from his first day at Sunday school and began to empty his pockets of money—nickels, dimes, quarters—while his parents gasped in surprise.

His mother finally asked, "Where did you get it all?"

"At Sunday school," replied the boy. "They have bowls of it."

The two little girls tiptoed into the living room where their daddy was stretched out on the sofa, napping. Wondering whether he was really asleep or just pretending to be, the girls whispered and giggled as they stealthily approached. Finally, one of them darted forward, seized an eyelid between thumb and finger, and, lifting it up, stared at what was underneath.

Then, sighing in satisfaction, she murmured, "Well, anyhow, he's still in there."

There's nothing to compare with the sage comments of a three-year-old in pursuit of knowledge. Young Billy was lying in his bunk above his sister's bunk.

She yelled up at him, "Watcha doin' up there?"

"Readin'."

"Pass me down a book," the sister commanded.

"I've only got one," replied Billy, "but I'll be through in a minute." Then he added thoughtfully, "If I'm goin' the right way."

At one of my own children's birthday parties a young guest surreptitiously gave me the high sign. He had an ominous tone in his voice as I bent over to hear the whispered confidence. Through his lisps, I gathered that an impostor had wormed his way into the happy group.

"Mr. Linkletter, you know that clown who's playing all the games with us?"

"Of course," I replied. I knew the clown extremely well because he was the famous Pinto Colvig of Walt Disney's studios, who had come over in his full make-up to help out with the fun.

"He's not a real clown." He stopped to gulp, overcome with excitement. "I've been watching him. And he took off those white gloves. And, Mr. Linkletter, he has skin just like the rest of us."

Want more? All you have to do is listen. Just tune in your neighbor's kids or your own, and the law of averages is bound to reward you with all sorts of priceless remarks. As I said in the beginning, there's a vast gulf between the world of children and our own. And every time we bridge that gulf—even if it's only for a moment—we recapture some of the freshness and spontaneity that make life worth living.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Linkletter.

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ENJOY GREAT TV ENTERTAINMENT FROM PLYMOUTH! The laugh and love hit of the year, "DATE WITH THE ANGELS," with Betty White, and Lawrence Welk's "TOP TUNES AND NEW TALENT."

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The pride of leadership is yours—unmistakably—in your new Plymouth! Know the thrill of owning the car that *started* years ahead of the "other two"—and then moved still further out front . . . for keeps! One trial drive will show you all the exciting advances and exclusive features that only the spacious and beautiful new Plymouth brings you in the low-price 3. See for yourself: *There's no catching Plymouth!*

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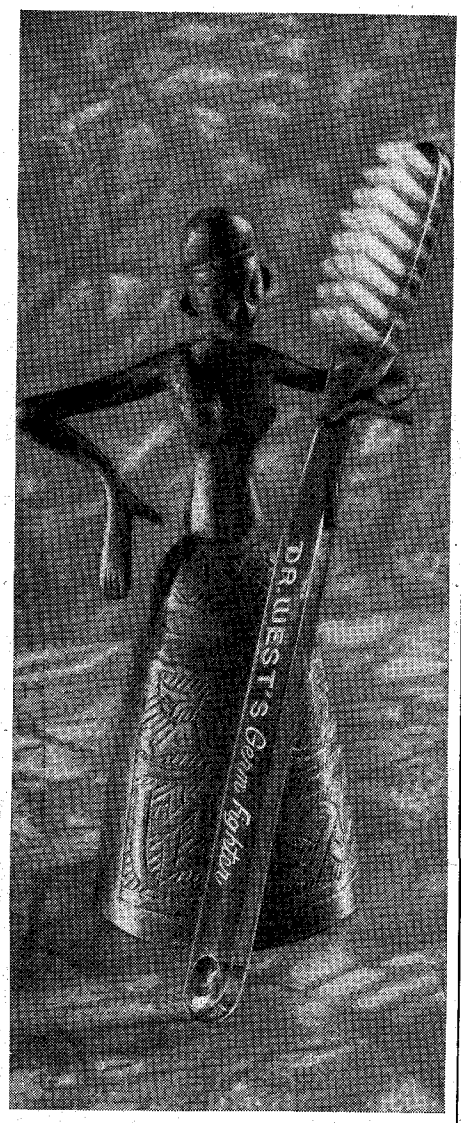

GEORGE GOBEL'S TOOTHBRUSH

Germs fear it! The friendly, lovable-looking toothbrush above is a Dr. West's Germ-Fighter. Though kind to people, it's plain "mean" to germs. That's why George Gobel chooses it. For this is the only toothbrush that inhibits or destroys germs that fall on it and hold to it (whether these germs are picked up while brushing or while the brush hangs in the bathroom). Why don't you get a Dr. West's Germ-Fighter today!

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DR. WEST'S GERM-FIGHTER
TOOTHBRUSH
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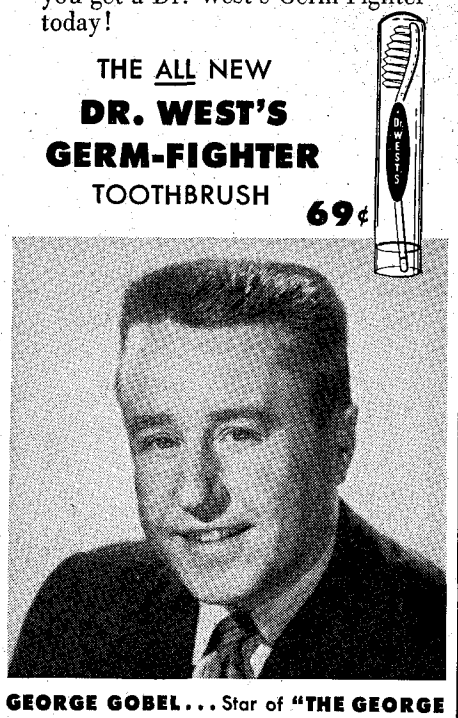

GEORGE GOBEL... Star of "THE GEORGE GOBEL SHOW". Alternate Tuesday evenings NBC-TV Network (see newspapers for local time)

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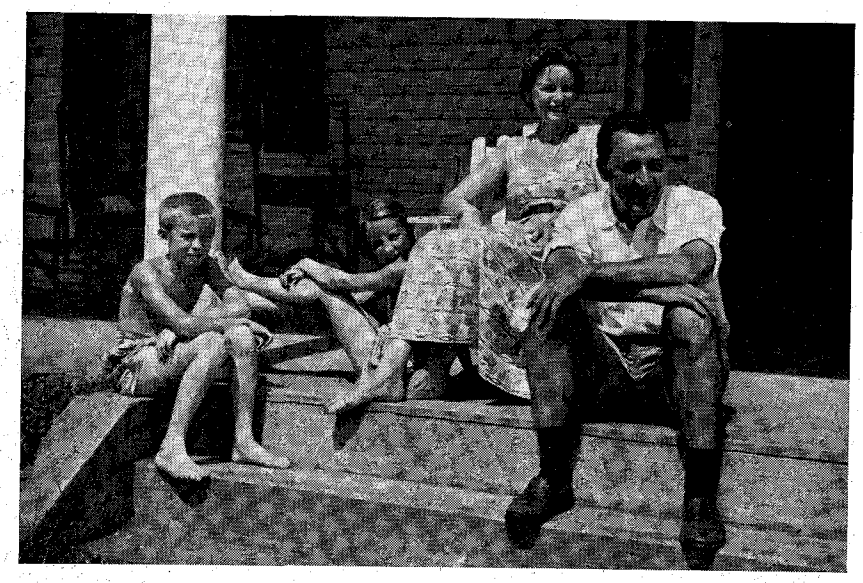
Keeping Posted



The Stewart Alsops and two of their four children at their country home, Polecat Park.

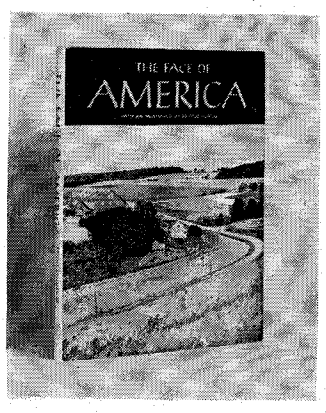
Supersonic Stew

Stewart Alsop, who in the role of apprehensive passenger went jet-flying through the sound barrier (page 23), was whirled through a dive-bombing stunt one day by Air Force Maj. Robinson Risner; and after the awful maneuver ended, Alsop gasped breathlessly over the intercom, "There was a little G-effect on the pull-out, wasn't there?" Risner said, "Oh, a little. Want to feel a bit more G-effect?" Alsop ("a coward about being a coward") said yes. So the major kicked on the afterburner, warning, "Tell me the minute you feel uncomfortable." Alsop at once felt *very* uncomfortable—"like medieval torture"—but he was now so mixed up physically that every time he tried to push the intercom button, his finger wound up somewhere else. When Risner leveled out, he applauded, "Why, you can take quite a bit of G-effect!" Alsop modestly made no comment.

One day Alsop tried taking the written tests which the Navy uses to weed out unlikely pilot candidates. After wrestling with them futilely for a while, "I turned them over, in my slothful and deceitful way, to my secretary, Miss Peggy Puffenberger." So Peggy filled them out in short order and mailed them without mentioning the surrender of her boss. And soon the Navy informed Alsop that he would make quite a good pilot, which pleased Miss P. very much. "Some of my answers must have surprised the Navy," the writer reflects. "Like saying I'd never shot a gun. Or kissed a girl."

Magnificent Book

One of the most popular features that ever ran in the Post is the pictorial series, The Face of America. So you may be glad to know that Doubleday and Company is publishing this week a book containing some 85 of the most memorable of these color photographs. In an introduction, novelist Paul Horgan remarks about Americans, "The essential thing we have in common has many faces," and he sums up: "It is the enduring spirit of the United States, which separately each of us defines for himself; and it is the vast act of our common life which we all perform together. That spirit and that act shine forth in this book's composite portrait." They shine forth in full-size reproductions, in magnificent color, and complemented by the original picture texts—a volume of unusual beauty and significance.



Tales of the Authors

Author **Elmont Waite** and photographer **Mason Weymouth** (page 38) are pictured on the Golden Gate Bridge. (The same bridge is on the cover; around the office we call this our Golden Gate issue). In the photo Waite is helping the bridge painters preserve their great safety record and Weymouth isn't.

Postscript to the 1957 baseball season: the Post points with pride to an article published last April 20 by twirler **Warren Spahn,** of the Milwaukee Braves, as told to **Furman Bisher.** The title: I SAY MILWAUKEE WILL WIN THE PENNANT. Prophet Spahn also said he would win 20 games. Final count: 21. P.S.: During the season there was also a Post article by Chicago White Sox manager **Al Lopez:** WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD YANKEES? Oh, well, the Braves weren't.

Piero Taruffi, famed auto-race driver, told **A. E. Hotchner,** his collaborator on page 32, that in 1954 he had an enormous lead in the Sebring, Florida, classic when, near the finish, his motor went dead as a doornail. So he got out and pushed, the rules permitting that. The pusher was about to finish in the money—when his car's wheels locked. Exactly one yard from the line, exclamation point.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Call on Mike Wallace"

Pete Martin turns the tables on TV's controversial inquisitor, and grills him concerning the methods Wallace uses to corner famous people.

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